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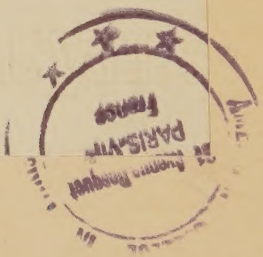

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THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED

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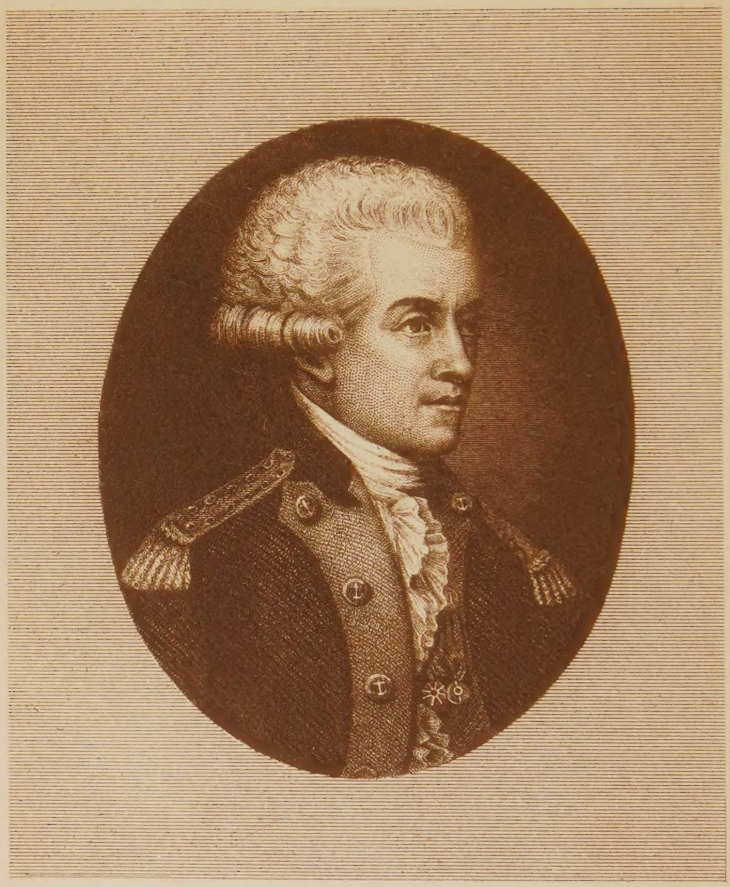

Paul Jones.

from a minature painted by the Comtesse de la Vandhal.

THE SAILOR WHOM ENGLAND FEARED

BEING THE STORY OF PAUL JONES, SCOTCH NAVAL ADVENTURER AND ADMIRAL IN THE AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN FLEETS

BY

M. MAC DERMOT CRAWFORD

AUTHOR OF
"THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE," ETC.

LONDON

EVELEIGH NASH

1913

TO
MY MOTHER

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PREFACE

Among the brilliant adventurers who passed meteor-like across the closing years of the eighteenth century, no name is better known than that of the famous Scotsman John Paul Jones.

In response to his ardent plea for a sailor's life, he was apprenticed and sent to sea at the age of twelve to seek his fortune. He rose rapidly, unaided by favour or influence, and at nineteen became chief mate of a slaver, at twenty-one captain of a West India trading vessel; then came his experience as a Virginia planter. At twenty-eight he was commissioned lieutenant in the American Continental Navy, at twenty-nine became captain, at thirty-two commodore, "the ocean hero of the Old World and the New," spoiled, adulated, petted by great and small. Special envoy to the French Court at thirty-six; at forty, in commemoration of the victory of the *Bonhomme Richard* over the *Serapis*, voted a gold medal by Congress; and now the thread of life shows its first sign of wearing. . . . A vice-admiral in the Navy of the Russian Empress at forty-three, waiting for the last brilliant chapters to be written; at forty-five dead!

At heart he was a free-lance, without a country, without family; he had his brief hour, his life was like

"the stuff that dreams are made of." He left no book of his hopes, his secrets, for us to pore over. Self-contained being that he was, we do not know if the mystery of his parentage ever sorrowed him. He asked nothing from the world but fame and glory, and these he may justly claim, for who does not—if but in a vague way—know the name of that "rebel," "corsair" and "pirate," Paul Jones?

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

To face page

PAUL JONES . . . . . *Frontispiece*
(*From a miniature painted by the Comtesse de la Vandhal*)

THE HOUSE DESCRIBED AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF PAUL JONES 14

PAUL JONES 84
(*From the original painting on parchment by Notté, in the collection of the author*)

THE DUCHESSE DE CHARTRES 120

THE FAMOUS TEA-POT (NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF CAPTAIN JOHN HOPE, R.N., GREAT-GRANDSON OF LADY SELKIRK) 138

HELEN, COUNTESS OF SELKIRK 144
(*From an unfinished painting. Reproduced by permission of Captain John Hope, R.N.*)

FRONTISPIECE FROM A CHAPBOOK IN THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION; SHOWING "PAUL JONES SHOOTING LIEUTENANT GRUB FOR ENDEAVOURING TO LOWER THE AMERICAN FLAG" 178

PAUL JONES 210
(*From the terra-cotta bust by Houdon*)

CAPTAIN RICHARD PEARSON 250

PAUL JONES 284
(*From a wax medallion, made about the time of his death, and now in the author's collection*)

To face page

PAUL JONES 340

(*From a wax medallion sent by Paul Jones to Mrs. Belches in* 1786. *Reproduced by permission of the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society*)

CATHERINE II 352

VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF MME. DE TELUSSON . . . 400

(*From a rare print in the author's collection*)

PAUL JONES

CHAPTER I

1747–1773

FAR more romantic than the swashbucklering adventures of imaginary heroes told by the light pen of fiction is the plain, unvarnished tale of John Paul Jones, who, from a childhood amid the humblest peasant environment, raised himself to world-wide fame; had the distinction of being decorated by empress and king; became admiral in two navies—and the lover of a princess.

A hint of mystery attends his birth, for it is hard to believe him to have been the son of John Paul, gardener to Mr. Craik of Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean, nor is there tangible reason for the assertion that his father was Captain John Maxwell, governor of the Bahamas in 1780, or the Earl of Selkirk.

The parish birth records do not solve the problem, but rather the contrary, for they record the births of his three sisters and omit any mention of either young John Paul or his elder brother William. Though the registration of births was not compulsory in those days, why should the Pauls have recorded the girls and not the boys? Nor does it seem likely that the

gardener's wife could have been absent from the parish on both occasions when the latter were born.

In accordance with the maxim that "it is better to be the wife of a coal-heaver than the mistress of a prince," early Victorian writers wax indignant at any aspersions cast on the fair fame of the gardener's wife. It never seems to have occurred to them that John Paul was the unwanted child of some amorous dame, who had loved beyond discretion, put to nurse at the gardener's; for Jean Macduff had been lady's-maid to Mrs. Craik, and, it is said, in those halcyon days ladies'-maids were discreet—sometimes. Who can tell what happened in that tiny thatched cottage in the middle of the eighteenth century?

John Paul, the gardener's father, kept a public-house, or, as it was called with Scotch niceness, a "mail garden" in Leith. His son showed no aptitude for the business, and we find him some years later as gardener to Mr. Craik, where he remained till his death in 1767. "A gardener was understood to be a person of better education than a common operative mechanic in ordinary handicrafts" at that time, and John Paul laid out the gardens at Arbigland with some taste and skill, combining these duties with the office of bailiff and gamekeeper, which was not unusual on small estates. He was a man respected by those with whom he came in contact, following his unexciting daily round conscientiously, but it is difficult to reconcile his personality with that of the dare-devil fighting sailor, who has, perhaps, gained more renown for his exploits than any hero of ancient or modern times.

Soon after entering Mr. Craik's service he married Jean Macduff, the daughter of an Argyll Highlander, an armourer by trade, who, since coming to the Lowlands, had turned farmer near New Abbey. These Macduffs are erroneously described as small landed proprietors who had lived in the parish of Kirkbean for an "immemorial period"; but what of this "respectable rural race" before they had tamed their Highland blood to plough and reaping-hook? The name of Macduff invokes brawny Highlanders, flaunting tartan, dangling sporran and the clash of two-handed sword on bull's-hide iron-studded shields; hoarse, guttural cries of men who fought for death to their opponent. The name of this "respectable rural race" had figured across the pages of Scotch history from the days of myth and legend; been glorified by the Bard of Avon's pen, and followed the fiery cross o'er many a hill and dale. They rallied to royal Stuart in the ill-fated invasion of '45. If Jean Macduff was his mother, it is to her ancestors he owes his good blood. John Paul was born on July 6, 1747, before the echoes of the "pibroch, savage and shrill" had ceased to shriek through the glens of Scotland. His mother —of high or low birth, who knows?—like all women, loved Bonnie Prince Charlie; and her heart followed him when the men-folk flocked to the standard of their rightful sovereign. John Paul was born while the land was still stirred by a turmoil of loyalty which no rigorous cruelties had ever been able to stamp out. His mother thrilled to the stern memory of a thousand years. Such were the prenatal influences of John

Paul, destined to win fame under the name of a chance benefactor.

Throughout his life he displayed marked Highland characteristics, being sensitive as to his honour, quick and fiery; but not quarrelsome, proud to a fault without being arrogant. If some of his letters, written with perfect confidence in his abilities, are open to criticism, it is admitted that Nelson's epistles do not suffer from undue modesty; that Drake and others, had they not been successful, might have been called braggarts. Glory and ambition gratified were the sole rewards asked by John Paul Jones, who fought for this end, displaying an indifference to monetary compensation which is generally considered the prerogative of the nobly born.

William Paul, the eldest son of the gardener and his wife, emigrated to Virginia and died at Fredericksburg in 1772, leaving a wife and considerable fortune. There were three other children: Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, died unmarried; the second, Janet, married a Mr. Taylor, watchmaker in Dumfries; the third married twice, first Mr. Young, and secondly Mr. Lowden. Her name was Mary Ann.

There was nothing in all these pleasant, commonplace people to suggest the buccaneer spirit which caused Paul Jones, years later, to make his famous descent on the Scotch coast, during which the Selkirk plate was seized, and, after endless scandal and correspondence, returned to the family with ample explanation on the part of Jones, who bought it back at his own expense from his crew. In all, John Paul and his

wife had seven children, if one includes John Paul Jones, who was the fifth. The two born after him died in infancy.

It is easy to picture the circumstances of his early childhood. The unexciting, steady occupation of the gardener, the busy, toil-worn hands of Jean Paul, whose growing family and household drudgery left her no time except for the most practical of duties. From the early hour when the family porridge was vigorously stirred, to the end of the lingering twilight when her husband came home, the gardener's wife had enough to keep her fingers out of the mischief created by *ennui*, had she known the meaning of the word.

The primitive cottage where John Paul spent his childhood fell into ruin some years after his death, in which condition it remained until rebuilt by the generosity of Lieut. Pinkham, U.S.N., in 1831; and it stands at the present time under the shadow of an uncompromising slate roof, in place of the thatch that sheltered the young sailor. The situation was romantically picturesque. Far above the shores of the Solway, with its terrific inrush of tide, Mr. Craik's house occupied a site commanding splendid views of land and sea. At the foot of the promontory ran the river Nith, on the other side the Esk of Lochinvar fame flowed into the Solway. The coast rose sharply, merging into a granite mountain, Criftal by name. To the seaward stretched the shores of Cumberland, with the peaks of Skiddaw, Helvellyn and the Saddleback. The cottage, overgrown with

creepers and sheltered by trees and shrubbery, was never free from the sound of moving waters.

Little John displayed small partiality for the games of his playmates. His passion was to sail a leaf, a bit of wood, anything resembling a boat—in the duck-pond, on the horse-trough, on a pool of rain dripping from the roof—always to play at the mimic game of ships. On occasions he eluded the family and headed for the seashore. But the tides of the Solway were too dangerous, he was reproved by voice and hand, and sternly forbidden to go there alone. As the time went on, and he grew into a sturdy lad, his chief delight was to sail in the fishermen's boats, as they worked the sea for a living. What he dreamed, what he planned as he watched the far horizon, no one knows, for he was of too little moment for any one to heed him, except when he made himself useful in casting and hauling in the nets, with their glittering, squirming freight. It is difficult to say of what his early education consisted, or if he was idle or industrious. Of "pot-hooks and hangers" he must have had his share, also the rule of three; and he could read. Excessive education for his class in Scotland of the eighteenth century was not common. He could write, and his letters, at the age of sixteen, well expressed and showing a knowledge of grammar, do not fall into localisms, or the plentiful abbreviations found in the correspondence of the day.

Like all the children on Mr. Craik's estate, he was kindly treated, and the playmate of the sons of the family. With the democracy of boyhood, they joy-

THE HOUSE DESCRIBED AS THE BIRTHPLACE OF PAUL JONES.

ously climbed everything in the neighbourhood, from trees to the sides of cliffs, where lurked unexplored treasures in the shape of sea-birds' eggs. They penetrated caves and caverns under the cliffs with that sublime disregard of tides which is boyhood's happy prerogative. They lingered at the hearths of old Elspeth and Meg Merrilies, drinking in tales of elf and goblin—too frightened to go home in the dusk, till the servants of the big house finally hunted up and retrieved them.

But life was not all play, and he had his tasks, which the thrifty Scotch discipline did not allow to be shirked. From the first, love for the sea was so strongly marked that Mr. Craik listened to his arguments, and advised Paul to let him follow the only life for which he was fitted. He had no wish for the total destruction of his peaceful garden, which he foresaw, should young John Paul be forced to delve in the earth for a living, as the lad knew not a dock from an oak, and cared less.

Prompted by a certain self-interest, the good laird did his best to smooth the path of the impetuous boy, and the die was cast. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to "Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade," but remained for some time before sailing at Whitehaven, just across the Firth of Solway, in sight of his home.

There is a story to the effect that mere chance caused Mr. Younger to take young John Paul in his service. Mr. Younger, one of the most enterprising ship-owning merchants of Whitehaven, was at Arbigland

in the summer of 1759, looking for sailors to man one of his ships, ready to sail for the Chesapeake. There was a high wind and tremendous sea, and, attracted by a knot of idlers, he stopped to see what they were looking at. Out, far out, bobbing like a cork, struggled a small boat, striving even to live, much less make headway, on the mountainous waves. Buffeted by a tearing north-easterly gale as she tried to reach a sheltered cove, even the stoutest-hearted fisherman had his "doots" that the little craft could live. Make the shore she did, or there would have been no Paul Jones to give colour to the book of history. The lad at the helm was the future commander. Intrepidly he clung to the tiller, shouting his orders above the howl of the tempest, his black hair streaming in the wind, his eyes snapping with excitement, every fibre of him glowing with the fight he waged with the elements. All sense of fear was lacking in his heart, and he brought the boat to shore after he had been resignedly consigned to the tender care of Davy Jones by the waiting crowd, who clapped the young captain on the back as he hurried home to change his dripping clothes, and, with the cocksureness of twelve, planned greater achievements to be carried out when he was "grown up."

There is not much information to be gleaned about John Paul on his earlier voyages; life before the mast in 1759 was a hard routine, not calculated to foster idling or effeminacy, and he began at the foot of the ladder. The merchant ship plying for trade was not fitted with the refinements of a modern hotel; after a

few days out even the captain's table could not boast fresh provisions, and long voyages almost inevitably ended with scurvy among the crew, due to lack of green vegetables and an overdose of brine. Though the *menu* lacked variety, the same could not be said of the names of the dishes, which were descriptive and picturesque. "Salt Junk and Pork" and "Lobscouse" have a twang of the sea; "Pillaus of Rice" sounds oriental, and "Dog's Body" and "Sea Pies" speak well for the inventive brain of Jack afloat. "Pea coffee" explains itself, but the component parts of "Hurryhush" are not so easily arrived at.

With our steam and wireless to-day it is hard to realise the complete isolation formerly the seaman's lot. Empires might rise and fall, and Jack be none the wiser until he touched at port, or spoke some swifter craft within hailing distance of the captain's brazen-throated speaking-trumpet. Often becalmed for days at a time, with nothing to break the endless sameness of rolling wave and nebulous horizon, the most trifling incident furnished endless food for conversation. Was it unnatural under these conditions that superstition held the forecastle in its tenacious thrall when the thousands of weird, unnamed sounds, exaggerated by the stillness of a sailing craft, assumed alarming proportions, not to be explained away or scoffed at by a mere landsman? The incessant moaning and whistling of wind through the rigging, the unrelieved monotony day after day, were bound to make their impression on the strongest nerves.

In time of war the constant chance of meeting or

being chased by the enemy constituted an ever-present excitement, for privateering played an important part in the life of nations, being a recognised, and often well-requited, form of gambling; and every ship was armed.

It is not to be supposed that John Paul escaped the rough horse-play so freely indulged in aboard ship; there is no reason to assert that he failed to enter into it with all the hearty enjoyment of the normal boy, for he was not in the least a prig, though he tried to improve himself by study whenever the chance offered. Used to being at sea from the time he could walk, perhaps he was untroubled by the pangs of sea-sickness, and the remedy urgently advocated by his messmates—

> "Just a wee drap o' saut water,
> And if a piece o' fat pork, after,
> Tied in a string ye tak' and swallow,
> Ye'll find that mickle change will follow";

and did not listen to the suggestion, always gravely offered, that the sufferer should make his will, which did not seem amiss, so awful were the pangs of that first hour when the novice was afraid he *would* die—and the second, when he was afraid he would *not!*

The pranks of old Father Neptune on crossing the equator are well known, but that of sending the greenhorn on deck—

> "As soon as ever it was dark
> To hear the little dog-fish bark,"

has the charm of novelty, for, while the youth awaited this interesting exhibition of natural history, two of

his shipmates, perched in the rigging, drenched him with pails of salt water, jeering at the spluttering victim, who refused to listen to their consolation—

"That the unsavoury stew
Was only what the grampus blew."

Had Polonius been aboard ship he would have recoiled aghast at the total disregard of his much-quoted advice, for borrowing went on at such a pace that the newly-arrived "griffin" disgustedly found his well-furnished kit a hollow mockery and himself shirtless, and obliged to resort to the elementary manner of his comrades—

"And wash his shirt in the pea-soup kid"—

the latter, despite its dark and evil name, being nothing more dreadful than a small wash-tub, which, it is likely, served in its idle hours as an accessory to the *batterie de cuisine*. The threadbare joke of putting salt water in the "plum-duff" when the cook was not looking, and rewarding that luckless wight with a lusty whacking from the "Dog's body squeezer"—a stick used to stir a mixture of "squeezed pease" known by the illuminating name of "Soldier's Joy"—was a source of perennial mirth. The rough pleasantry of applying a hot iron to an undefended portion of a person engaged in performing an elaborate toilet usually resulted in a free fight, lasting until stopped by the appearance of the first "luff."

If artists and writers of that day are to be relied upon, discipline became much relaxed as soon as the anchor was let go. The captain, relieved of responsibility, had his own affairs to occupy him

ashore, as did the other officers. The "Little Buttercups" and "Black-eyed Susans" were not shy of swarming over the side as soon as the gangway was lowered, and contemporary prints depict joyous merry-makings, with no puritanical atmosphere to mar the light-hearted eighteenth-century abandon of costume and attitude, in which there is more than a suggestion of revelry, fast and furious. These visiting ladies had a sly habit of concealing skins filled with rum beneath their ample petticoats, and carrying many a drink to their "fancy men"; but this being forbidden, a ship's corporal was told off to search for the contraband. All of which led to much pleasantry in the rollicking days of our forefathers, though one cannot but wonder what effect it had on the morals of the rising generation.

Undeniably life at sea had a broadening influence, and a sailor returned very much more the man of the world than his stop-at-home brother. He gathered on these voyages a store of extensive and varied information relating to the many feminine types found under tropic as well as northern skies; and having been in localities never before penetrated by the ubiquitous white man, could yarn uncontradicted, unchallenged in his Munchausen-like proclivities. It had its advantages. Nevertheless, there was a rope's-end and tarry smell, a smack o' the sea clinging to the sons of Neptune in those days, which, like most things, is fast disappearing. The modern steam-driven craft can never be surrounded by the romance of the full-rigged man-o'-war scudding down the Channel before

a spanking breeze with her bright work glittering and crew thirsting to man the guns and fire a broadside at the interloping "Frenchie," or who might be the foe of the hour. The only repining heart was that of the midshipmite, parted for the first time from a loving mother, and bravely resisting a desire to yield to that unknown emotion, due to the nervous motions of the good ship, on which at this moment he was, despite the smart new uniform, dubbed by his mates that dreadful thing, a landlubber.

Paul was an attractive lad, high-spirited, frank, quick to anger at injustice, open and honourable, and keenly eager to master every detail pertaining to the life he had chosen. He devoured what books he could get bearing on naval history, and pored over the lives of the great commanders whom, some day, he hoped to emulate. At the age of twelve he sailed from Whitehaven, watched by the anxious eyes of his sisters.

The strange destiny which wove his life under the spell of the Three Sisters sent him to America. It was his maiden voyage; he was a Scotch boy with no experience of life, and went there with a mind as wax to receive those impressions which ultimately caused him to play his brilliant part in the world. His ship, the *Friendship*, Captain Benson, dropped anchor in the Rappahannock, and young Paul made his first acquaintance with the society of the new world as found in Virginia, the home of the revolution. While there he stayed with his brother William, who had been adopted by a gentleman, said to be a connection

of his mother, provided he took his name, Jones. This he did, and Mr. Jones offered to buy the younger brother free from his indentures if he would remain with him and become a planter. But the call of the sea was too strong, and John Paul was loyal to the roving life he had chosen. The property left to William was to come to him later, as William died intestate without heirs, and his widow was provided for; so in 1773 Paul inherited the plantation, cattle, buildings, live stock and slaves. There was the simple stipulation that he assumed the name of Jones, which is the reason for this much-discussed action.

There is not the slightest doubt that Paul was from the first one at heart with the discontented colonists. Why not? They were his countrymen, not aliens, and they were under the rule of a king against whom his people had fought. His sturdy Highland blood and his fighting temperament made him ready, at a word, to throw himself heart and soul into their cause; but the hour had not struck, and he sailed away, his brain teeming with new ideas.

His voyages now were mainly to and from the West Indies, and his rise in the merchant service rapid. At the age of sixteen his indentures were returned to him by Mr. Younger on his retirement from business, and young Paul, a lad of sixteen, and his own master, solicited and obtained the appointment of third mate on the *King George* of Whitehaven, a vessel engaged in the slave trade.

"The licence to act for himself would have been, to a boy whose purposes of living were not in some

measure fixed, and whose will was undecided as to the future, a passport to obscurity, and if not to disgrace. In Paul's case it was *sumpta prudenter.* He availed himself of it, wisely having confidence in himself."

After some time aboard the *King George*, in 1766 he went to the brigantine *Two Friends* of Kingston, Jamaica, as chief mate. Paul was at this moment nineteen years old, and known as a sharp and resourceful seaman, equal to the emergency. He is said to have disliked the slave trade, but from 1766, when he shipped as chief mate on the *Two Friends*, he must have remained until 1771, according to the following item dated—

"Dantzic, Nov. 11. A week ago a meſſenger from Peterſburg going through Copenhagen, brought advice that an account had been received at the former place, that a ſhip called the *Two Brothers* [*Two Friends?*], Capt. John Paul, laden with wollen and thread goods, had ſailed from Smyrna, infected with the plague. This advice was immediately notified to all the ports of the Baltic, that they may avoid receiving that ſhip, and all the neceſſary precautions are taken to keep her off if ſhe appears."

If this is correct, allowing for an error in name, it appears that the *Two Friends* traded in other than human goods and chattels, and is also interesting, as Paul's relatives declare he "became so disgusted with the business of stealing human beings, that he left

the ship on its arrival in the West Indies." This would be three years before the *Two Brothers* was sighted off Copenhagen. According to their story, after leaving the *Two Friends* in disgust, he took passage in the brigantine *John*, of Kirkcudbright, Capt. Macadam, and, both the captain and mate dying of fever, brought the ship home, for which the owners, Currie, Beck & Co., immediately made him master and supercargo. Paul's first seriously unpleasant experience happened on one of the early voyages in this ship.

Of course his good fortune and rapid rise in the world had made enemies for him, and these seized on the story, spread to his detriment, with the greatest avidity, causing him much annoyance and unhappiness; for, it must be remembered, in years he was little more than a boy. An insubordinate carpenter named Mungo Maxwell being flogged, as was the custom in the merchant service, complained to the authorities "that his back was sore, and that his feelings were hurt; both of which representations they seem to have believed, without feeling themselves called upon to heal the one, or soothe the other." The sworn statements of the governor of Tobago are, in themselves, enough to refute the calumny that the man was beaten in such a manner as to cause his death. If this was not enough—

"James Eastment, mariner, and late master of the Barcelona packet, maketh oath, and saith, That Mungo Maxwell, formerly on board the *John*, Captain

Paul master, came in good health on his, the deponent's, said vessel, then lying in great Rockley Bay, in the Island of Tobago, about the middle of the month of June, in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy, in the capacity of a carpenter aforesaid; that he acted as such in every respect in perfect health . . . after which he was taken ill of a fever and lowness of spirits, which continued for four or five days, when he died aboard the said vessel during her passage from Tobago to Antigua. And this deponent further saith, that he never heard the said Mungo Maxwell complain of having received any ill usage from the said Captain John Paul, but that he . . . verily believes the said Mungo Maxwell's death was occasioned by a fever and lowness of spirits, as aforesaid, and not by or through any other cause or causes whatsoever."

This was sworn at the Mansion House, January 30, 1773, "before me, James Townsend, Mayor," and duly signed by the master on whose ship Maxwell died, John Eastment.

Like a snowball this ridiculous story grew, to crop up at intervals during Paul Jones's career; revived in the days when he was rear-admiral in the Russian navy, with Prince Potemkin and Prince de Nassau racing him neck to neck for Imperial favour. This time, however, the supposed victim was a nephew, tortured to death with ingenious cruelty. It would be most interesting, even after so long, to know how such a story was kept alive, and by whom; for why,

in those days when flogging was a recognised part of the naval code, did the case stir up such a hornet's nest? Just then John Paul was by no means the conspicuous personality he became later. He was an obscure skipper on a small vessel, so unimportant that it is a wonder the incident ever saw the light of day. Without doubt we must put it to the account of that hardy perennial, the busybody, who flourished as gaily then as now. But it was a dastardly way to try and spoil his career, and worried him greatly, as this letter to his mother shows—

"*London, 24th September*, 1772.

"My dear Mother and Sisters,

"I only arrived here to-night from the Grenadas. I have had but poor health during the voyage; and my success in it not having equalled my first sanguine expectations has added much to the asperity of my misfortunes, and, I am well assured, was the cause of my loss of health. I am now, however, better, and I trust Providence will soon put me in a way to get bread, and (which is by far my greatest happiness) be serviceable to my poor but much-valued friends. I am able to give you no account of my future proceedings, as they depend upon circumstances which are not fully determined.

"I have enclosed you a copy of an affidavit made before Governor Young by the Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty of Tobago, by which you will see with how little reason my life has been thirsted after, and, which is much dearer to me, my honour, by maliciously

loading my fair character with obloquy and vile aspersions. I believe there are few who are hard-hearted enough to think I have not long since given the world every satisfaction in my power, being conscious of my innocence before Heaven, who will one day judge even my judges. I staked my honour, life, and fortune for six long months on the verdict of a British jury, notwithstanding I was sensible of the general prejudices which ran against me; but, after all, none of my accusers had the courage to confront me. Yet I am willing to convince the world, if reason and facts will do it, that they have had no foundation for their harsh treatment. I mean to send to Mr. Craik a copy properly proved, as his nice feelings will not perhaps be otherwise satisfied; in the meantime, if you please, you may show him the enclosed. His ungracious conduct to me before I left Scotland I have not yet been able to get the better of. Every person of feeling must think meanly of adding to the load of the afflicted. It is true I bore it with seeming unconcern, but Heaven can witness for me that I suffered the more on that very account. . . ."

The "ungracious conduct" of which he accuses Mr. Craik was that gentleman's attitude in the Maxwell case. Although it was cleared up, and Paul proved blameless, and exonerated by Mr. Craik, he never afterwards corresponded with or met him. This was purely the result of circumstances; indeed, after 1771 he never saw his mother and sisters.

Paul has been accused of smuggling, and some

contemporary tales of his exploits teem with thrillingly unreliable details. This accusation was one he always denied hotly, and there is no foundation for the assertion that the first entry in the customs books of the Isle of Man, after "that nest of smugglers and centre of the contraband trade was sold to the Crown, stands in his name at Douglas."

But his career in the Merchant Marine was soon to end. In 1772 he obtained command of the *Betsy* of London, a ship trading with the West Indies. He was successful in saving a considerable sum of money, and, in 1773, went to Virginia to settle his brother's estate. Thus Fate for the time turned John Paul into a Virginia planter, a character about which there clings still a halo of romance, nankeen trousers, lavish hospitality, and a semi-tropical charm difficult to describe.

CHAPTER II

1773–1775

From the year 1773, in which John Paul, or as he must now be called, John Paul Jones, came to America to settle his brother's estate, may definitely be dated the beginning of the discontented colonists' grievances. With the increase of wealth and power during the last hundred and fifty years came growing intolerance of laws foisted on them by legislators who knew nothing of their conditions, and there was an awakening of that love of independence which had driven so many to the new country. Virginia was rent by two antagonistic political parties: the "Tide-water Aristocracy," consisting of planters whose plantations lay along the York and James River, who, by right of prior arrival, ruled arbitrarily in matters social and political, and the Scotch-Irish, who settled the valley of Virginia. These hardy beings pioneered their way up country into the districts belonging to the Rappahannock Indians, on whose lands they unconcernedly established themselves, with the natural consequence of years of Indian warfare in all its cunning and ferocious phases, during which the small farmers and planters were harassed to the verge of distraction. One of the principal grievances the masses registered against the "Oligarchy"—as they called the governor and House

of Burgesses—was the inactivity displayed in taking measures to punish the Indians for their depredations, and it was more than whispered the governor's inaction was due to the very lucrative trade he drove in pelts and furs, which would have been interrupted had he commenced hostilities against his savage merchants. But when troops were wanted by the "Tidewater" faction, they were recruited from the Scotch-Irish, who, though they loved fighting, after a time began to tire of this "more kicks than halfpence" kind of warfare, and protested at all the plums being pounced on by the other party. Like so many colonial possessions, Virginia suffered from absenteeism, Sir Godfrey Amherst, the governor who controlled her destinies from 1763 till 1768, never even playing the farce of going to his domain. The governors did not interfere with their underlings, provided the perquisites of their office were forthcoming, the king knew less of his colony than the governor, and there was a great deal going on easy to describe in one essentially modern word—graft.

The great wealth of Virginia was in the tobacco-producing lands, which the ignorant colonist exhausted by planting tobacco year after year in succession, instead of alternating it with maize or corn, and in the end he lost heavily by his thriftlessness. The best houses were brick and stone, brought from England with the workmen to build and decorate them. All the furnishings came from over the seas, and many a bit of rare silver and family portraits ended their days in this strange new land. There

were abrupt contrasts of primitiveness and civilisation afforded by glimpses of those gaudy, cumbersome coaches, creaking and swaying on their leather springs, and filled with gorgeously habited beauty, driving on the rough sandy tracks, called by courtesy roads, of that unexplored country. My lady never took her airings unaccompanied by a train of slaves, and armed white men closed up the rear of the *cortège*, which finally disappeared, Cinderella-like, in a cloud of dust.

There remained but few Indians in this part of Virginia, but the Virginia gentleman was never found without his ready pistol, and, on occasions of ceremony, his sword. Those who governed Virginia enjoyed themselves, there is no doubt of that; they were, of course, exiled from home, but in many instances at home they would have been nobodies, and here they were cocks-of-the-walk. Colonial society then, as to-day, boasted many undesirables sent as far from home as possible by their thoughtful relatives, hoping to replenish the family exchequer with the dowry of some fair colonial, who, of course, was awaiting just such a brilliant opportunity! The social lines were drawn with a rigidity allowing no stretch, and what equality there may have been among the first settlers had long ago faded into obscurity so dense that not a tradition remained. There was no common property and no common interest. The wines, sweetmeats and a thousand small refinements came from England or France, as did the red-heeled shoes of my lord and the powder patches and lappets

of my lady. How eagerly the belle counted on her taper fingers the days which must elapse before the *Nancy* and her treasure-trove hove in sight; how fervently she prayed that her new "gownd" would come in time to end for ever the aspirations of her bosom friend and hated rival to outshine her as a woman of fashion. To be sure, Papa "poo-poo'd" and "tush-tush'd" at the nonsense of girls and their fal-lals, but a sly suggestion that his fine old Madeira, which had already twice doubled the Cape, was invoiced in the same tardy vessel, bestirred Papa to the point of commanding a look-out to be kept for the good ship *Nancy*, and the instant landing of the goods consigned to his distinguished family.

The plantation which Jones inherited was not, as counted in tidewater Virginia, large, comprising about "three thousand acres of prime land, bordering for twelve furlongs on the right bank of the Rappahannock, running back southward three miles, 1000 acres cleared and under plough or grass, 2000 acres strong, first-growth timber, grist mill with flour cloth and fans turned by water power; mansion, overseer's house, negro quarters, stables, tobacco houses, threshing-floor, river wharf, one sloop of twenty tons, thirty negroes of all ages (18 adults), 20 horses and colts, 80 neat cattle and calves, sundry sheep and swine, and all necessary means of tilling the soil."

With the property came the legacy of old Duncan Macbean, whom his brother, when serving with the "Virginia Provincials," saved after Braddock's rout by the French and Indians, brought home and nursed

through his wounds, and kept in his service. Duncan was a typical thrifty Scotchman, with a canny eye open in the interests of his master, not having any sympathy with the wasteful fashion in which "saxpences" went "bang" in this heathenish land. Jones was too good a disciplinarian not to appreciate the trait in another, so Duncan was left supreme in his management, and the plantation waxed fat and throve apace.

It is not easy to reconcile the varying statements of this part of Paul Jones's life. On the 4th of May, 1777, he wrote from Boston to Mr. Stuart Mawey of Tobago—

"After an unprofitable suspense of twenty months (having subsisted on fifty pounds only during that time), when my hopes of relief were entirely cut off, and there remained no possibility of my receiving wherewithal to subsist upon from my effects in your island, or in England, I at last had recourse to strangers for that aid and comfort which was denied me by those friends whom I had intrusted with my all."

Was Jones, in truth, without money? By his own showing in 1777 he had a considerable sum derived from the plantation, which he constantly drew on to pay the expenses of his crews and maintenance. Or does he refer to the destruction of his property following the bombardment of Norfolk by the Earl of Dunmore, January 1, 1776, or to the non-receipt of drafts from his agents in the West Indies; as the declaration of war had made communication by sea

precarious and uncertain? Otherwise it is impossible to account for the state of abject poverty in which he was supposed to exist. There was no evidence of this when he was in Virginia, for he entertained his friends on every available opportunity, travelled, moved in the first rank of colonial society, went to Fredericksburg to attend the meetings of the House of Burgesses, and in all ways took a prominent part in the life of the colony, being a great favourite with the ladies, and is accused of evincing a partiality for the society of one Mistress Betty Parke, a relative of the much buckramed, whaleboned lady, who kept the character of the immortal George in such good order. But Jones had other ambitions, and Mistress Betty bestowed her hand and self on some one by the name of Tyler, while her quondam admirer was busy with the rules and regulations of the infant United States Navy and with contemporary politics.

How natural it would have been could Paul have accepted the windfall fate had sent him, lived the life of a planter, married and disappeared from sight in this pleasant *dolce far niente* drifting. Slaves anticipated every wish, the planter rode leisurely over his broad acres in the early day, before the sun had become unbearable; if he would fish, there was the river; if he preferred oysters, the most succulent were, in very truth, at his door. The surrounding forests concealed game in profusion, and the low sandy marshes around Urbana abounded in snipe, so "that it would hardly be possible to fire a gun in a horizontal

position and not kill many at one shot." There were terrible and frequent devastating fires in the dense forests, caused by the careless settlers burning the brush when clearing land for cultivation. Their practice of cutting great gashes in the pine trees, and placing troughs under them to catch the resinous matter which flowed from the wound, and then abandoning the tree to decay, filled the country with dead wood that caught like tinder at the first opportunity. Deep in the gloom of these forests flowed streams of the coldest clear water, first trickling into tiny pools and lakes, gurgling their way over moss-green stones to end in dashing waterfalls, turning the mills to grind corn and saw wood.

Would Paul have preferred the life of "calm contemplation and poetic ease" to which he alludes in his famous letter to the Countess of Selkirk? Was he in earnest when he wrote, "I have sacrificed, not only my favourite scheme of life, but the softer inclinations of the heart, and the prospect of domestic happiness." Is it, indeed, in this period of his career that we should *cherchez la femme?* Many a pair of bright eyes peeped at him from beneath those bonnets which "disfigure the wearer amazingly, being made with a caul fitting close on the back part of the head, and a front stiffened with small pieces of cane, which project nearly two feet from the head in a horizontal direction. To look at a person at one side, it is necessary for a woman wearing a bonnet of this kind to turn her whole body around."

But the star which dominated Paul's life called

him to play his part among men, called him to abandon for ever that peace for which in his turbulent destiny there was no place. Unconsciously his was to be the hand to fire a train ending in an explosion heard all over the country. In 1774 Jones, returning from Edmonton, stopped over in Norfolk to visit some friends. Several British ships lay at anchor in the harbour, and the hospitable colonists, wishing to show their loyalty and friendliness to his Majesty's representatives, entertained the officers at a ball. The next day Jones wrote to his constant correspondent, Joseph Hewes—

"The insolence of these young officers, particularly when they had gotten somewhat in their cups, was intolerable, and there could be no doubt that they represented the feeling of their service generally. As you may hear imperfect versions of an affair brought on by the insolence of one of them, I will take the liberty of relating it: in the course of a debate, somewhat heated, concerning the state of affairs, a lieutenant of the sloop-of-war, Parker by name, declared that in the case of a revolt or insurrection it would easily be suppressed, if the courage of the Colonial men was on a par with the virtue of the Colonial women!"

This was too much for the gallantry of young Jones. "I at once knocked Mr. Parker down," he continued, "whereupon his companions seized him, and all hurried from the scene, going aboard their ship. Expecting naturally that the affair would receive further attention, I requested Mr. Granville Hurst,

whom you know, to act for me; suggesting only that a demand for satisfaction should be favourably considered, and that he should propose pistols at ten paces; place of meeting Craney Island; time, at the convenience of the other side."

Mr. Parker seems to have been loath to put himself at the disposition of Jones's notedly unerring pistol; for, to the latter's "infinite surpise, no demand came," and the sloop-of-war departed on the ebb tide, for Charlestown, "without word of any kind."

Like wildfire the news of the encounter spread, and the colonial papers rang with it. The men flocked about Jones, congratulating him heartily on the stand he had taken, and the women, in whose defence he had spoken with such striking eloquence, did their best to turn his head with the pæans of praise they so unstintedly chanted. Paul found himself the most talked-of man in Virginia, as it was his fate to be at the French Court some years later, for though the relations between England and her colonies had long been strained to the point of breaking, it was the first "actual collision that had occurred on the soil of Virginia." The aggressor wearing his Majesty's uniform, and Paul Jones being a colonist who was respected by all as well as extremely popular, made it impossible to gloss the breach over. Rumour had it that Mr. Parker's brother officers thought him well punished for his insolence, and refused to act for him in the event of a duel, and that he was obliged to resign his commission; but as he is known to have been present at the bombardment of Fort Moultrie

by the British squadron some time later, this was perhaps not true.

Jones was a man of keen political foresight, and saw clearly what the inevitable end must be. During the following spring, that of 1775, after a trip to New York in his sloop with his crew and two favourite slaves, Cato and Scipio, he wrote to Thomas Jefferson on hearing of the battle of Lexington—

"It is, I think, to be taken for granted that there can be no more temporising. I am too recently from the mother country, and my knowledge of the temper of the king, his ministers and their majority in the House of Commons is too fresh to allow me to believe that anything is, or possibly can be, in store except either war to the knife or total submission to complete slavery."

He advances a most logical theory, unsuggested by his contemporaries—

"I have long known it to be the fixed purpose of the Tory party in England to provoke these colonies to some overt act which would justify martial law, dispersion of the legislative bodies by force of arms, taking away the charters of self-government, and reduction of all the North American colonies to the footing of the West India Islands and Canada—that is, to crown colonies under military rule; or, perhaps, to turn them over to the mercies of a chartered company as in the Hindostan, all of which I have seen.

"I cannot conceive of submission to complete slavery; therefore only war is in sight. The Congress,

therefore, must soon meet again, and when it meets, it must face the necessity of taking those measures which it did not take last fall in its first session, namely, provision for armament by land and sea.

"Such being clearly the position of affairs, I beg you to keep my name in your memory when the Congress shall assemble again, and in any provision that may be taken for a naval force, to call upon me in any capacity which your knowledge of my seafaring experience and your opinions of my qualifications may dictate."

CHAPTER III

1775–1777

It was Fortune's whim to make a pet of Paul Jones. To please him she created opportunities for which others had waited in vain. One morning he received word that two French frigates had dropped anchor in Hampton Roads. With the hospitality of the true sailor, he loaded his sloop with the best the plantation afforded, and set sail to welcome the stranger. The two frigates were under the command of Captain de Kersaint, one of the ablest officers in the French navy, who afterwards became an admiral. The second in command was no less a personage than the Duc de Chartres, eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans, and later *Égalité* of the Revolution, who had been sent to America on a "Cruise of Instruction," to fit him for the hereditary post of Lord High Admiral of France, in which he was to succeed his father-in-law, the Duc de Bourbon Penthièvre. The Duc de Chartres, born in 1747, the same year as Paul Jones, was a young man of affable disposition and pronounced democratic leanings; and it was to break up these ideas, and take him beyond the reach of the infamous companions he affected, that he was sent to sea. It neither corrected the one nor the other; for his later exploits in Paris would fill a volume of scandal too racy for print.

His wife, Marie Adelaïde de Bourbon Penthièvre,

granddaughter of a former high admiral—perhaps the most distinguished France has known—the Comte de Toulouse, a natural son of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan, was known far and wide for her benevolence and charities. Her well-known admiration for her sailor ancestor, who had distinguished himself when commanding the French fleet in the great battle off Malaga in 1704, made her from the first display a more than common interest in the projects of the fascinating sailor who crossed her path. The charming Duchesse de Chartres inherited the wit and beauty of Louis's dashing favourite, but there the resemblance ended, for she was a sweet and virtuous woman. She employed the influence and tact of which she was mistress to help the American cause, giving liberally of her enormous fortune, a generosity always lauded as the kindness of her husband.

Going aboard the ship, Jones found himself cordially welcomed, and lost no time putting the cargo of the sloop at the disposal of the French officers. It was to be a strong factor in the cause he championed, that de Chartres took one of his violent fancies to the adventurous Scotchman; for the latter made no secret that he desired most minute information as to the construction of the frigate *La Terpsichore*. With royal prerogative the Duc furnished him with complete data. He had deck plans and sail plans made by the carpenter. The construction of the hull, batteries, spars and rigging, nothing was too trifling for Jones to note; and it is a fact that the American frigate *Alliance*, built some time later, followed closely the

same general lines and mounted the same battery, twenty-eight long twelve-pounders on the gun deck, and ten long nines above.

During the interview Kersaint, who was more conservative—and had more to lose—than his prince, was ill at ease; for he had received news of the battle of Lexington, and it was French policy to remain neutral. This put him under a certain constraint for the couple of days Jones was their guest. Though the prince was eager to accept the proffered invitation and visit the plantation near Urbana, de Kersaint, as senior officer, was obliged to use his authority and state the case freely, much to the chagrin of de Chartres, who wished to see for himself the much advertised charms of the colonial belles. *La Terpsichore* weighed anchor and sailed for Corunna, where the señoritas soon consoled the volatile Duc.

It was of inestimable advantage to Jones to have had the opportunity of inspecting at such close range one of the best and most modern ships of the French navy; and a desire to be at sea once more obsessed him to such an extent, that he could hardly wait the slow train leading to the great culmination desired. To be prepared for whatever contingency might arise he arranged his affairs, appointing "the Frazier Bros.," of Port Royal, trustees of his estate, *ad interim*, so there would be no confusion if his absence was prolonged.

The Continental Congress met in second session on May 10, 1775. The Provisional Marine or Naval Committee consisted of the chairman, Robert Morris,

Philip Livingstone, Benjamin Harrison, John Hancock, Joseph Hewes, and Nicholas Van Dyke, members. On the motion of this Committee, Mr. Hewes authorised the chairman to invite "John Paul Jones, esquire, gent. of Virginia, Master Mariner, to lay before the Committee such information and advice as may seem to him useful in assisting the said Committee to discharge its labours."

It took much discussion, much scratching of quills on stiff paper, to frame the rules and regulations for the new navy. An elementary, plucky little fleet, which dared defy the finest navy in the world, with its reputation of unbroken supremacy over the seas, manned by tried sailors, commanded by the smartest officers afloat. But, after all, the new and the old were of the same blood. There was the same dauntless spirit in the heart of the man who was its founder as led Drake and Raleigh on their path over the trackless ocean.

Then, as now, the pay of officers was unpretentious. On vessels of twenty guns the captain received sixty dollars (£12) per calendar month. This was in 1776. The lieutenant thirty dollars (£6), and the master the same sum. The mate received three pounds a month, as did the gunner, boatswain, surgeon's mate and captain's clerk. The surgeon got twenty-five dollars (£5), the chaplain twenty, the cooper, quartermaster, coxswain, armourer, and that most important individual, the cook, received nine dollars (£1 16*s.*) per month. The sail-maker, steward and master-at-arms, ten dollars. The "Yeoman of the powder-room" had

nine dollars and a half, and the seaman was last in the scale, at eight. On ships of "ten to twenty guns," the pay ran a little less.

The uniforms were chiefly red and blue, the captain being gay in "blue cloth with red lappels, slashed cuff, stand-up collor, flat yellow buttons, blue britches, red waistcoat with narrow lace." The lieutenants had "blue britches, and a round cuff, faced," and they lacked the lace which adorned the commanding waistcoat. The masters had no "red lappels" or "stand-up collor," their cuffs were not faced; they had "blue britches and red waistcoats," but the midshipmen were most gorgeous in "blue lappelled coat, a round cuff, faced with red, stand-up collor, with red at the button and button hole, blue britches and red waistcoat."

It seems a strange oversight that with all this minuteness there is no mention made of any sort of hat or cap. It was probably understood that they wore the prevalent black three-cornered hat. The dress of the seamen is not specified, indeed it was not until some years after that a regular dress was adopted for sailors in the English navy, and this, of course, was the model on which the venture of the United States was founded. It is noticeable that there is no mention of gold lace, or any tinsel, even brass buttons; and the choice of side-arms was left entirely to the discretion of the wearer. In the case of the marine officers, the orders are a little more detailed, for they were to wear: "A green coat faced with white, round cuff, slashed sleeves, and pockets, with

buttons round the cuff, silver epaulett on the right shoulder, skirts turned back, with buttons to suit the facings."

"White waistcoat and britches edged with green, black gaiters, green shirts for the men, if they can be procured." This last remark calls to mind the immense difficulty experienced in finding sufficient clothing, much less proper uniforms, for the "Ragged Continentals" who served under Washington's standard. It is quite likely the gallant marines put to sea in shirts of less æsthetic hue than those specified—if indeed they were blessed with any shirts at all!

Unquestionably the colour of their shirts interested the crews much less than the regulations in regard to prize money. On November 15, 1776, Congress "resolved that a bounty of twenty dollars be paid to the commanders, officers and men of such Continental ships or vessels of war as shall make a prize of any British ships or vessels of war, for every cannon mounted on board such a prize at the time of such capture; and eight dollars per head for every man then on board and belonging to such prize." All of which added zest to the gentle pastime of war.

In addition to this, General Washington "approved" the following distribution of the prize: "That the captain or commander should receive six shares, the first lieutenant five, the second lieutenant and the surgeon four, the master three, steward two, mate, gunner, gunner's mate, boatswain and sergeant, one and one-half shares, the private one." The cook

was omitted, but undoubtedly ranked with the ordinary seaman when the hour of distribution struck.

Living must have been extremely cheap, for the commanders of "Continental vessels of ten guns and upwards," were allowed the extravagant sum of "five and one-third dollars (£1 1*s.* 6½*d.*) per week for subsistance," while in domestic or foreign ports. At sea, they received "two dollars and two-thirds per week for cabin expenses." The Marine Committee was "empowered to allow such cabin furniture for continental vessels of war as they shall judge proper." It cannot even be hinted that the officers were encouraged to live in a wantonly extravagant fashion, or is it possible they should entertain at all, if wines were to figure on the table?

What an undertaking, to make a navy out of whole cloth, for, at the outbreak of hostilities, the Continental government owned *one* water-tight craft! What a risk, to man those ships, collected haphazard, with sailors from the ends of the earth; officer them with men who accepted the positions from the hope of the prizes they should take! There was little talk of patriotism, the Continental government had no money to spend and offered nothing in comparison to the chances aboard privateers.

"It is distressing to the last degree," Jones wrote, "to contemplate the state and establishment of our navy. The common class of mankind are actuated by no nobler principle than that of self-interest. This, and this only, determines all adventures in privateers—the owners, as well as those they employ;

and while this is the case, unless the private emolument of individuals in our navy is made superior to that in privateers, it never can become respectable—it never will become formidable; and without a respectable navy, alas, America! In the present critical condition of human affairs, wisdom can suggest no more than one infallible expedient—enlist the seamen during pleasure, and give them all the prizes. What is the paltry emolument of two-thirds of prizes to the finances of this vast continent? If so poor a resource is essential to its independence, in sober sadness we are involved in a woeful predicament, and our ruin is fast approaching.

"The situation of America is new in the annals of mankind: her affairs cry *haste!* and speed must answer them. Trifles, therefore, ought to be wholly disregarded, as being in the old vulgar proverb, 'penny wise and pound foolish,'" he continues, pleading the necessities of a liberal policy.

"If our enemies, with the best established and most formidable navy in the universe, have found it expedient to assign all prizes to the captors, how much more is such policy essential to our infant fleet? But I need no argument to convince you of the necessity of making the emoluments of our navy equal, if not superior, to theirs."

There was good common-sense in this logical appeal which he laid before Congress. He was not actuated by a love of gain; he was in the struggle from motives of sound conviction that it was a righteous cause, and though only a young man of

twenty-eight, he was one of the most experienced sailors of his day. "He knew there could be no navy unless it was founded on a proper system of subordination," and rigid discipline, which, "however unpleasant to the turbulent, fierce spirit of republicans, is especially indispensable in the sea service."

How soundly correct was his judgment is often shown in later life, when the lack of proper subordination ruined plans which he had brought to the pitch of perfection—to have them fall like card houses at a puff of unexpected wind.

The creation of a navy in a country where precedent was unknown, with no ancient custom or usage to refer to, was a labour of Hercules. To all intents and purposes an American, the fact remains that Paul was a Scotchman. His enthusiastic soul was wholly for the cause of liberty in his new country, but the men who envied him and wanted his position never let him forget he was an alien. This was, in truth, most absurd, for what were they themselves? what had they been, until a few months ago? Paul Jones had served under different masters, till he was a far more competent officer than many of those in the established navies of Europe, where influence and patronage often officered vessels with men of long lineage and short experience. Jones differed from many of the patriots, in that he cared nothing for money. He was one of those rare spirits left from the golden age, who infinitely preferred leading a forlorn hope to being paid for the same. He loved fame and rank and glory, but, to the money part, he had a sublime,

un-Scotch lack of appreciation, delightful to the romanticist. He displayed none of the Lowland peasant thrift of his supposed father. On one or two occasions he defrayed the expenses of expeditions out of his own slender resources, when money could not be squeezed out of the prudent gentlemen who fostered the glories of American independence.

Of course, all these arrangements were not the work of a day, for men weighed carefully the consequences involved by cutting adrift from the home government, unpopular as it was, and, on the other hand, a large percentage of the colonists sided with King George and his ministers. It was on the day of October 10, 1776, three months after the Declaration of Independence, that Jones received his formal commission of "Captain in the Navy of the United States of North America."

In the *Journal of Congress*, December 22, 1775, the name of John Paul Jones heads the list of first lieutenants. This shows the strong political influence against which the Scotchman always had to contend, when a man with more practical experience of seamanship than the "Commander of the Fleet" and all his officers combined, was relegated to a secondary place at this critical moment in the organisation of the navy. Of course he came from Virginia, and this state being supreme in military matters, had been obliged to yield to the north, which demanded full control of the navy, and many were the acrimonious disputes between Jones's friend Joseph Hewes, and John Adams, who each had his candidates to advance.

Lieutenant Jones's first historical action was that of "hoisting the flag of independent America" on board the *Alfred* "with his own hands, the first time it had ever been displayed," December 3, 1775. Captain Saltonstall commanded the *Alfred*, which lay at Philadelphia, but had not arrived to assume his duties, and Jones was ordered by John Hancock and other members of the Congress to break the pennant on board of the *Alfred*. This was not the well-known stars and stripes, but the "Pine Tree and Rattlesnake Flag," with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me!" which Jones always hated, and rejoiced when the other one was formally adopted by Congress, by a strange coincidence, on the same day that he was commissioned captain. The *Alfred*, on which this ceremony was enacted, was formerly known as the *Black Prince*, built at Maryport in Cumberland in 1766, for the East India trade, and was undoubtedly the best ship in the newly formed navy.

The nucleus of that navy for which he worked heart and soul, consisted of the *Alfred*, *Columbia*, *Andrew*, *Doria* and *Cabot*. In the latter part of February 1776 they put to sea, going to the Cape of Delaware, where they were joined by the *Hornet*, sloop-of-war, and *Wasp*, schooner from Maryland. An appropriate couple to sail in company!

Sharp north-easterly gales blew the little fleet from its course. On March 1st they dropped anchor at Abaco, in the Bahama Islands; the voyage affording no adventure or profit, as they captured only a couple of sloops, for the sake of their pilots. Learning from

these men that the fort at New Providence was well supplied with powder and shot, they determined to seize it by landing a force before the inhabitants of the island got wind of their arrival. However, the plan was frustrated, for the fort fired a shot on their approach to the mouth of the harbour, and, though a force of sailors and marines landed, it was met by a messenger, "with the compliments of the governor," and the news that the western fort was at their disposal; the powder they found removed, but got some cannon and supplies, carrying off the governor and two gentlemen as prisoners.

Off Block Island on April 6th the *Alfred* and *Cabot* fell in with the British sloop-of-war *Glasgow*, twenty guns, which they engaged with much damage to the *Alfred*, the *Glasgow* showing a clean pair of heels, and the American fleet not attempting to pursue. This was a disgraceful encounter which only Hopkins's political backing pulled him through. The *Glasgow* was a small sloop-of-war, twenty guns, the *Alfred* carried twenty-four long nines on the gun deck and six sixes on the quarterdeck, and a crew of two hundred and twenty. All the guns could be worked in fine weather, and during the action the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. The *Cabot* was a brigantine armed with fourteen guns and a crew of two hundred. Surely, even with the damage to the *Alfred's* steering gear, and the sure low aim of the *Glasgow's* gunners, the day could have been saved from the sheer ignominy that marked it? The commanders of the American ships, and particularly Commander-of-the-

Fleet Hopkins, senior officer in this fight, were scathingly criticised for not having given chase, and certainly should have taken the British sloop.

No sooner had the Americans reached port than the storm broke, the public condemning every one, from commander to cook, with lavish impartiality. Hopkins was blamed by the country at large as incompetent, was court-martialled, and nothing but Adams's influence kept him from being dismissed the navy. It is interesting to note that this is what happened to him in similar circumstances a few years later, when there was no Adams to shield him from the consequences of his incompetence. The enraged colonists, with blissful ignorance of naval regulations, blamed the officers individually, an injustice unendurable to Jones's love of fair play.

"My feelings as an individual were hurt by the censure that has been indiscriminately thrown out," he wrote. "My station confined me to the *Alfred's* lower gun deck, where I commanded during the action; yet though the commander's letter, which has been published, says, 'all the officers in the *Alfred* behaved well'; still the public blames me, among others, for not taking the enemy. But a little consideration will place the matter in a true light; for no officer under a superior, who does not stand charged by that superior for cowardice or misconduct, can be blamed on any occasion whatever." He very diplomatically concludes, "I wish a general inquiry might be made respecting the abilities of officers in all stations, and then the country would not be cheated."

There were two courts-martial following the *Glasgow* affair, and as the result of these Captains Hazard and Whipple were dismissed the service, Lieutenant Jones, on May 10, 1776, succeeding Hazard as captain of the *Providence*.

The moment had now arrived when the "tide in the affairs of men" carried the adventurous sailor toward those heights to which he so ardently aspired. The command of the *Providence* was a distinct triumph over those who had barred his advancement, and meant that he was a recognised factor in the cause he so hotly championed. Some of the *Alfred's* crew followed Jones to the *Providence*. Among them was a full-blooded Narragansett Indian, from Martha's Vineyard, a whaleman by trade, the first and one of the very few Indians ever in the United States navy. On August 21st Jones sailed on a six-weeks' cruise in the *Providence*, and this has been called the first cruise of an American man-of-war—the first to be noticed by the enemy, and to shed any glory on the flag of the new republic.

Far beyond the numbing influence of red tape, far beyond the gossip of the stay-at-homes and faint-hearted, every inch of canvas swelled by winds that favoured the hopes of that silent, swarthy man, he never let an opportunity escape his alert eye, watchful of the most trifling detail on which, in the hour of action, so much depended. It was a venture worthy of the Vikings and their rude boats, for the seas were full of English frigates, outranking the little vessel in everything but the

"alertness of her commander and the courage of her crew."

Sixteen prizes he took, eight were sunk, and the other eight manned and sent home. Twice he was chased, and once nearly captured by the *Solebay*, twenty-eight guns, which he had chased, mistaking her for a merchantman, only escaping by a manœuvre "unparalleled in its audacity." It was one of those opportunities which seemed created expressly to aid the Scotchman in his hour of need. He says—

"We should not have escaped, judging by the usual rules of sea manœuvres, if the frigate, instead of trying to box about as she did in a fresh breeze, which he was standing as close hauled to as his trim would stand, had simply followed my manœuvre of wearing around under easy helm, trimming his sails as the wind bore. I could not have distanced him so much in the alteration of the course, and he must have come off the wind very nearly with me, and before I could get out of his range. But he put his helm the other way to, luffed into the teeth of a little squall that I saw already cat's-pawing to the windward when I wore my ship, and so he broke his steering way, got taken aback, and let me have the chance to show him a clean pair of heels on my little sloop's best point of sailing. I do not take to myself all the credit for this, I did the best I could, but, after all," he comments modestly, "there was more luck than sense about it. The fact is, it was one of those singular cases often happening at sea, where the fortune of a lucky sailor beats all kinds of calculation, and where a good or bad

puff of wind foils all kinds of skill one way or the other."

"Be this as it may, I got off scot free, as you will see by the date of this letter; leaving my big adversary to clear away his sheets and reeve preventers at his leisure; meantime answering his distant broadsides by now and then a musket shot from my taffrail by way of derision. The old saying that 'discretion is the better part of valour,' may in this case, I think, be changed to 'impudence is—or may be, sometimes —the better part of discretion!'"

Luck, impudence, call it what you will, this remarkable cruise served to bring the name of Paul Jones before the eyes of his adopted countrymen, as well as others farther afield. It was his long wished-for opportunity, and he worked indefatigably to improve it. On November 2nd he sailed with the *Alfred* and *Providence*, Captain Hacker, for a cruise. Landing at Isle Madame he captured a quantity of arms, replenished his ammunition and burned three vessels belonging to the fishermen at Cape Breton, adding another loaded with salt fish to his fleet. Jones made a dashing landing at Canso, Nova Scotia, capturing the "Tory" flags, destroying the fishing and striking terror as he went. He failed in his intention of rescuing the Americans, who were working as prisoners in the coal mines, owing to the failure of Captain Hacker to obey orders, which was the cause of so much of Captain Jones's annoyance in his early American experiences. The *Alfred* brought her cruise to a triumphant finish, and put into Boston on December 10,

with flag snapping in the breeze and every inch of bright work glittering like gold. On his cruise of thirty-three days he had brought in seven prizes. One, the *Mellish*, armed transport, laden with quartermaster's supplies for the British army, and the *Bideford*, with similar cargo for Sir Henry Guy Carleton's forces assembling in Canada. These ships, sailing under convoy of the *Milford*, frigate of thirty-two guns, were separated from their convoy by a terrific gale, and fell an easy prey to the *Alfred*, though larger and heavier ships in every way. The value of his prizes and the lateness of the season determined Paul Jones to make for port, as he did not wish to take chances of the prizes being recaptured. Events proved his foresight, for, two days later, with the *Bideford*, *Mellish*, and two smaller prizes under convoy, they were overhauled by the *Milford*, in company with a letter-of-marque. They immediately gave chase to the *Alfred* and her prizes. Instantly Jones signalled his little fleet to crowd on all sail, and make to the south and westward; he dropping to leeward until he could judge the force of the enemy. The *Milford* was a "dull sailer," and, the one virtue about the *Alfred* being her good sailing, Jones was able to stay between the *Milford* and his prizes, though the *Milford* managed to keep up the chase during the night, recapturing the least valuable of the ships, which, through a sprung foretopmast, had fallen astern. The cruise of a month was considered most successful, and all Boston assembled to greet him.

He wrote to Robert Morris, immediately on arriving,

the reason of his not fighting the *Milford*, a larger and better armed ship. "I felt that it would be wrong in such conditions to ask one hundred and fourteen men in a ship of only twenty-four guns to stand alongside a thirty-two of regular rate and battery, with surely over two hundred in her complement. I felt 'that it would be asking too much of the cards,' as we say in whist, when we have a poor hand. So I ran, and I am not ashamed to confess it. But I brought my prizes safe in, and I did not submit the poor *Alfred* and her short crew to the chance of being sunk and butchered by what I considered a foe so superior that battle with him would be hopeless."

This good reasoning brought its very substantial reward, for, when the *Mellish's* cargo was broken out, untold treasures appeared, prosaic, but more welcome to the ragged continentals than precious jewels. There were ten thousand complete uniforms, with cloaks, great boots, socks and woollen shirts, intended for Lord Howe's army. Fourteen hundred tents, and seven thousand pairs of blankets, six hundred saddles, with complete cavalry equipment, and one million seven hundred thousand rounds of "fixed ammunition"—as cartridges were then called. A large supply of medical stores, and forty cases of medical instruments, with sundry odds and ends, and forty-six soldiers sent out to join the different regiments. The *Bideford* was not far behind in value, for she had seventeen hundred fur overcoats, for the use of the British forces in Canada, eleven thousand pairs of blankets, destined for the troops and Indians who

were fighting with them on the northern frontier of the United States; a thousand "Indian trade smooth-bore" guns, with hatchets, flints and knives, for the same red-skinned warriors, and eight light six-pound field-guns and equipage for four-gun batteries of horse artillery. All Sir Guy Carleton's choice wines fell into the hands of his foes, and a fine case of Galway duelling pistols was appropriated by Jones, with a share of the wines. He had no use for the rest of the spoil.

In a measure he was content, having practically demonstrated his favourite point, that, in time of war, a small fleet, aiming directly at the destruction of commerce, especially the shipping at various ports, can cripple the enemy by interrupting the sinews of war more than can a larger fleet, fighting in the open, where it is impossible to capture more than a given number of merchant ships, with the greater element of chance to aid their escape, and the trouble and care of the prisoners to contend with.

"Jones's plan contemplated destruction, not capture; injury to the enemy, not prize-money primarily. The latter he recognised as a necessary concession to the sordid weakness of the mass of mankind; for himself, glory, distinction, was the prime motive—self-seeking in him took the shape of loving military success, not money."

A few weeks later he received the tidings of the total destruction of his plantation, his worldly wealth, swept away in a twinkling. As he said, "It appears that I have no fortune left but my sword, and no

prospect except that of getting alongside the enemy." Little as he prized money, this was a serious blow. His plantation had been the source of a good sound revenue. "During the three seasons of my ownership, 1773–4–5, the net income from the agriculture, trade and milling of the plantation, was nearly 4000 guineas in the aggregate over and above all necessary outlays." And that sum was worth quite three times what it is to-day. "Since my coming to Philadelphia, a year ago last June, I have lived on this surplus, having drawn from the public funds only £50 in all that time; and this not for pay or allowances, but to reimburse me for expenses of enlisting seamen. Since July 1775, I have drawn to Philadelphia about 2000 guineas in prime bills. Of this 900 guineas remain on balance. This is all I have in the world, except an interest in the firm of Archibald Stuart & Co. of Tobago, which, being under the enemy's control, is of course unavailable."

He was much grieved over the capture of his slaves, "whose existence was a species of grown-up childhood, not slavery. The plantation was to them a home, not a place of bondage . . . now they are carried off to die under the pestilential lash of Jamaica cane fields, and the price of their poor bodies will swell the pockets of English slave traders. For this cruelty to these innocent, harmless people, I hope some time, soon, to exact a reckoning."

Canny old Macbean had escaped in the confusion of Lord Dunmore's raid, and, despite his three score years, joined General Morgan's riflemen, and Jones

begs Mr. Hewes to "mention him" to Morgan. Old Duncan, "who always limps a little with an old wound of Braddock's defeat," was "without rival in the art of deer-stalking in the tidewater country, and a dead shot. He has—I presume—taken with him the fine Lancaster rifle of my brother. It is the best rifle I know of in Virginia, and if Duncan has it, all is well." He expresses a low opinion of "his lordship's conception of civilized warfare," which opinion all the tidewater region of Virginia heartily endorsed; though the burning of Norfolk, for which Dunmore in blamed, was the work of the towspeople themselves, to keep the troops from shelter in the bitter weather. He describes the plantation, after a visit some months later, as "the completest wreck imaginable of every kind of possessions that were on the land, and therefore could not be scuttled and sunk in the sea."

But in his tempestuous life, where the bitter mingled so with the sweet, there was no time for repining. On his return he learned that a number of unheard-of skippers had been promoted over his head, making him eighteenth instead of sixth captain on the list. Six of these estimable persons were friends of Adams, and hailed from New England, which, Jones remarks, "gives rise to the suspicion in my mind that Mr. Adams has taken advantage of my absence, cruising against the enemy, and thus debarred from watchfulness of the happenings ashore to promote at small cost to himself several more of his respectable skippers of West Indian lumber-droghers at my expense. If their fate shall be like that of his share in the first five

captains last year, I can only say that Mr. Adams has properly provided for a greater number of courts-martial than of naval victories!"

A nasty stab in the back to one, who, as he says, was at sea, ignorant of what was taking place. He tells Jefferson: "You are aware, honoured sir, that I have no family connection at my back, but rest my case wholly on what I do. As I survey the list of twelve captains who have been newly jumped over me by the act of October 10th, I cannot help seeing that all but three are persons of high family connection in the bailliwick of Mr. Adams."

The following month, so great had been the dissatisfaction shown by many members of the Congress, a new list of captains was drawn up with a "re-arrangement of linear rank," in which Jones was sixth, or just after Nicholas Biddle. But the "political skippers," as Jones always called them, had influence enough to get this pigeon-holed, and it was heard of no more.

Almost immediately on returning from this successful voyage, Jones was surprised and chagrined at the orders he received to turn the *Alfred* over to Captain Hineman. Jones was ordered to report to Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, for duty in connection with the Board of Advice to the Marine Committee, remaining there from January till June 1777. He worked with a will to bring order out of the chaos by which he was confronted, succeeding in leaving the stamp of his personality on even so dull a subject as naval regulations. On June 14th, Jones

was ordered to Portsmouth to command the *Ranger*, then building, and from this moment begins the most interesting part of his stormy career, when from a reputation not more than local, he sprang into world-wide fame which, with its glamour, remained undimmed to the hour of his death.

CHAPTER IV

1777

Are we not inclined, like children, disappointed at beholding king and queen in commonplace, everyday clothes, when fancy adorned them in glittering crown and robes, to picture our heroes as living from cradle to grave in a blaze of glory? As moving through life to soft, musical murmurs of praise, greeting acquaintances with a politely uplifted halo, in place of the hat of ordinary mortals? When we hear of these fortunate ones, they have reached the pinnacle which they occupy naturally, so that we forget the mighty effort which put them there.

We read glowing accounts of the battles Nelson won—but do not think much about the routine which made his success; admire Wellington, with the laurels of Waterloo becomingly surmounting that historic nose —but forget the obscure youth and hard work which gave him name and fame, great enough to have a boot called after him. We carelessly forget, too, the hundreds of petty, everyday annoyances, the backbiting and strife, which the successful must conquer or ignore. In fact, we enjoy effect, without much thought as to the cause. Paul Jones achieved fame, he did not have it thrust upon him. We hear of him as an always successful captain, and, from the time he was allowed to act alone, without senior officer,

or cut-and-dried orders, he sprang into renown in a night. He was not a conceited or egotistical man, but he had that fore-sense of what he could do, which never led him into a blunder. His only failures were when he was forced to act in concert with those who had not been put under his absolute command. The more one analyses Paul Jones and his career, the more remarkable it seems, for he had no one on whom to depend or look to for favour. The influence of the *boudoir* played little part in his early struggles for recognition. No mysterious relative in slouched hat, with drooping plumes and cloak concealing the lower part of his face, met him 'neath a blasted oak in the moonlight, pressed purses, heavy with gold, into his surprised hand, and vanished with a hoarse whisper of further benefits to be conferred, if due secrecy were observed. No inopportune old retainer hindered his footsteps, for "the sake of the family." He was singularly free from these romantic encumbrances. By sheer grit and determination he carried himself on, accomplishing, not planning, those deeds which brought him lasting fame. From first to last it was a struggle, unceasing, unending.

One sometimes wonders how different the history of his period might have been if chance had guided his steps into the navy of his own country, where he could have fought alongside Nelson and Howe, in steady command, sure of promotion and the future, and not had to solicit employment which was his by right of ability. Despite the cant of democracy and merit alone succeeding, the United States navy, like those

of older lands, was from the first the toy of favouritism. To this may be attributed its early blunders and failures. The navy was controlled by the gentlemen from Massachusetts, and John Quincy Adams, its virtual dictator, filled the desirable posts with those who had the luck to please him, without the slightest reference to their fitness. Nevertheless, war is no respecter of favouritism, and the dire failures, the blunders of the "Commander-in-Chief" and Captain Dudley Saltonstall, who was also dismissed the service, opened the eyes of Congress to the state of things, and served to place Paul Jones in a position free from "the incubus of imbecile superiors." From that moment, to the end of his eventful career, Paul Jones was always the ranking officer on his station, and never afterward served under the orders of a senior.

In person, Paul Jones was about middle height, so slender as to be wiry, so lithe as to be compared to a panther; so swift in his movements that he was described as "chain lightning." Swarthy as a Spaniard, with eyes so grey as to be black in moments of excitement, with a well-turned leg and aristocratic hands and feet, and a wonderful voice which could command sharply or melt into the most winning endearments. Nathaniel Fanning, his friend and shipmate, describes him—

"Though of low stature and slender build, the Commodore's neck, arms and shoulders were those of a heavy-set man. His neck was out of proportion to the rest of him. The strength of his arms and

shoulders could hardly be believed; and he had equal use of both hands, even to writing with the left as well as the right hand. He was past master in the art of boxing, and though there were many hard nuts to crack in the various crews he commanded, no one ever doubted that the Commodore was the best man aboard. To all this he added a quickness of motion that cannot be described except by saying that he was quicker than chain lightning. When roused, he would strike more blows and do more damage in a second than any other man I ever saw could do in a minute. Even when calm and unruffled, his gait and all of his bodily motions were exactly like those of the panther—noiseless, sleek, and the perfection of grace, yet always giving one the idea that it would be well to keep out of reach of his paws and teeth.

"He always fought as if that was what he was made for, and it was only when most perfectly at peace that he seemed ill at ease, or, at least, restless.

"He was never petulant toward those subordinate to him. Even in cases of failure to carry out his orders or meet his expectations he would be lenient, patient and forbearing so long as he did not detect or think he detected wilfulness or malice. But if he obtained such an impression, there could be no peace with him. He was not a quarrelsome man, in the sense of proneness to pick quarrels; but he was the easiest person I have ever seen for any fighting man to pick a quarrel with.

"In ordinary intercourse, either official or personal,

it was a constant delight to be with him, at least for those who by their conduct had gained his esteem; and in his air and manner toward such there was a charm the like of which I have never seen or heard of in any other man."

Even so stolid a person as the old Quaker, Franklin, felt the extraordinary fascination of the sailor's vivid personality, as is readily shown in the letter which he sent, introducing him to the Comtesse d'Houdetot, June 1780—

"No matter what the faults of Commodore Jones may be . . . I must confess to your ladyship that when face to face with him, neither man, nor, so far as I can learn, woman, can for a moment resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner; a commingling of the most perfect self-esteem that I have ever seen in a man; and, above all, the sweetness of his voice and the purity of his language. I offer these thoughts to the gracious consideration of your ladyship, no less as a warning than as a favourable introduction."

Paul Jones undeniably possessed the powerful charm of an inscrutable personality; none might boast his confidence or read his heart; mystery surrounded his origin with an impenetrable veil. The fair sex were his slaves, he had only to choose. His tender chivalry towards all women is often mentioned. His discretion in *affaires de cœur* was only matched by his popularity and the number of his conquests. Of all this there is no word, no hint in memoir or journal; no yellowing indiscreet letters, lying

forgotten in a ponderous coffer heavy with the dust of dead things, betrays the secret kept so well. Intuition whispered that one day the world would wish to know his life, his innermost soul; to dissect his very heart: and he destroyed all tokens of the women who had loved him.

To others he was lavish; his own tastes were the most simple; towards his inferiors he behaved with the generosity of a prince; to his sailors he was commander and friend. He never ordered flogging on any ship he commanded, and is known to have personally thrown the cat-o'-nine-tails overboard. On the occasion, years later, when he allowed the look-outs to be punished for dire carelessness, he—it is said—ordered that the men should be flogged in their shirts, which made the chastisement a farce. He "talked to the men like a father," or, most terrible punishment devised by human cruelty, *stopped their grog for three days*, which had a chastening effect. He interested the sailors in the smallest details of their work, gave them lessons in rope-splicing, or reproved a young sailor for his "lubberly walk," with a personal demonstration of the correct swagger to be kept in mind by Jack afloat. Every one of those "gun-deck hearties" knew the Captain was the best man aboard, that his methods were summary and much to the point.

"I tell you, my men," he said, "once for all, that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by boatswain's mates under slow torture of the lash; but I will do it

myself; and so G— d— quick that it will make your heads swim!"

These pacific and briefly expressed opinions, so casually mentioned by their commander, had the merit of letting those "hard nuts" in the various crews he commanded know just where they stood, should occasion arise.

From his earliest life at sea he showed distaste for the tavern brawls and rowdy amusements of Jack ashore, preferring the company of the better classes in the ports visited. His spare time was profitably employed in reading such books as he could obtain, and in the study of naval history. Ambition was bred in his bone. Perhaps it was hereditary; an unconscious desire to take the place in the world that was his rightfully—if one disallows the peasant origin. He was a famous shot with the duelling pistol, which, with his delighted readiness to fight, made men wary of treading too heavily on forbidden ground in his presence.

The more one reads of John Paul Jones, of his ease and perfect *sang-froid* in the highest society, of his well-turned compliments to royalty, of his never offending the susceptibilities of the French, and, in after years, the Englishmen of rank with whom he formed friendships, the more one is inclined to pause and wonder who his parents really were. It seems incredible, at a time when class distinctions were as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians, when education was of the most primitive, that the son of a gardener and a lady's maid could pass the tests to

which he was hourly subjected, without once making a *faux pas*. Though his detractors were many, and he was called a pirate, a privateer, and by other terms of opprobrium, those who knew him intimately, the royalties by whom he was received, the courtiers and men of letters, and all those with whom in his active life he came in daily intercourse, have left no comment but that in the highest degree favourable to him. He was elegant in manner, and during the last years of his life so exquisite in his dress as to be remarked in any assembly. Later portraits of him display a foppish niceness most incompatible with the legendary pirate and buccaneer so greatly feared on the boundless ocean. His life was a romance. He appealed to the strongest primitive passion in man: the love of fighting, which, civilise us as you may, is only dormant, ready to burst forth at the first beat of the drum. We remember him because he fought and loved it, and because he was victorious. He was a living example of the old saying: "There is nothing so successful as success." If he was the unwanted child of a great family, did his mother follow his meteoric career with pride, or with some regret for the part convention compelled her to play?

American politics were in a turmoil, there was much "mounting in hot haste" and galloping about the country. From morning till night Paul Jones was hurrying from one point to another, too busy to mind fatigue, too full of enthusiasm to be daunted by the

colossal proportions of the task he had undertaken: making a navy without ships, and manning it without sailors. It was on one of these hasty journeys from Philadelphia, while stopping to change horses at Alexandria, that he was wakened out of a day-dream by the unusual sound of the French and German languages, mingled with broken English; and saw a party of gentlemen trying to make their wants understood to the innkeeper, who spoke no language but his own.

This was Jones's first meeting with the rattle-pated Lafayette, who had run away from his home and family to put his finger in the pie of American independence. Lafayette spoke a little English, the Baron de Kalb none at all, so Jones, who was one of the four captains in the United States Navy who spoke French, and the only one to do so fluently, stepped into the breach. Lafayette relates the incident.

"A slender, black-haired, black-eyed, swarthy gentleman in a naval uniform and of most martial and distinguished bearing approached, and said in perfect French—

"'*Pardon, Monsieur; il me semble que, peut-être, je peux vous aider. En tel cas, commandez, s'il vous plait.*'

"Delighted to hear my mother tongue so unexpectedly and so opportunely spoken, I informed the gentleman who we were, and asked whom I might have the honour to address. To which he replied: '*J'ai l'honneur d'être Capitaine de frégate de la*

marine des États Unis; et on m'appele Paul Jones, à votre service, Monsieur.'

"Profoundly acknowledging his courtesy, I at once turned over to Captain Paul Jones the task of composing our difficulties, and instantly discovered that he was a captain in fact as well as by title. The people there seemed to know him well. He assumed an air of easy, though quite imperious, mastery of the situation, and in a very short time our cavalcade was ready to set out. He had an appointment to dine that evening with friends in Alexandria, but upon invitation to join our party, he hastily sent a messenger to cancel the engagement, 'by reason of a sudden and unexpected pressure of public duty of grave importance,' and journeyed with us thence to Philadelphia."

Of course, Lafayette heartily endorsed Jones's pet scheme of cruising in foreign waters, with the object of harassing the enemy's shipping as much as possible. The new flag of the United States must be displayed on the high seas and enter the ports of other lands, bringing tangible proofs of its existence to the rulers of the old world, before the new republic could hope to be accepted as an accomplished fact. English shipping must be injured to make other nations aware that a new navy had appeared on the seas of the world. Though the successes of the American ships had been gratifying, their fame was local. Vital as it was to the colonists, their struggle was spoken of contemptuously, and not treated with much seriousness, till the Revolution had gone so far

that to kill it was impossible. The comatose, bewigged old gentlemen who had the management of the colonies in their hands, were too much wrapped in the cotton-wool of perfect self-content to pull that wool from over their ears, and listen to what was going on in the outside world.

It was Lafayette's idea that a squadron of French ships should be fitted out and sail under the commission and flag of the United States. This course would embroil England and France, and also provide better ships than the United States could construct or buy. He wrote to Washington that "Captain Jones possesses, far beyond any other officer in your service, that particular *aplomb*, grace of manner, charm of person and dash of character always required to captivate the French fancy." He declared far and wide that Paul Jones was the only captain in the United States Navy qualified to undertake this mission; that "by his knowledge of the French language he fulfilled the first and greatest prerequisite; because," Lafayette said, "it would be useless and perfectly idle to send a captain over there who would need an interpreter."

Lafayette had a great deal to say, and was listened to, being the only one of those distinguished volunteers who came with full, and returned with empty, hands. He was a personal friend of Washington, and essayed to sway that stolid gentleman in Paul Jones's favour on every occasion that arose, though not always with success.

Captain Jones now applied for the *Trumbull*, one

of the thirteen frigates built by Congress, to run against the spite of Mr. Adams, who intended the ship for Dudley Saltonstall; who, having recovered from the effects of his court-martial, was ready for further service. It is strange that one man should hate another in the petty way Adams hated Paul Jones, to whom he always alluded as a "smooth, plausible and rather capable adventurer, with some smattering of general knowledge and a fair command of French and Spanish, due wholly to his earlier career as an English merchant captain trading to the West India Islands and Spanish Main." Mr. Adams maintained that he was a man of no family connection, which, coming from a good republican, in a land where "all men" are declared to have been born "free and equal," is amusing. As to the motive for the dislike, Jones's correspondent, Mr. Hewes, lets the cat out of the bag. One evening in June 1775, Jones was at a party given by Colonel and Mrs. Carroll of Carrollton at their house near the falls of Schuylkill; Mr. Adams was also present.

"Mr. Adams was nothing if not pedantic. In the course of the entertainment he essayed to relate an anecdote of Fontenelle to a group of young ladies, among whom were Miss Betty Faulkner of Virginia and Miss Josephine Mayrant of South Carolina. Miss Faulkner had been educated in France, and Miss Mayrant belonged to one of the Carolina Huguenot families in which French was retained as the domestic tongue. Mr. Adams related his anecdote of Fontenelle in French.

"When he was gone, Jones, at the request of the young ladies, related the anecdote correctly both as to text and accent. One of the younger ladies then asked Jones what he thought of Mr. Adams's French?"

Mr. Hewes asserts that Jones was always reckless with his wit, an assertion which is not confirmed by the study of his life, and "more than once in his career sacrificed an interest for the sake of an epigram. On this occasion, not reflecting that such a *bon mot* would be likely to find repetition in such a social circle as that was, he replied with mock gravity—

"'*La cause des droits de l'homme, Mesdemoiselles, est, peut-être, heureuse en ce que les sentiments politiques de Monsieur Adams ne sont pas à l'anglais également à son français; car, autrement, il serait facilement le plus grand Tory du pays.*'"

A very free translation being, "It is very fortunate, ladies, for the cause of the rights of man, that the political sentiments of Mr. Adams are not so English as his French is; because, if they were, he would easily be the greatest Tory in the country."

"This delicious but ill-judged satire was not slow in reaching the ears of Mr. Adams, and he ever afterwards hated Paul Jones with all the sturdy hate of the Puritan nature when its vanity is wounded."

If Paul Jones has been represented as something of a fire-eater by certain writers, and called quarrelsome, the facts must be taken into consideration that from his first service in the United States, until his

appointment as rear-admiral in the Russian navy, he experienced enough annoyance and hindrance in everything he undertook to arouse the anger of a much milder man. He loathed deceit, and had a profound contempt for those who would shield their incapacity and blunders behind the back of a political godfather in preference to facing the music. When the incompetent Saltonstall stood in the way of Jones's getting command of the *Trumbull*, he threatened to make public the charges which he had long before made against him, of cruelty to his men, and incivility to his officers aboard the *Alfred;* which, thanks to political influence, had been kept dark. Jones grew tired of so much procrastination, and "rather vigorously informed Mr. Morris that if he could not secure appropriate action in the regular way, he would conceive it his duty to publish the facts over his own name and on his personal responsibilty; as he believed the public entitled to know what kind of a naval servant they had in Captain Saltonstall."

This did not meet the views of Mr. Morris, who thought "it would be a sorry spectacle to see naval officers killing each other when there were so many enemies to be accounted for." . . . Jones bluntly told Mr. Morris that he "considered it his duty to rid the navy of Captain Saltonstall, and if he were denied the opportunity of doing it in the regular way, by court-martial, it was quite immaterial to him what other way must be resorted to." Mr. Morris, amazed at this fierce outbreak, inquired if Jones had taken any advice in this most serious affair? Jones answered that he

most certainly had taken advice. "Of whom, pray?" asked Mr. Morris. "Of General Cadwalder and Captain Biddle, sir!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Morris, "the two fieriest and least tractable men in Pennsylvania. Each the soul of honour and the embodiment of courage, but both wholly lacking in prudence and calm judgment where any personal issue is concerned. They will always give you advice to fight, which, by the way, you yourself need as little as any man I know."

There was much heated discussion, which ended in Morris commanding Jones, "as he valued his friendship," to give him all the papers, and proceed no further in the matter. So Jones, unwillingly, against his judgment, did as his friend ordered; but when, two years later, he heard how Saltonstall had lost a fine new thirty-two gun frigate, the *Warren*, in Penobscot Bay, under circumstances which all his political friends could not prevent from ending his career, he wrote bitterly to Morris: "I have just learned the miserable fate of the *Warren*. To some extent I reproach myself. If I had obeyed the dictates of my sense of duty in 1777, instead of yielding to the persuasions of the peacemaker, our flag might still be flying on the *Warren*."

But this is anticipation, and Saltonstall got the *Trumbull*. Jones appealed to Washington, before whom he laid his case, "with an earnestness which my recent disappointment about the *Trumbull* may have made somewhat vehement." Lafayette was present at the interview, also the Generals Knox and

"Mad Anthony Wayne." Lafayette made no secret of his sympathies; "but General Washington, calm and imperturbable, walked up and down, mostly listening, but now and then asking a question or uttering a syllable of assent. He remained in this mood for some time after I had done. Then, approaching me, he took me by the hand and said: 'Captain Jones, you have conceived the right project, and you are the right man to execute it. I will at once see members of the Marine Committee and insist that you be forthwith provided with the best means at their disposal.'"

Washington did not offer to use his influence to take the *Trumbull* from Saltonstall, as it "would cause friction in higher quarters, which he wished to avoid." He was sorry there were not enough frigates for Jones, the sixth captain, to have one. This is an instance where family connection and backing would have decided the matter in the Scotchman's favour. Washington kept his word. Jones was sent to Boston with orders to enlist seamen for his pet project of a European cruise, and take them over on *l'Amphitrite*, a French merchantman, chartered for the purpose. But the captain objected on the ground that, if caught by the English, his ship would be condemned for violation of neutrality, as England and France were not at war, and so the whole thing fell through, much to Jones's disgust.

CHAPTER V

1777

In the shipyards of the colonial town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with its tales of serving-maid who rose to the estate of governor's wife and lived to walk up the aisle of the church, sumptuously arrayed, with a train of little blackamoor pages carrying prayer-books and reticule on velvet cushions; where stately elms overhung the first brick house built in the new country, that ship which was to become so famous as the *Ranger* was being laid down.

She was planned expressly for speed, and she was the first American ship to be coppered, a new idea just beginning to be adopted in the British and French navies. She was six feet longer than any twenty-gun ship-sloop of her day, in all 116 feet, and she was of 308 tons. Elijah Hall, her second lieutenant, by trade a shipwright, describes her at length with bewildering technicality, being much struck with the fact that "her spars, a set got out of a 400-ton Indiaman, were too heavy for a vessel of her class," and had "just stepped" the lower masts, with a view to "cutting them down about four feet in the cups," when Paul Jones appeared on the scene, and, being arbiter in the matter, decided it was a pity to spoil such fine masts, directing Mr. Hall to "fid them about four

feet lower than usual in the hounds," which Mr. Hall proceeded to do. This, with the changes Jones made in her guns, putting "fourteen long nines" and four six-pounders, instead of the original twenty six-pounders intended, "raised her centre of weight and increased her top-heaviness," which with the extra ballast necessitated, brought her a foot lower in the water when she was provisioned for the voyage than planned. But she could, "with the wind abaft the beam, or going free, run like a hound," though she was "somewhat crank in windward work. In outward appearance she was a perfect beauty, her sheer being as delicate as the lines of a pretty woman's arm, and as she was rather low in the water for her length, and her masts raked two or three degrees more than any other ship of the day, she was on the whole the sauciest craft afloat."

When he saw her Captain Jones forgave the loss of the *Trumbull;* his nautical eye appraised her sailing worth and picked out her good points, and he worked day and night to get her afloat; reporting to the Marine Committee that she would be ready to sail on October 5. He had the goodwill of the town, there were no obstacles put in his way this time, and interested spectators watched the work being pushed for all it was worth.

Busy though he was, it must not be supposed Paul Jones neglected the social side of life. Even without his renown, his personal attractions won more than a sigh from the pretty maidens before whom he bowed so deferentially, perhaps flirted with in the jovial

manner of most sons of the sea, though he departed heart-whole if not fancy free.

Portsmouth was in the heart of the revolutionary country, and its daughters emulated the spirit of the "Boston Tea Party," drinking herb tea, rather than pay for the heavily taxed Bohea. Portsmouth had been discovered by a venturesome craft, whose owner braved the turbulent currents of the Piscataqua river in search of sassafras bark, an ingredient greatly appreciated and employed by the seventeenth-century doctors in the nauseous compounds forced upon their patients. Whether the search was successful has little to do with the story, but the fair promise of the shores which lay on either side of the river, with their virgin forests, impressed the captain so favourably that his report to those at home determined a venturesome party to essay the trackless ocean, and, in the spring, or summer, of 1623, David Thompson with a goodly party of settlers from Plymouth in fair Devon, landed at Odiorne's Point, where they built a block-house to protect themselves from the Indians, and settled down to wrest a meagre living from the new land, where even the climate was hostile to those accustomed to the mildness of the south of England. Other settlers followed, and the surrounding country was known by the suggestive name of "Strawberry Bank" until 1653, when it was incorporated by the Government of Massachusetts under its present name of Portsmouth.

The settlers were so harassed by the Indians that they tilled the fields with gun slung over shoulder, and planted the maize in rows radiating from their houses

so that the redskins would have no cover to creep upon them. The country abounded in stone, hard, flinty granite, scattered over the land as if from a pepper-pot; which, to get rid of, they piled in walls around their meadows as their forefathers had done in the home country. There was constant wrangling between the Anglican settlers and the Puritans, and at times civil strife threatened to rend the colony. Those were days of no religious toleration, and, it must be remembered, that it was only a few miles to the town of Salem, where witch-burning flourished.

Despite these bickerings Portsmouth, with its picturesque environment, its many islands and rock-bound coast, became in 1679 the capital of a separate county, known to-day as the State of New Hampshire. The governor of the state lived there, in a charming old house, with lodge gates and lawns sloping to the river; and it all seemed more like a bit of home than something in a new, Indian-troubled country. A few miles from the town he had a country place, deep in the heart of fragrant pine forests, where the hot summer sun never penetrated, though its fiery breath enhanced the sweetness of the aromatic gums with which the trees were laden.

Though Virginia has ever been the theme of pens, writing of colonial times, the governors of New Hampshire and Massachusetts held sway in a lordly manner; tricked out themselves and their women-folk with right royal pomp and circumstance, for, it must not be forgotten that they represented their king, equally with their confrères of the South. There were many of

Puritanical leanings, outwardly any way, for their Roundhead ancestry accounted for a love of hypocrisy and eagerness to condemn everything they could not understand. The different governors, the Wentworths and the Langdons, were open-handed, high-living gentlemen, a trifle pompous maybe, as suited their rank and station; more than a trifle fond of the fleshpots, particularly of the hospitable and flowing bowl on a winter night.

There was much trade with the East and West Indies, and the spoils of those voyages still linger in the dim drawing-rooms, like spectres of the past. To this day its owner proudly shows a carpet stained with the contents of a wineglass upset by Lafayette, whose elbow was jostled by a careless one in the assembly as he was "taking wine" at the request of his host. Many famous men had been there. Washington, and Benjamin Franklin, who experimented with his lightning-rod, before he forsook such prosaic work, and went to France to worry himself and every one else, trying to gain favours from those unwilling to grant them. The old fort, William and Mary, was captured at the beginning of the revolution by militia sent from Portsmouth, on the arrival of the news that the exportation of military stores to America was forbidden; the tidings being brought by that indefatigable horseman, Paul Revere, who, according to pictorial history, seems to have spent his life as one of the "hatless brigade," galloping about on a horse with a long, flowing tail, shouting disturbing news to his countrymen.

As has been seen, Portsmouth was hospitable, and Portsmouth entertained Paul Jones to such a degree that he was forced to write to a friend to send him a particularly smart scarlet coat, which he had not thought to have need of, and some more of a favourite hair powder, unobtainable there, for which "he begged to enclose a guinea." It is to be hoped that the correspondent dispatched the articles forthwith, for Paul was very much of a dandy and noted for the perfection of his dress, and a powderless *beau* would have been too tragic to contemplate.

But it was his fate to be here to-day and there to-morrow, and he wasted little time in philandering, however bright the eyes. Though he escorted bevies of charming and vivacious damsels and their duennas over the *Ranger*, and explained the many wonders of the craft, at which they exclaimed, as their sisters of the present day do under similar conditions, his one idea was to get to sea.

Charming as the tale of silken pennant, broidered by slender fingers for the chosen knight, is the romance clinging to the flag that fluttered gaily on the *Ranger* when she put to sea, on a mission of which none could foretell the result. Fashioned amid chat and laughter at a "quilting bee," planned and fitted with breathless accuracy, according to sketches made by the handsome captain, whose opinion was awaited on the important subject with most flattering attention. Patriotic Mistress Helen Seavey contrived thirteen snowy stars of the "New Constellation" from the dress she had worn to the altar when she wedded a

PAUL JONES

[*From the original painting on parchment by Notté, in the collection of the author.*

dashing young officer of the "New Hampshire Line," in May 1777, a few months ago. Wanton destruction, thought Helen's mamma, who had an eye to future utility and younger daughters' weddings, and belonged to that generation which looked on the silk and satin "gownds" with more deference than their descendants. The red stripes came from a court dress, that had curtseyed loyally to its king, alas! now a fallen idol.

The patriotic maidens cut and slashed ruthlessly, stitching the starry emblems on the dark blue field. Merry parties were these "quilting bees," ending up with a substantial supper, a country dance, and a sly stroll under the October moon for a few soft words, and a "good-bye to summer." Can we not picture the laughing jests, the high hopes, the aspirations which stirred those feminine bosoms, as they stitched and saw grow under their nimble fingers the flag they were so proud of, which Paul Jones ever called his twin, as his commission was dated on the same day as Congress officially described the flag to be used in place of the old "Rattlesnake" carried in the early days of the Revolution?

Of those charming and energetic workers, we know the names of but five: Mary Langdon, Helen Seavey, Dorothy Hall, niece of Lieut. Hall of the *Ranger*, Caroline Chandler, and Augusta Pierce. If the Captain had any preference it is not recorded, as he devoted himself to the party *en masse*, straightening a stripe that tried to turn itself into an arabesque, or giving the final decision as to the placing of the

thirteenth star. Every stitch was set with a good wish for his success, and he vowed it brought him luck! He considered it his personal belonging, a gift of his well-wishers, and took it with him on relinquishing his command of the *Ranger* in 1778. When he "broke his pennant" on the *Bonhomme Richard* he flew the flag of the Portsmouth girls, and not yet was its distinguished career over, for it was the first flag of the United States to be saluted by the guns of a foreign naval power. Strange still, it was the "first and the last flag that ever went down, or ever will go down, flying on a ship that conquered and captured the ship that sunk her."

This was the case, for the *Bonhomme Richard* forced the *Serapis* to surrender after a frightful battle, "the like of which has never been seen"; being so riddled that after a few hours she could not be kept afloat, filled and went to the bottom. "The very last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bonhomme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down."

In 1781 Jones returned to America, visiting Mr. Ross, where he always stayed in Philadelphia. There he met Miss Langdon, who had been one of the "quilting bee," and told her that he had wished, above anything, "to bring that flag back to America, with all its glories, and give it back untarnished into the fair hands that had given it to him nearly four years before." "But, Miss Mary," he said, "I couldn't bear to strip the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given

their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them."

"You did exactly right, Commodore!" exclaimed Miss Langdon. "That flag is just where we all wish it to be, flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship that ever sunk in victory. If you had taken it from her and brought it back to us we would hate you!"

CHAPTER VI

1777

Paul could not forget that time was flying, and controlled his impatience with difficulty, so keen was his desire to be once more at sea. Every rope, every spar he had inspected, every gun tested, for some of them had been cast in America, which was a new venture, and their worth had yet to be proved. His simple cabin bore traces of the handiwork of his feminine admirers, in those artless trifles which show such good-will and collect so much dust. The wiseacres predicted the *Ranger* could not weather the October gales, so top-heavy was she; advised Captain Jones to follow time-honoured precedent and cut down her masts, or Davy Jones's locker would be his portion. But the Captain had never known failure; he was young, and thirsting for adventure, as were the crew, which he describes as "the best I have ever seen, and I believe the best crew afloat; nearly all are native Americans, and the proportion of able seamen to the total is much beyond the average."

There was the usual fly in the ointment, for the United States treasury was so poor there was the greatest difficulty in getting materials for sails, and Jones complains of the heavy gales while at anchor. "The ship with difficulty rides it out, with yards and top-masts struck, and whole cable ahead. When it

clears up I expect the wind from the north-west, and shall not fail to embrace it, although I have not now a spare sail, nor materials to make one. Some of those I have are made of hissings. I never had so disagreeable a service to perform as that which I have now accomplished, and of which another will claim the credit as well as the profit. However, in doing my utmost I am sensible that I have done no more than my duty." The deepest lament wrung from the unconquerable captain is, that the "best crew I ever saw" would be limited to the entirely insufficient ration of "only thirty gallons of rum for the voyage."

A large number of the crew were Portsmouth men, which deepened the interest in the venture, and the fame of Jones promised a rich harvest from the sea if all went well. There had been the usual haggling in Congress about the allotment of the prizes, and a reluctance in complying with the glowing terms offered in the handbills posted about to entice sailors to enlist. As soon as Jones arrived to take over the *Ranger*, he was confronted with the dissatisfaction of forty-three men, who had been enlisted there, "caught by the misstatements as to 'ship money' and advances," which could not be carried out "under the regulations of Congress." Jones knew that "no such achievements are possible to an unhappy ship with a sullen crew," and instantly set about to right the grievance by addressing a letter to the men through Lieutenant Hall.

"I would not deceive any man who has entered or may enter to serve under my command. I

consider myself as being under a personal obligation to these brave men who have cheerfully enlisted to serve with me, and I accept their act as proof of their good opinion of me, which I so highly value that I cannot permit it to be dampened in the least degree by misunderstanding or failure to perform engagements. If necessary, or to whatever extent it may be necessary, I will personally undertake, after exhausting my proper powers in their behalf under the regulations, to make good at my own risk any remainder. I wish all my men to be happy and contented. The conditions of the handbills will be strictly complied with."

To put matters on a satisfactory footing, Jones advanced one hundred and forty-seven guineas out of his own pocket, the repayment of which was delayed until 1782. This represented the difference between the £360 which the men should have received, at the rate of eight pounds apiece for thirty able seamen, and four pounds apiece for thirteen landsmen and boys, and the sum allowed them by Congress.

Jones impatiently awaited the despatches he was to carry to France, the contents as yet being a dark secret, though Robert Morris hinted their purport to be of immense political significance. The Marine Committee had selected the *Ranger* for this mission as she was a fast sailer, and their experience of her captain convinced them that if human power could achieve that end, the despatches would be safely delivered at their destination; for the vehement Paul

was at last beginning to receive some recognition of his fearlessness and intrepidity from those who controlled the United States Navy. The few trial cruises Jones had made in the *Ranger* to "shake down his crew, set up his rigging, test the set of his sails, and find out the best trim of his ship" proved so satisfactory that, save for the lack of a good many essentials, the Captain was able to congratulate himself on the shipshapeness of the *Ranger* and her crew.

At last the news came that on October 17, 1777, General Bourgoyne's forces had surrendered. With incredible swiftness couriers spread the tidings over the country. "From Stillwater to Portsmouth is over one hundred and forty miles as the crow flies, and a good hundred and seventy by the uncertain roads, and the news reached Portsmouth in thirty hours; brought by one courier, who ate and slept in the saddle, dismounting only to change horses."

It was not until midnight of the 31st of October that the official despatches were placed in Paul Jones's hands, and before the dawn the *Ranger* had dropped downstream, and was clear of the Isle of Shoals, ten miles off the coast, going free, course east by south, half east, wind north-west, blowing fresh, the sea cross and choppy from an old swell of an easterly gale two days before. "I will spread this news in France in thirty days," Jones wrote on the receipt for the despatches, which the messenger took back in the "shore boat," listening enviously to the hearty cheer which rang out on the cold, clear air as the painter was

cast off, and the little boat bobbed about in the wake left by the swift-sailing *Ranger*.

"During the last two days' run I took two prizes bound from Madeira and Malaga respectively, with wines and dried fruit, etc., for London. I sent one to Brest and convoyed the other to Nantes," he informed the Marine Committee, stating at the same time his reason for selecting a northerly course, "which would be free from the enemy's cruisers at this time of year," being aware that the great object of the voyage was to deliver the important news at the earliest moment in France; not "wishing to be chased out of my course by the enemy's frigates with the necessary accompanying risk of being captured or destroyed." His judgment was not at fault. They met with no hindrance of any sort; no ship being sighted until, two days' run west of Ushant, they "spoke a Dutch East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay. I informed the Dutch captain of the surrender of Bourgoyne, and requested him to repeat the intelligence with my compliments to any British captain he might fall in with," he concludes, with a personal touch enlivening in a dry official despatch.

Paul Jones left no record except the *Ranger's* log, but Lieutenant Hall gives details, far from uninteresting, of that "terrific voyage."

"I had sailed with many captains in all kinds of voyages, but I had never seen a ship crowded as Captain Jones drove the *Ranger*. . . . Captain Jones held to his northerly course as time was the object, though the wind was adverse, and stuck grimly to his

great circle, drawn between 47° and 50° North. As the wind hung all the time between north-north-east and east-north-east with but a few veerings outside those points, it was always forward of the beam on the true course, and often near dead ahead. Imagine, then, the situation of the *Ranger's* crew, with a top-heavy and crank ship under their feet, and a commander who day and night insisted on every rag she could stagger under without laying clear down!

"As it was, she came close to beam ends more than once, and on one occasion righted only by letting fly sheets cut with hatchets. During all this trying work Captain Jones was his own navigating officer, keeping the deck eighteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four, often serving extra grog to the men with his own hands, and by his example silencing all disposition to grumble. In the worst of it the watch was lap-watched so that the men would be eight hours on and four off; but no one complained."

Mr. Hall was right when he says, "It speaks well alike for commander and crew that not a man was punished, or even severely reprimanded, during this 'terrific voyage.'" It would, indeed, have kept Satan on the alert to discover those "idle hands" for which he so obligingly finds employment. Hard pressed as the crew were, they had time for an occasional "sing-song," and Midshipman Charley Hill produced a song, on which Jones comments, "that while the text is rude in some parts and the language in one line not quite polite," was a great favourite in the forecastle, and afterwards throughout the Revolutionary

Navy. One verse, of which, alas! we have not the tune, is as follows—

"SONG OF THE *RANGER*

"*Carry the News to London*

"So now we had him hard and fast,
Bourgoyne laid down his Arms at Last,
And that is why we brave the blast,
To carry the news to London!
Heigh-ho! car—r—y the News!
Go! Carry the News to London.
Tell old King George he's undone!
Heigh-ho! car—r—y the News!"

A truly rollicking chorus, startling the fishes from their after-dinner slumbers, as the *Ranger* cut through the water, bent on her mission, "To Carry the News to London."

There was only one accident, Solomon Hutchings, who had his leg broken by a "spar getting adrift." There was not a soul on the sick list throughout the voyage, and the Captain concluded his report with the information: "I shall have the honour of calling your attention more particularly to the excellent behaviour of all my officers and men in a later report. For the present suffice to say, that without exception their conduct left nothing to be desired."

The "terrific voyage" ended when the *Ranger* dropped anchor in the Loire, below Nantes, at sunset, on the 2nd of December, 1777, and the ambitious Scotchman felt that at last the nebulous dreams of years were about to materialise.

CHAPTER VII

1777

Despite the storm and stress of his voyage Paul learned, with some chagrin, from Dr. Franklin on his arrival at Paris, December 5th, that the news of Burgoyne's surrender had been brought by John Loring Austen of Boston, who sailed in a French merchantman from that port early on the morning of October 30. Though a personal disappointment, it made little difference to Jones, as Austen's despatches were unofficial. The plucky Scotchman had the renown of that "terrific voyage," and brought details of Burgoyne's surrender, which Austen had no time to learn.

There was the usual tempest in the tea-pot of those excellent gentlemen, the Commissioners of the United States of America: Arthur Lee, one of the Commissioners, accusing Dr. Bancroft of using his prior knowledge of the contents of the despatches for stock-jobbing transactions in London and Paris, before the news became public. He insinuated this was not unknown to Dr. Franklin himself. This Jones proved, by later investigation, to be untrue, and a plan of Lee's to shatter the friendship existing between the two men. It was Jones's opinion that "there were some deductions as to both the strategical and the domestic political effects of the surrender which our subsequent conversation proved to be more clearly

drawn in my mind than in Mr. Austen's. But this was doubtless due to the difference in our experience and training. Among other things it was evident that Mr. Austen did not at the moment quite share my views as to the decisive effect the event must have upon the *morale* of our people themselves, and the far-reaching elation of spirit it must impart to our armed force by land and sea."

The charm of Paris more than consoled the adventurous captain for his annoyance. The feeling of being, at last, so near his longed-for goal made hope sing high in his breast, as he gazed out of the window of the house where the American envoys lived, in the Rue Verte, near the Place Beauveau. This hotel they occupied, free of all expense, thanks to the lavish courtesy of M. le Ray de Chaumont, *Grand Maître des Eaux et Forêts*, and *Intendant des Invalides*, who, despite the offices he held under the Crown, belonged to the advanced political party. Although his later behaviour to Paul Jones was the reverse of pleasant, at this period he was extraordinarily generous to the Commissioners. For the two years they were engaged in secret negotiations with the Court at Versailles, not only did he provide them with lodging and furniture, free of all cost, but sent large consignments of supplies and sums of money to the United States. When Mr. Adams finally asked him to name a sum for the rent of his house, as it was not "reasonable that the United States should be under so great an obligation to a private gentleman," he replied, that "when he had consecrated his house

to Dr. Franklin and his associates, he had made it to be fully understood that he should expect no compensation, because he perceived that they had need of all their means to send to the succour of their country . . . There was no occasion," he said, "for strangers to be informed of his proceeding. He considered the house had been immortalised by receiving into it Dr. Franklin and his associates." Strange to say, through the vicissitudes of the Revolution, with its seizure of all property by the *sans-culottes* and the many political *régimes* France has passed through, the house stands to-day bearing in large golden letters the legend "Franklin's Hotel," a tribute to the heavy-jawed old Quaker who once lived there. Looking at it from a certain point of view it is a commentary on the uncertainties of this world, and a monument to Franklin, who enjoyed an unheard of popularity with the volatile French.

A busy street the Rue Penthièvre of to-day, a busy street it was then, under the name of Rue Verte; thronged from morn till night with vendors crying aloud their wares to tempt the passers to buy. For those who required the luxury of a bath there were two men, drawing the ubiquitous *charrette*, laden with tub and the proper quantity of hot water, who conducted the same up endless flights of worn, polished stairs, thankfully receiving the small gratuity, which their descendants would now treat with haughty contempt. Old women lauded their cabbages and more refined delicacies; the trim waiting-maids, who never, no matter how muddy the streets—and this was before

the days of side-walks—seemed to get a spot on their immaculate stockings, tripped mincingly across the worn stones. The cry of the *marchand d'habits* was shrill and piercing enough, but when the lusty damsel, who carried a broken cane-seated chair slung across her shoulders in token of her calling, uplifted her voice in a volume of piercing sound, Paul hastily clapped his hands over his ears, lest his head should be split by the noise. A fair, rosy wench she was, and for full five minutes after she had faded into the crowd her weird cry could be heard over the tumult of that busy quarter.

There was much to amuse the observant stranger —the way you could hire umbrellas from an old woman, who had the official concession, and, for a few sous, protect your headgear from the elements; the happy-go-lucky way in which daily intercourse jogged along, the endless conversations required for the slightest purchase; the gaily painted ladies who plied their vocation without undue mystery, when not in fear of the lynx eye of authority. Throngs of *midinettes*, who swarmed from nowhere, when the magic hour released them, to liven the street with their magpie chatter, their shrill laughter at the *badinage* of the crowd, their utter absence of self-consciousness, which was refreshing. It was from these, he mused, the du Barri had come, to drag the name of France's king as low as name of king had ever sunk in the history of the world. . . The day was crisp, clear, exhilarating, and yet mild, as sometimes happens in Paris in December, and the chestnut-sellers

did a roaring trade as they stood on the corners, crying their wares. Strangely unfamiliar was the scene to the man who, for the last few years, had lived the life of a planter, with only occasional visits to towns of the new world, with their glaring crudity and absence of romance.

There is, and always will be, a certain glamour brought up by the word Paris; not in the new quarters, where one hears more English than French, but in the delightful and, alas! fast disappearing old streets, with their uncomfortable *pavé* and strange smells; where big arched gateways afford glimpses of court within court, and the thousands of chimneys send forth slender streams of pungent wood smoke to scent the clear, thin air.

From the instant of his arrival Paul Jones found the hours too short for all he hoped to do. France was at the dividing ways, pausing, before declaring herself for or against the new republic. The political game had to be played with a masterly hand. The three French parties distrusted themselves and each other, and there were "rifts within the lute." The extreme party, hailing everything republican with wild acclaim, headed by the Duc de Chartres, Lafayette, the Prince de Poix, and other headstrong young nobles, arranged the affairs of the nation over their convivial suppers at *l'Epée du Bois*, and bent on ruining themselves boldly and openly from the first, upheld the revolt of the colonists against their King. The Duc de Chartres, Louis XVI's cousin, was the soul of this party, which it is said he upheld from

motives of policy, as he was in the line of direct succession to the throne after his father, the Duc d'Orléans.

The second party, more hesitating, with the King as leader, hated England and hoped to see her power broken, helping the Americans with this end in view rather than from any love of themselves. Bitter at the defeat of the French in Canada and the loss of French possessions in India, they longed to see a dreaded rival forced from her high estate, no matter by what means. In this party were the younger sons of the nobility, the poor and ambitious officers of the army and navy and a large following from the middle classes who had nothing to lose. There were certain statesmen who agreed with the short-sighted King in encouraging the subjects of another king to revolt, little dreaming that the bitter drama would one day be enacted at home. Vauguyon, Luzerne and Malesherbes were of this party, which included Mirabeau and a host of lesser lights.

The third party was that of the Queen, poor Marie Antoinette, who is accused of being a scatterbrain and help up as the example of frivolity, when, in truth, she was the only one who possessed enough intuition to see to what all this was leading. The instinct of a long line of kings revolted at the madness of encouraging the masses in the belief that the Divine Right of Kings *could* be questioned; but she was an unheeded atom in the maelstrom of those who had their own ends to gain. In reality the Queen was simple and democratic, but she was not French, and

so her views and her warnings went unheeded. In her party were certain factions of the courtiers, the clergy, and the following such classes wielded.

The arrival of the news of Burgoyne's defeat had a decisive effect on French policy. The party headed by de Chartres and Lafayette could not be restrained, and completely obliterated the more moderate ones of the King and Queen in their enthusiasm. On the 7th of December the despatches were communicated to the Court at Versailles, and on January 17, 1778, the King approved the preliminary articles of the "Treaty of Alliance" with the exception of the clause stipulating that France should not undertake the re-conquest of Canada. The irresolute monarch soon gave in to his advisers, and on February 6, 1777, the treaty was signed at Versailles. There was no more temporising; France was committed to stand by her new ally and abide the result.

CHAPTER VIII

1777

It seems odd that, save for the fleeting *amours* of the sailor, there is no woman's name linked with that of the gallant Paul Jones in his early life. Rover as he was, he could have had his choice of the fair in many strange lands, from the prim Puritan, to the more informal, grass petticoated, bead-necklaced, dusky belle of the tropics. Was there some hidden love? Is it she to whom he alludes in his letter to the Countess of Selkirk as "hopes of a domestic bliss"? All is now so vague that we shall have to be content with the romantic and very intense affair which kept his heart in France until the day of his death.

Aimée de Telusson, a fit love for this man of mystery and strange fascination, was a king's daughter. Supported by a pension from the Court, and living with her protectress, Madame de Marsan, under the patronage of great ladies, such as the Duchesse de Chartres, the Queen, Madame de Lafayette and others, she enjoyed a unique position in society.

Louis XV, of gay memory, had in his service a confidential valet—sometimes called by a more classical name—le Bel, who, in company with Madame de Pompadour, looked after the well-being of that unique retreat, *le parc aux cerfs*, and saw that

the inmates thereof were, literally, "to the King's taste." Le Bel, one day lounging about the gardens of the Tuileries, ever with an eye on the main chance, saw a most lovely child, about twelve years of age. After some negotiation he bought her from her parents, who were impoverished members of the lesser nobility of Provence, and assumed all the expenses of her education. She was put in the hands of a Madame Bertrand, who taught her the polite accomplishments and what she considered fitting, and the girl passed two years under her influence, growing more beautiful as time went on. When she was fourteen it was arranged that she should be introduced into the palace by the accommodating le Bel, where she at once charmed the critical and jaded taste of the *blasé* King, and, with the connivance of Madame de Pompadour, always obliging in these affairs, was given apartments in the vast palace, where one girl more or less was not heeded.

Louis XV, unlike his illustrious grandfather, had a saving and thrifty disposition. His predecessor had legitimised and dowered the large family of natural children of whom he was the reputed father, so they finally became a fearful drain on France, and a scandal to the Courts of Europe. But this King inherited the thrift of his mother, Adelaïde of Savoie, and when such a *contretemps* happened, gave the lady a specified sum of money, a present of jewels, and there the matter ended. He never saw mother or child again. More often than not, the girls were able to marry very well, for the dowry provided by the King closed the

eyes of would-be husbands to early misfortunes. Madame de Pompadour generally managed these *mariages de convenance*, as she did the *parc aux cerfs*, and other details of the secret history of the palace.

A strange connection, that—a royal lover, bored with his mistress, yet retreading the familiar way to her apartments from sheer force of habit. The favourite, weary of the monarch, but clinging to her empire, cared so little that she found playthings for him, and by this cunning in providing the toy of an hour, was able to keep her inflexible hand on the reins of power, which she so long and so despotically handled. With her *lettres-de-cachet*, her court of sycophants, her undisputed power, la Marquise de Pompadour was satisfied. She had never been a woman of amorous temperament, and her confidences about the chocolate are both spicy and edifying.

Mademoiselle de Tiercelin, upon being taken under the King's protection, was commanded to assume the name of de Bonneval. The King behaved generously to her when her brief reign was over, providing amply for the child, which was born in 1758. Mademoiselle de Bonneval, at the age of fifteen, found herself with a daughter and a personal annuity of twelve thousand livres a year, separate provision being made for the child. Shortly after this the Duc de Choiseul, for some reason which does not seem very clear, accuses de Tiercelin of being in correspondence with Frederick the Great's Court, and sends him and his daughter to the Bastille. Thanks to her powerful protector, the lady was released immediately. It is

not unlikely the pretext of corresponding with Frederick the Great was used as a cloak for de Tiercelin's disappearance, as he was inclined to boast and presume on the fact of being grandfather to the child of a king. The bar-sinister was no drawback in the eyes of the many, and once before for the same reason he had been obliged to retire to the shadows of the Bastille.

Madame de Pompadour in 1761 arranged a marriage for "Mademoiselle de Bonneval" with an official in the *Chancellerie de la Marine*, a M. de Telluson, widower with two children, and her child was afterwards known by this name. So we come to Aimée de Telusson.

The girl was well educated, thanks to the provision of the King, constantly under the unsparing eye of the Pompadour, and shared the every-day life of her mother's step-children. Possibly Madame de Pompadour had her part in life arranged, but that lady's death in 1764 altered the complexion of her future. All went well until she reached the age of sixteen, in 1774, when her father, the King, died in circumstances too generally known to need relating. In a moment Aimée was without income of any sort, though her mother's annuity continued. It seems odd that this money, which, like the allowance for her daughter's maintenance and education, was paid out of the King's privy purse, should have been continued by Louis XVI, while Aimée was left penniless. There were ructions of some sort, for Mademoiselle de Telusson instantly left her step-father's house to live

with the Marquise de Marsan, who treated her as a daughter. Her education was lavishly completed by the generosity of this good lady, and Aimée's passion for music encouraged in every way. She sang charmingly and was, later, "spoken of as the most finished performer on the guitar at Court."

Though without fortune, she did not lack suitors, but, with the indifference of a girl who has never loved, paid little heed to their wooing. To those who delight in constancy, it may be said that Paul Jones was her first lover, her only love. It was at a ball given by the Duchesse de Chartres in 1778 that Aimée first met the man of whom France was talking.

Paul, from all accounts, was very much of a ladies' man; as keen a pursuer of Venus as in war he was a follower of Mars. He had only to pick and choose, and danced from flower to flower like the lightest butterfly of fashion. There were adoring dames and damsels ready to strew his path with roses and cast themselves under the wheels of the conqueror's chariot at a nod from the head they would fain have weighted with laurels. But the Captain was wise in his generation, and, though he burned his incense at many a shrine, was most circumspect.

The "dashing Comtesse de la Vandhal" seemed to have no objection to indulge a little harmless gallantry on the part of the famous American Commodore. She was a clever miniature painter, one of Van der Huyt's pupils, and either she or her master painted the best miniature of the hero which exists. This she gave to Jones, who declared himself so

enraptured with the work of art that he was like a "second Narcissus, in love with his own resemblance." He spared no effort to make himself popular, at the same time not completely hiding his *penchant* for Mademoiselle de Telusson from eyes that had no other aim in life than to ferret out the secrets of those who surrounded them. From her parentage Aimée de Telusson enjoyed a certain notoriety, making her movements remarked inseparably from the sensation caused by her beauty, which was of a most striking type. Allowing for that difference between masculine and feminine good looks, she may be said to have strongly resembled her father, who as a youth was considered the ideal of manly perfection. She was "*petite*, extremely vivacious, and of most charming temper, and possessed of all the polite accomplishments." Her hair, which fell in rippling masses almost to the ground, was of a "deep auburn, often in a bright light having the hue of red gold." Her eyes "were large, dark and lustrous, and her complexion the perfection of pink and white, and—most important detail in feminine eyes—"though in her twenty-sixth year, she passes everywhere for a girl of twenty," the description being written about 1784. Thanks to her lover's interest, she perfected herself in English and also Spanish, singing melting little ballads in the tongue of fair Andalusia, to the soft strum of the guitar, an instrument undeniably invented for the display of her charms.

There has been much speculation as to the relations of this extraordinary pair; the child of a king—and

Paul Jones. From what is known of the manners of the late eighteenth century, the tempestuous emotions of a man of his type in the prime of life, and a girl of her ancestry, speculation seems idle. The affair lasted fourteen years, until his death in 1792. It endured through absence, through the miserable farce of his command in the Russian navy, where, for two years, he never received a letter from her or from one of his friends, so determined were his enemies to cut him off from the world. Aware of the espionage to which all correspondence was subjected in France, his epistles are models of discretion. He writes of her frequently in his letters to Jefferson, some ten years later, when the latter was American Minister to France, and Paul in New York. He provided financially for her, when by Madame de Marsan's death she was left penniless, and, well aware that the contents of his letter would be back-stairs gossip before it reached the "fair mourner," wrote to console her in the pedantic style then in vogue.

"*New York, September* 4, 1787.

"My dear Madame,

"No language can convey to my fair mourner the tender sorrow I feel on her account. The loss of our worthy and noble friend is indeed a fatal stroke! It is an irreparable misfortune which can only be alleviated by the one reflection that it is the will of God, whose providence I hope may yet have blessings in store for us. The noble Marquise was more than a mother to you. We have lost her. Let

us cherish her memory, and send up grateful thanks to the Almighty that we once had such a friend."

Through the influence of her friends at Court, it had been arranged some time previously that Mademoiselle de Telusson should be received by the King, who, it was hoped in the circumstances, would order some provision to be made for her, and this Jones alludes to, saying—

"I cannot but flatter myself that you have yourself gone to the King in July, as he appointed audience for you. I am sure that your present loss and bereavement will newly induce him to protect you and render to you justice. He will hear you, I am sure, and you may safely unbosom yourself to him, telling him frankly all your relations, and asking his advice, which cannot but be agreeable to him to give you."

Is it probable that the suggestion, "tell him all your relations," could point to the fact of a contemplated marriage between the lovers? Or was she to explain to the King the already existing relations? The only other "relations" Aimée had, were her half-sisters, her step-father and mother, and Jones would not have troubled himself about them. And, again, why did they never marry? Though Mademoiselle de Telusson had no fortune, the Chevalier, as he was then, had means for an establishment, and with his opportunities could have assured his future.

A streak of jealousy creeps out in the advice, "Tell him"—the King—"that you must now look to him as your father and protector. If it were necessary, I

think that the Comte d'Artois, his brother, would on your personal application render you good office by speaking in your favour. I should like it better, however, if you do without him." This is rather amusing, as the Comte d'Artois was in reality a nephew, *à la main gauche*, to Aimée. Canny Paul, like the rest of the world, knew the reputation borne by this prince, whose affability towards all charming dames made him as popular among the ladies of the Court as with those of the opera, for whose entertainment he spared no expense in furnishing those wonderful *petites maisons*, which scandalous whispers proclaimed more amazing than the glories of the *Arabian Nights*.

Paul laments the depression prevailing in the United States in 1787, "where for thirty-six thousand livres of prime securities I am offered fifteen thousand," declaring himself "puzzled for, and at this moment almost without, money," and, while not "resourceless by any means, cannot realise on my securities quickly without sacrifices I am not willing to make.

"I have written to Dr. Bancroft in London, who has in his hands over forty thousand livres for me in ready cash, to assist me in meeting your present needs. When this reaches you, call on M. le Grand, and presenting this as a credential, ask him to hand you 4000 livres from my Holland account. He will know what that means. I enclose a bit of paper in cipher with my signature. I need not translate it to you, but it is a form of order for the amount mentioned.

"I do this and mention these facts with infinite

regret, and for no other reason than because it is impossible for me to transmit to you an adequate supply under my present circumstances.

"This is my fifth letter to you since I left Paris. . . .

"Finally, my dearest friend, summon all your resolution. Exert yourself and plead your own cause. You cannot fail of success. The justice of your cause and the charm of your entreaties would move a heart of flint! . . . Present my tender respects to your sister. . . . I persuade myself that she will continue her tender care of her sweet little godson and that you will cover him all over with kisses from me. . . ."

Who was the "sweet little godson" whom the writer wished to have covered with kisses? There was such a holocaust of every kind of record during the Revolution, that what proof there may have been has vanished; we can only surmise. There is the question, if there was a child, why is there not even the briefest mention of him in all the voluminous papers the Chevalier left?

It is quite probable that the child died from one of the many infantile complaints so little understood then, or, that the papers relating to him, if he was their child, were destroyed by Aimée or perished in the Revolution, which carried everything relating to law and order before its tidal wave, on which, at last, we lose sight of the fair Aimée herself.

Being always in the glare of publicity, if the child was hers, it is odd that he was not even alluded to by some of the light pens scratching so incessantly.

There was little fuss made about a child born in or out of wedlock, for, if all accounts are to be believed, the chubby little cherubs appeared in families with the promiscuousness of rabbits. Mademoiselle de Telusson's step-sister, just mentioned, was some years her senior, and the wife of an officer in the Marine Artillery, the Chevalier de Thouvenot.

There are constant allusions to Aimée and the Chevalier Jones in the memoirs written around 1787, when he came to France as agent to adjust the unsettled prize-money claims. Some say he never lived under the same roof with her, merely cherishing her with his natural tender gallantry towards all women. It is unnecessary to add that this anæmic view of their relations is not the suggestion of their French contemporaries. Like most women of her ardent colouring, she was not lacking in temperament. She could hate, and she could love. The charm of royal blood was hers, and at times a touch of quick, though unconscious arrogance, which would not have disgraced her father, displayed over some trivial concern, charmed and amused her lover, who in the end she would cajole with an imploring appeal for the opinion of "*mon Paul*." She was a woman of great intelligence, and no small aid in guiding her lover through those niceties of French society to which, from her childhood, she had been accustomed, and that Paul never made a *faux pas* may be owing to this feminine influence.

She was a remarkable woman, this dainty Aimée, with her rippling "sun-kissed tresses," her enchanting

coquetries, and her taper fingers, made to be kissed. Though domineering at times, she idolised Paul. Shortly before his death he settled an annuity on her, giving her a house in the Rue de Provence, a street opened a few years before. Here she lived after his death, attracting a distinguished circle around her, living the life of the world, while her heart was with her dead.

When in 1799 Capelle published his book on Paul Jones, she aided him with much general information relating to the Russian campaign, including letters from Potemkin, Marshal Suwarrow and the Semiramis of the North, and allowed him to publish a few of her lover's letters to herself. As they invariably began, "My dear Madame," except in one or two, where he called her his "Dear Adèle," and were mostly about current affairs, she could have no hesitancy in letting them be read by the world. Where she was during the height of the Revolution is not known. Perhaps she left France, for, being of royal blood, the mob would not have spared her had its thoughts flown that way. It is unlikely her annuity was derived from French sources, as her lover was a man of much business acumen and probably invested in English or Dutch securities. With the curtailment of Marie Antoinette's retinue, when the Court moved to the Tuileries, Aimée lost her post of reader, which she had filled for some time. From 1792 to 1799 she disappeared, but we find her in the latter year teaching English to the young ladies at Madame de Campan's school. Her lover had insisted that she should perfect

herself in his tongue, and, besides teaching her himself, employed Miss Edes-Herbert to give her lessons during the sojourn of that lady in Paris. After this she taught the ladies of Josephine's gaudy mushroom Court, also giving them lectures on the Court of Louis XVI and the American War of 1775–83.

Aimée was consulted by Barère very frequently, when he was editor of Napoleon's official gazette, and translated for him those articles from the English papers which the policy of the First Consul found wise to lay before the French nation. She had the *entrée* of the Imperial Court as she had enjoyed the friendship of those former great ones Napoleon so loved to gather about him, no matter how high the price of their favour.

"Loose as the morals of the Bourbon Courts were, Aimée de Telusson held her head up as proudly as any woman of less clouded birthright might have done. She was the pet of such women as the Duchesse de Chartres, the Comtesse de Bourbon, the Princesse de Lamballe, the Marquise de Marsan, Madame de Lafayette, and a host of others—social leaders like them, and she even enjoyed the sympathy, if not the patronage, of the cold and prudish Marie Antoinette herself.

"But little knowledge of the real character of Paul Jones, but little insight into the alike fierce and gentle chivalry that was the inspiration of all his conduct, are needed to perceive that his public attentions to the lovely woman who gave herself to him with a single-

ness of devotion seldom seen, would naturally have been of the most discreet character and studiously planned to mask any relation, or semblance of one, equivocal.

"As for the absence of contemporary animadversions, we think it may be concisely accounted for by the knowledge, general at the time, of the Commodore's abrupt and not always altogether harmless methods of adjusting personal affairs, either on his own behalf or on that of those who might claim his protection or enjoy his affection."

CHAPTER IX

1777–1778

It is indisputably to his previous acquaintance with the Duc de Chartres that Paul Jones owed his *entrée* and much of his success in French society, for where a prince of the blood leads, others soon follow. The most impartial historian has been unable to find excuses for de Chartres, profligate that he was, spendthrift, and master of vice of every description, whose path was always downward. Even the descendants of those men whom the Regent scathingly called his *roués*—a name of greater contempt and infamy than in our day—turned from him with loathing.

The unnameable orgies of the *régence* were repeated, with additions undreamed of by the former revellers. The very citizens of Paris shuddered in disgust at the tales which crept out—no one knew just how—of saturnalia and licence inconceivable. In 1783 this prince built for himself, in the lovely Parc Monceau, a pavilion later known as "*la folie de Chartres*," which became a theatre for the enactment of those abominable revels. Another cause of his extreme unpopularity with the citizens was the plan he carried out of disfiguring the Palais Royal with cheap and hideous booths, known as *baraques*. In vain his neighbours protested, for it spoilt their view

of the old garden; but the prospect of the rents he would draw so appealed to Monseigneur that he proceeded unmoved.

The gardens under his rule were constantly being changed and replanted; he even went to the expense of building an underground circus, which was later destroyed by fire.

De Chartres was married to Marie Adelaïde de Bourbon Penthièvre, the richest heiress in France, whose fortune he could not spend fast enough. So terrible were his extravagances that legal steps had to be taken to prevent him ruining her and their family. In 1790 the Duchesse told Gouverneur Morris, then American Minister, that the Duc's treasurer did not pay her regularly every month, and if it continued she would separate from her husband. Her father, the Duc de Penthièvre, tried by every means to bring his son-in-law to reason, and to avoid the open scandal such a separation would cause in consequence of their high rank. It was useless: de Chartres, now Duc d'Orléans, would listen to no one, and a lawsuit was commenced which lasted till 1793. Mme. de Tourzel asserts that his hatred of the Princesse de Lamballe dates from this moment, as he believed her to have been instrumental in bringing about the separation which deprived him of the control of his wife's purse.

D'Orléans was intensely disliked by the King and Queen, and history accuses him of wasting the Duchesse's money on the leaders of the *sans-coluttes* and most rabid revolutionaries, by whose help he

hoped to bring about the speedy downfall of the royal family. There were persons living at the time who swore to having seen him in disguise at the fall of the Bastille, and at Versailles on the night of October 6th. But on July 12, 1789, when the Prince de Lambesec and his German soldiers charged the mob in the Tuileries Gardens, and the partisans of d'Orléans and Necker carried busts of these worthies through the streets, crying, "*Vive le Duc d'Orléans! Vive Necker!*" the Duc, though accused of encouraging his followers by his presence, is able to prove an *alibi*. That beautiful and notorious lady, Grace Dalrymple Elliot, who was the Duc's *chère amie*, begins her interesting memoir—

"In the year 1789, July 12th, which was on a Sunday, I went with the Duc d'Orléans, Prince Louis d'Aremberg, and others whose names I do not recollect, to fish and dine at the Duc's château of Raincy, in the forest of Bondy, near Paris." As the party, after a long and, it is to be hoped, happy day in the country, returned to Paris at eleven in the evening, the Duc's actions seem satisfactorily accounted for. His connivance in the fiendish murder of the Princesse de Lamballe is said to be due to the fact that, on her death, the immense fortune of which she was possessed reverted to him; and he was dining with his mistress, Mme. de Bouffon, at the Palais Royale, quite undisturbed by the horrors of the September massacres, when the mob stuck the pike bearing the beautiful head up to his window. D'Orléans looked calmly out and said, "Oh, it is de Lamballe's head, I know it

by the long hair," and, reseating himself, went comfortably on with his repast.

The Duc was a man who had no sense of shame about anything, and openly gave his mistress, Mme. de Genlis, apartments in the Palais Royal, and appointed her to the post of governess to his children, despite the objections of the Duchesse. To such an extent did the artful lady get her charges under her influence that they refused to leave her and go to their mother, to the untold sorrow of the latter. D'Orléans is described as a pleasant companion and master of the art of pleasing—when it was to his advantage—and it suited him to help the Americans' cause, for he had his own chestnuts to pull out of the fire. A man who will foment anarchy and revolution in his own country has very little of the true spirit of patriotism, and this, with the callous way he broke his wife's heart and estranged her children from her, inclines one to believe the many discreditable stories so freely told, and feel more than glad that the fate to which he doomed his unoffending cousin became his, when, amid groans and hisses, "*Égalité*" ascended the guillotine.

In 1778 he had not reached the stage where he was prepared to declare himself so openly, and, though *persona non grata* at the Court, could and did help Paul Jones to the best of his ability. He also presented him to the Duchess, who became a staunch friend, and aided the Americans with large sums of money.

Paul Jones was unquestionably at this moment the

most sought-after man in Paris, and it is amusing to what an extent women of all ranks were attracted by a personality which was an indescribable blending of tamed pirate and man of fashion. They swarmed around him like bees around honey, for his very appearance breathed untold romance as he gazed into those melting blue, brown, or grey eyes, in whose company he found himself at the moment, with a fervour that set hearts beating unevenly. Had the success of his mission to France depended solely on the efforts of women, unquestionably he would have accomplished his ends in less time; as it was he owed more to the kindness of the Duchesse de Chartres than his intense gratitude could ever repay. Interested in such an unusual type of man, the Duchess on all occasions used to treat him with the utmost graciousness, and nicknamed him—as it was her habit to do with those she liked—the "*Chevalier sans titre de la mer.*"

But it must not be supposed, even with the aid and patronage of this very charming lady, everything went smoothly. To begin with, there was wrangling among the Commissioners from the United States. Dr. Franklin wished to keep Paul Jones in Europe, while Lee, who hated and feared him, was bent on getting him on the other side of the Atlantic at the first opportunity. Silas Deane, the third Commissioner, was a non-entity, with little voice in the matter. Lee was playing the traitor, and employing "two British spies" as his private secretaries, so that all the intentions of the new republic were at once known

THE DUCHESSE DE CHARTRES

in London. Lee feared Jones, and knew how little mercy he could expect from the fiery captain if his treachery was discovered; therefore, the sooner he got Paul out of his way the better. It would be interesting to know why Lee, a man blessed with the world's goods, played this part. It could not be said gain was the motive for his treachery to a cause he championed of his own free will from the first. But he did not wish Jones to remain in Europe. However, Dr. Franklin held the controlling vote; he thundered forth his orders that Paul Jones was to stay in France, and Paul stayed.

It was the crisis in his life, for had not the good doctor carried his point, Paul most probably would have been relegated to the rank of captain in an infant and unformed navy where, lacking that political influence without which little was possible, obscurity might have been his portion instead of the brilliant rank he so deservedly won.

It was understood that on his arrival in France Jones was to be given command of the *Indien*, a frigate for which he had prepared the plans in 1775. These the Marine Committee had approved, and Silas Deane contracted for the frigate to be laid down at Amsterdam the following year. As Holland maintained a neutral policy towards the rest of Europe, the frigate was supposedly intended for the East India Company, and built under the supervision of Captain Gillon, he being directed by Charles Frederick Dumas, the secret agent of the United States, through whose bankers all bills were paid.

The *Indien* was frigate built, with an extreme length over all of 154 feet; her complement of officers and men numbered four hundred. "She was forty or fifty per cent. more powerful than any regular frigate then afloat; the equal, in fact, of any forty-four gun ship on the two decks in that period, and little inferior to most ships of fifty guns."

By order of the Marine Committee, Jones was to assume command of the ship on his arrival. What was his surprise then, to learn, on reaching Paris, that the ship had been sold to the King of France for a price that covered the expenses of her construction! He was dumbfounded, and demanded the reason of this forced sale.

The *Indien* had been launched, and ready to proceed to l'Orient to receive her guns, when, like a bolt out of the blue, Sir Joseph Yorke, Minister to the Netherlands, reported to the States-General that she was an American ship of war, that her building had been carried on under false pretences, and demanding that she should be detained in Dutch waters for "meditated breach of neutrality." All concerned in the venture were amazed at the betrayal of the well-kept secret, until Jones, to whom it was a matter of vital interest, found they had been betrayed to King George's government by Lee's private "secretary," Thornton. So complete was the evidence of this piece of treachery, that copies of the most secret letters and documents, proving beyond a doubt the purpose for which the *Indien* was intended, had been furnished. How Dr. Franklin ever managed

to restrain Paul Jones from falling upon Lee, and rending him limb from limb as the price of his treachery, is not related. But there was a terrible scene.

Furious as Jones felt, at Dr. Franklin's wish he went to Amsterdam to see the ship. Dark-eyed and swarthy, he looked what he claimed to be, a Spanish officer, wishing to inspect the *Indien* and report on it to his master, the King of Spain, with the probability of purchasing, if satisfactory. His fluent Spanish stood him in good stead, and he was able to make such observations as he would, without any one dreaming that the redoubtable Paul Jones was at large among the unprotected citizens of Amsterdam. So well was the secret kept, that Dumas was the only person to whom he revealed his identity, and not one of Lee's spies got an inkling of the plan. This trip occupied nearly two months, and Jones returned to Franklin with the assurance that during the existing neutrality between England and Holland it would be idle to waste time in trying to get possession of the ship, even though it were the property of the French government.

In refutation of the assertion that Jones behaved violently over his disappointment in losing the *Indien*, his own letter is worth quoting.

"I understood," he wrote to the Marine Committee, in his first despatches from Nantes, "though I have yet received no letter, that the commissioners had provided for me one of the finest frigates that ever was built, calculated for thirty guns on one deck, and

capable of carrying thirty six-pounders; but were under the necessity of giving her up, on account of some difficulties which they met with at Court. Perhaps the news of our late successes may now put that court in a better humour. But my unfeigned thanks are equally due for that *intention*."

In another letter he says, "Deeply sensible of the honour which Congress has conferred upon me, communicated in the orders of the secret committee to the commissioners, I can bear the disappointment with philosophy. Yet I confess I was rather hurt when, at Paris, I understood that the new frigate at Amsterdam had never been intended for me, before my appearance, but for the constructor."

After some delay, Franklin verbally ordered him to join the *Ranger*, where, on arrival, he found enough to keep him busy, as the crew of the good ship was in a state verging upon mutiny, having been stirred up and worked upon by the first Lieutenant Simpson, described as "a brave man, and for his calibre a good officer, a thoroughbred Yankee sailor, but a man of less brain than ambition." He had convinced the crew that Jones was permanently detached from the *Ranger*, that orders to sail from home were expected, and he, Simpson, was to be in command; with a lot more misinformation. It is said of Jones, "that the crew used to get crazy about him when he was with them and talking to them, and it was only when his back was turned that any one could wean them away from him;" and the master hand of Lee was at the bottom of this, with the assistance of those "private secretaries," Thornton and Hezekiah Ford.

Jones was a man of action: he sent instantly for the disturbing Mr. Simpson.

"I command this ship, Mr. Simpson," he said, "by virtue of the resolution of Congress, dated June 14th last. But I will urge none of these considerations upon you in your present attitude. So far as you are concerned, I will say only that I command this ship by virtue of the fact that I am personally the best man aboard—a fact which I shall cheerfully demonstrate to you at your pleasure! And I wish you to signify your pleasure to me here and now!"

Mr. Simpson instantly decided that he had been sadly misunderstood, and that he wished for nothing better than to serve loyally under his commander as he had always been proud to do. His Yankee caution warned him that it was better to be "a living donkey than a dead lion," and that he had no wish to be a human target. The apology served Jones, who, with his customary good nature, "commanded him to join him, as he was going ashore to dine with the commandant of the Brest dockyard," assuring him that the French officers would gladly welcome an additional guest.

Jones returned from Holland in March 1778, but did not sail for his cruise in the *Ranger* until April 10th. In the interval he had the good fortune to be constantly in the company of the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, who were in residence at Brest. The day previous to the *Ranger's* sailing, April 9th, the Duchesse paid him the unusual compliment of giving a dinner in his honour; at which, beside the household and retinue of their rank, many distinguished officers of

both services were present, naturally leading the conversation to naval affairs.

In this Paul took a passive part until d'Orvillers brought up the great French battle off Malaga, in which the Comte de Toulouse fought the allied English and Dutch fleets. That he did not pursue, when they ran for Gibraltar, d'Orvillers made the subject of adverse comment on de Toulouse. Speaking for the first time, Jones politely but decidedly differed with d'Orviller's opinion. If one of the fallen angels had appeared in that distinguished assembly unannounced, the effect could not have been more startling; for, in their secret souls, most of these elegant courtiers had considered Jones as an ordinary "Yankee skipper," a man of good address, gifted with more *savoir faire* than the average adventurer, but never thought of him as a man of education or a profound student of history. They did not know that naval history was his dearest hobby, and from the days of Noah's ark and the rudimentary coracle to the latest ship of war he was master of his subject.

Without a suspicion of the surprise caused by his remarks, he proceeded to explain technically his grounds for difference of opinion in language showing his complete familiarity with the strategical value of the manœuvres of de Toulouse's fleet, and gave, off-hand, the armament of every ship in his command. It is an indisputable fact that he was the only man present who could have furnished this information, for the French navy was, fundamentally, an aristocratic organisation, to enter which certain degrees of nobility and hereditary honours were

indispensable, often to the detriment of the service. He proved to them that his grasp of the political importance of the battle, and its effect on the war of the Spanish Succession, was not inferior to his technical knowledge; and, it may be said, from this moment Paul Jones's French acquaintances took him seriously, accepting him for the man of refinement and culture that he was, and let their half contemptuous picture of pirate and filibuster fade from their minds. They began, in a measure, to understand something of his complex character.

The Duchesse, in whom the Chinese trait of ancestor worship was strongly developed, delighted beyond everything in the history of her grandfather whom Paul so flatteringly defended. She expressed her pleasure graciously, giving an order to one of her attendants. A few minutes later a case was brought to her, which she opened, taking from it a richly jewelled watch of exquisite Louis XV design, which she smilingly handed to him, with the explanation that it had belonged to her grandfather, who always wore it. For once in his life Paul Jones was so taken aback as to be almost at a loss for suitable words in which to thank the royal lady, so unexpected was the gift. But he overcame his momentary embarrassment, thanking the beautiful Duchesse who had so honoured him, adding, with a deep bow, as he placed the wonderful jewelled toy close to his ambitious heart—

"May it please your Royal Highness, if fortune should favour me at sea, I will some day lay an English frigate at your feet."

CHAPTER X

1778

Paul Jones was once again at sea, with the salt spray stinging his lips; living, as he had lived for so many years, between sea and sky, with every sense on the alert for adventure. The seductions of the court were forgotten, the fair women who flattered and caressed, wraiths of his dreams, to fade vaguely into nothingness before the cold light of reality.

Jones sailed on the *Ranger* from Brest on April 10th, his course was shaped for the west coast of Ireland, but the terrific gales encountered the second day out forced him to change the plans of his cruise and run up St. George's Channel to the Irish Sea. His own letter is the best description of the cruise—

"I sailed from Brest on the 10th April; my plan was extensive, I therefore did not at the beginning wish to encumber myself with prisoners. On the 14th I took a brigantine between Scilly and Cape Clear, bound for Ostend, with a cargo of flax-seed for Ireland, sunk her, and proceeded into St. George's Channel.

"On the 17th I took the ship *Lord Chatham*, bound from London to Dublin, with a cargo consisting of porter, and a variety of merchandise, and almost

within sight of her port; this ship I manned and ordered into Brest."

The following night he planned a descent on Whitehaven, which the wind obliged him to abandon. On the 18th in Glentine Bay, on the south coast of Scotland, he "met with a revenue-wherry"; it being the common practice of these vessels to board merchant ships, the *Ranger* then having no external appearance of war, it was expected that this rover would have come alongside, "which, however, to his surprise, she did not, though the men were at their quarters"; but sailed away despite a severe cannonade.

"The next morning off the Mull of Galloway I found myself so near a Scotch coasting schooner loaded with barley that I could not avoid sinking her." The letter goes on with much similar detail; then, on the 21st, he saw the *Drake* of twenty guns, which he determined to attack in the night. "My plan was to overlay her cable, and to fall upon her bow, so as to have all her decks open and exposed to our musketry, etc.; at the same time it was my intention to have secured the enemy by grapplings, so that, had they cut their cables, they would not thereby have attained an advantage. The wind was high, and unfortunately the anchor was not let go as soon as the order was given, so that the *Ranger* was brought to upon the enemy's quarter at the distance of half a cable's length. We had made no warlike appearance, of course had given no alarm; this determined me to cut immediately, which might appear as if the cable had parted, and at the same time enable me, after making a tack

out of the loch, to return to the same prospect of advantage which I had at the first." This he was unable to do, as the weather grew very stormy, and forced him "to shelter under the south shore of Scotland."

These gales, which first caused Jones to alter his cruise, equally upset the arangements of his foes. When the first "provisional plan" had been made, Lee's secretary, Thornton, lost no time in sending all details to the Admiralty, and two heavy sloops of war and a thirty-two gun frigate were ordered to the west coast of Ireland. They left Plymouth on the 12th, two days after the *Ranger* sailed, but the same gale which affected Jones drove them into Falmouth for shelter. When the three ships arrived at their destination they could, naturally enough, find no trace of the *Ranger*. Until the news sent by Thornton reached the Admiralty, there was no idea of Jones being in the vicinity, much less cruising in home waters.

Paul Jones had planned this cruise with the hope of crippling English shipping. With this in view, he intended to make a descent on Whitehaven, a "considerable port," where he had the advantage of knowing every foot of the ground from his boyhood. He has been the victim of abuse from all sorts of writers for attacking a town where he had associations, perhaps even friends. But in war there is no sentiment, and it is open to question whether little Johnnie Paul was much spoiled or *fêted* when he returned from his voyages in his poor and unknown days. He intended on such destruction of life and property as

King George's brutal Hessian soldiers inflicted on the Americans, and who had spared his plantation and slaves when Lord Dunmore made that devastating raid? The age was more rugged than the one we live in, and conflicting parties did not go to war for the sake of exchanging civilities.

On 22nd of April he again determined to attack Whitehaven. The hills were covered with snow and the wind so light that "the ship would not in proper time approach so near as I intended." So, nothing daunted, he left the *Ranger* at midnight with thirty-one volunteers and two boats. So long had all this taken that it was dawn when they reached the outer pier. "I would not abandon the enterprise," he continues, "but despatched one boat under the direction of Mr. Hill and Lieut. Wallingford, with the necessary combustibles to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbour, while I went with the other party to attempt the south side. I was successful in scaling the walls and spiking all the cannons on the first fort; finding the sentinels shut up in the guard-house, they were secured without being hurt. Having fixed sentinels, I now took with me one man only (Mr. Green, midshipman), and spiked up all the cannon on the southern fort, distant from the other a quarter of a mile."

Rather a daring exploit for one man and a boy to undertake single-handed in the daylight, when the whole town might swoop down on them at any moment; and how bitter the shock of disappointment on returning breathless "from this business I naturaliy

expected to see the fire of the ships on the north side, as well as to find my own party with everything in readiness to set fire to the shipping on the south; instead of this, I found the boat under the direction of Mr. Hill and Mr. Wallingford and the party in some confusion, their light having burnt out at the instant when it became necessary.

"By the strangest fatality my own party were in the same situation, the candles being all burnt out. The day came on apace, yet I would by no means retreat while any hopes of success remained. Having again placed sentinels, a light was obtained at a house disjoined from the town, and a fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship, which was surrounded by at least a hundred and fifty others, chiefly from two to four hundred tons burthen, and lying side by side aground, unsurrounded by water.

"There were, besides, from seventy to a hundred large ships in the north arm of the harbour, aground, clear of the water, and divided from the rest only by a stone pier of a ship's height. I should have kindled fires in other places if the time had permitted; as it did not, our care was to prevent the one kindled from being easily extinguished. After some search a barrel of tar was found, and poured into the flames, which now ascended from all the hatchways. The inhabitants began to appear in thousands, and individuals ran hastily towards us. I stood between them and the ship on fire, with a pistol in my hand, and ordered them to retire, which they did with precipitation. The flames had already caught the rigging, and began to

ascend the main-mast; the sun was a full hour's march above the horizon, and as sleep no longer ruled the world it was time to retire. We re-embarked, having released a number of prisoners, as our boats could not carry them. After all my people had embarked I stood on the pier for a considerable space, yet no person advanced; I saw all the eminences around the town covered with amazed inhabitants."

His contemporaries considered this an unparalleled feat of hardiness, that a handful of men dared, in broad daylight, land in a large town, spike guns, lock sentries in the guard-house, and unconcernedly set fire to the shipping, while the dazed inhabitants stood by in masses, gaping with surprise. There was a rush to the cannon, as soon as the boats rowed out of range, to find them spiked and harmless. The thirty guns, intended to defend the fort were mere masses of useless metal. After a little the townspeople found some ships' guns that had not been disabled, and fired one or two dismounted cannon that laid on the beach and had not been spiked, but their aim was affected by excitement, and Jones wrote: "Afforded some diversion, which my people could not help showing, by discharging their pistols, etc., in return of the salute."

The non-success of this raid was one of the captain's greatest disappointments, and it was long before he became reconciled to its failure. He reported to Congress—

"My first object was to secure an exchange of prisoners in Europe, and my second to put an end by one good fire in England *of shipping* to all the

burnings in America. I succeeded in the first even by means far more glorious than my most flattering ideas had expected when I left France. In the second I endeavoured to deserve success; but a wise officer of mine observed, "that it was a rash thing, and that nothing could *be got* by burning poor people's property." I must, however, do him the justice to mention his acknowledgment that he had no turn for the enterprise, and I must also do equal justice to my former officers in the *Providence* and *Alfred* by declaring that had they been with me in the *Ranger* two hundred and fifty or three hundred sail of large ships at Whitehaven would have been left in ashes."

All this must have been maddening to the high-tempered Paul, who had so long and carefully planned his raid, especially as one of his crew turned traitor, and went from house to house, rousing up the inhabitants with the tidings "that fire had been set to a ship." There were no casualties, and only one man was left behind, Jonathan Wells, who lingered too long feeding the tar-kindled flames. He was not lacking in his share of "Yankee wit," made every one believe him a deserter, and shipped on a transport taking troops to America. Once there he deserted, enlisting on a privateer, then in some manner came to be in the crew of the *Alliance* when she took Lafayette home in 1779, and when he got to l'Orient at once reported to his old captain, who had him transferred to the *Bonhomme Richard*, fitting out for a cruise at that port. Wells is the man who, under the name of "Freeman," supplied the information from which the

contemporary *Cumberland Packet* published a much quoted article.

If the attempt had been an hour earlier it is impossible to estimate the damage Jones's forces might have done, but dawn saved the town of Whitehaven. The growing daylight showed the townspeople the smallness of his forces and they began to rally in great numbers, but without system or order. Jones decided it was time to retreat, as the landing parties having become separated he feared Wallingford might be cut off before they could reach the waiting boats. With a command to "Come on!" he and his twelve men rushed the hundred militia, who were trying to regain possession of the lower fort with the spiked guns, enabling his men, after some lively but harmless skirmishing, to retreat to the boats in good order.

So ended the famous raid on Whitehaven, a town of from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, which, "with thirty men only he surprised; taking two strong forts with thirty pieces of cannon; setting fire to the shipping where they lay, 300 or upward in the dry pier. That both shipping and town were not burned is due to the backwardness of some persons under my command," Jones concluded his report.

"Few naval enterprises exhibit a character of greater daring and originality than this descent on Whitehaven," is the comment of Mackenzie, always reluctant to praise Paul Jones, but such a dare-devil foray won praise even from his pen. "Its actual

results were of little moment, for the intended destruction of the shipping was limited to one vessel. But the moral effects of it were very great, as it taught the English that the fancied security of their coasts was a myth, and thereby compelled their government to take expensive measures for the defence of numerous ports hitherto relying for protection wholly on the vigilance and supposed omnipotence of their navy. It also doubled or more the rates of insurance, which, in the long run, proved the most grievous damage of all."

The excitement along the coast was intense. The stout burghers, thoroughly aroused at the thoughts of being seized and carried off by pirates and desperadoes as they sat in the—once—safe shelter of their homes, formed themselves into companies of militia, to defend the household gods from the ruthless invader. Never in the memory of man had they been so shocked and surprised out of their after-dinner meditations; but, most terrible warning of what might happen to them, was that alarming fact: *that it doubled or more the rates of insurance*, which, as Jones wrote, "*in the long run proved the most grievous damage of all.*"

CHAPTER XI

1778

No action of Paul Jones's chequered career has been the theme of more controversy than the descent on St. Mary's Isle, a beautifully wooded promontory in the river Dee, about a mile from Kirkcudbright, belonging to the Earl of Selkirk.

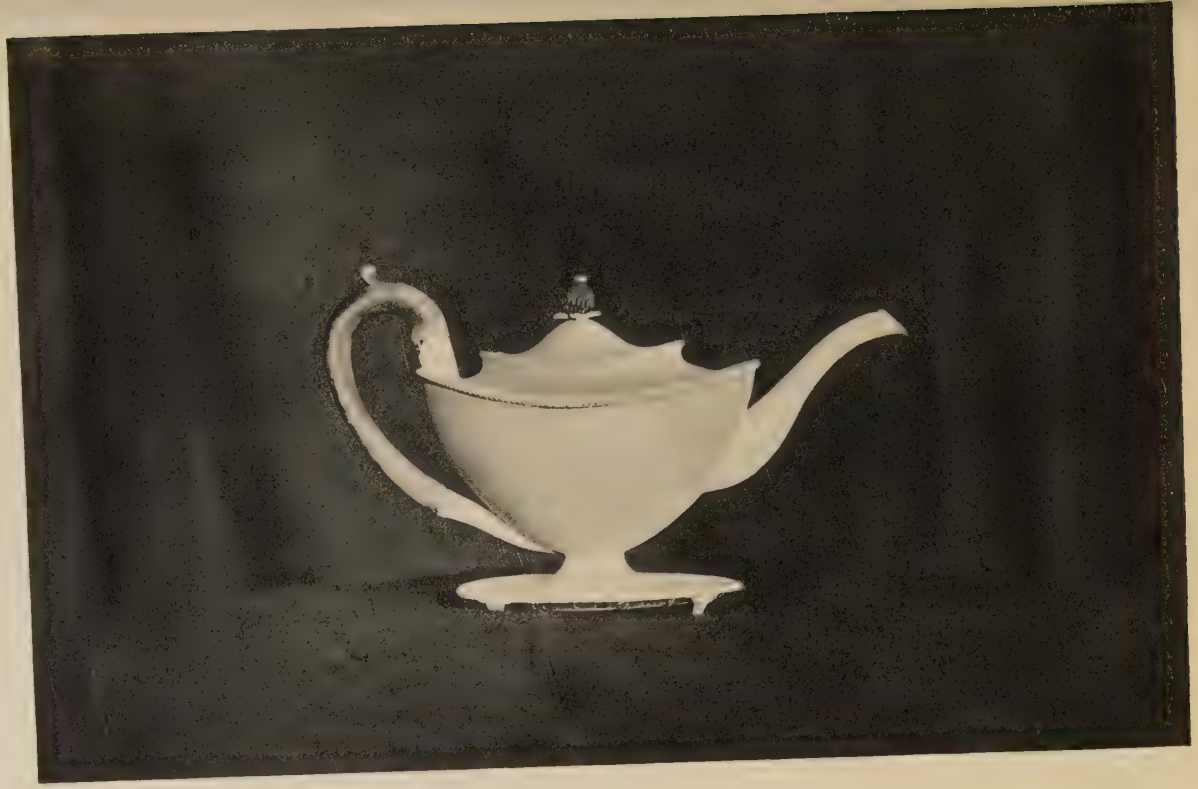
Despite the ridiculous stories prevalent, Jones had no grudge against this nobleman, whom he had never seen. He hoped to carry off Lord Selkirk, hold him prisoner of war, and use him as a pawn in negotiating the release and better treatment of American prisoners. There was no ulterior motive in the whole transaction, which he explains to Lady Selkirk in the letter which has been published far and wide. He did not make his descent on St. Mary's Isle with intent to plunder, and always regretted that he could not make the love of glory greater than gain in the breasts of those who fought with him; for, under the rules of war, he had no right to object to the seizure of Lady Selkirk's plate.

Of course he had the tremendous advantage of knowing every yard of the coast, and was his own pilot. After leaving Whitehaven he headed for the north shore, up Solway Firth, about three hours' sail

with the wind favourable. He wrote Mr. Hewes, that by making two descents, thirty or forty miles apart in so short a time—practically the same day—he would give the idea that a large fleet of American ships was hovering about the coast. He landed on St. Mary's Isle with one boat and twelve men, proceeding unmolested to the castle. Learning that Lord Selkirk was not at home, and the object of his visit fruitless, Jones wished to retire to the *Ranger*, but this the men, not having the same contempt for booty, were unwilling to do.

Out of respect to the emphatic commands of their captain they offered no violence, mostly remaining in the hall, while a deputation waited on Lady Selkirk, who was at breakfast, requesting that she would deliver to them all the plate and valuables in the establishment. This she ordered the butler to do, but the treasures at St. Mary's were the result of centuries of collecting, and, from the value of what they carried away, it is clearly shown that the old retainer obeyed his mistress's order with some mental reservations of his own. Even the tea-pot, from which the family were pouring that "cup which cheers, not inebriates," was hastily emptied to add to the spoils; and, it is said, on its return to the Selkirks, some years later, the original tea-leaves still remained in the pot!

For some time after leaving St. Mary's Isle Jones was too fully occupied to concern himself with the theft of the plate, but, on arriving at Brest, he wrote the following explanatory letter to Lady Selkirk—



THE FAMOUS TEA-POT

[Now in the possession of Captain John Hope, R.N., great-grandson of Lady Selkirk.

"*Ranger*, *Brest*, *May* 8, 1778.

"MADAME,

"It cannot be too much lamented that in the profession of arms the officer of fine feelings and real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such acts by his authority.

"This hard case was mine, when, on the 23rd of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with the King, and esteeming, as I do, his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war.

"It was, perhaps, fortunate for you, Madame, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the *Ranger*, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected. When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing that his Lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers, who were with me, could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing that, in America, no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire, not only to towns and to the houses of the rich, without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and

milch-cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your Ladyship the least injury. I charged the officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, Madame, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered, and to come away without making a search, or demanding anything else.

"I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and, when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

"Had the Earl been on board the *Ranger* the following evening he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement, both affording ample subject for the pencil as well as melancholy reflections for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war—

> 'For *they*, 'twas *they*, unsheathed the ruthless blade,
> And Heaven shall ask the havoc it has made.'

The British ship-of-war *Drake*, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers

and men, was our opponent. The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the *Drake* fell, and victory declared in favour of the *Ranger*. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded—a melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honours due to the memory of the brave.

"Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife or family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot insure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began I had at the early time of life withdrawn from the sea-service in favour of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed not only my favourite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and goodwill among mankind.

"As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, Madame, to use your persuasive art with your husband to

endeavour to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain can never succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavours to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a death-bed.

"I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I will wage no war with the fair. I will acknowledge their force and bend before it with submission. Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything, consistent with my duty, to merit it.

"The honour of a line from your hand in answer to this will lay me under a singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere I hope you will see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve.

"I wish to know exactly the behaviour of my people, as I am determined to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty. I have the honour to be, with much esteem and with profound respect, Madame, etc., etc.,

"JOHN PAUL JONES.

"To the Countess of Selkirk."

The correspondence occasioned by the seizure of the Selkirk plate became voluminous, lasting several years. Paul Jones had pledged his personal honour to restore the plate, "which was very old, and fashion of it not worth a straw, especially in France, where none such was used," but, once in the harpy claws of commissaries and prize agents, it required all his disinterestedness to wrest the plate from them, even by paying, he says, "more than the value," which was something between £140 and £150, showing that a very small part of the Selkirk plate really left the castle. It was valued and re-valued, and occasioned more trouble and expense than it was intrinsically worth, had not Jones considered his honour pledged for its safe restoration.

Father John, an Irish priest, chaplain to Comte d'Orvillers, then commanding a fleet lying off Brest, helped him greatly in the matter, the delay of which exasperated the Captain. So justly provoked was he about this affair, and the sordid spirit of the agents, "that in the very temper of Hotspur we find him exclaiming: 'I will not abate the thousandth part of a *sol* of the three twentieths of prizes, which no man in America ever presumed to dispute as being my just and proper right, and which no rascal in Europe shall presume to dispute with impunity! To whom, since I was myself Commander-in-Chief, would this old fool decree the three twentieths? Perhaps to his dear self, who is puffed up with the idea of his right to secure the 'property of captures.'"

Dr. Franklin approved Jones's stand, saying that

it "was a gallant letter, which must give her ladyship a high opinion of his generosity and nobleness of mind." Lord Selkirk answered the letter, saying he would accept the plate if returned by order of Congress, but not "if redeemed by individual generosity." Through a chain of circumstances this letter never reached Jones, being detained several months in the General Post Office in London, and finally returned to the writer. Immediately Selkirk asked a friend to tell Dr. Franklin the contents, as this seemed the easiest way to ensure his reply reaching Paul Jones.

In 1780 the latter got possession of the plate, but it was not until four years later he was able to restore it to the owners. In a letter to Lady Selkirk, under the date of March 1, 1780, he alludes to the information conveyed to him by Lord Selkirk's friend, Mr. Alexander, as to the non-arrival of the letter, also that he had been for the greater part of the time absent from the kingdom. He has "the great satisfaction to inform her that Congress has relinquished their real or supposed interest in the plate, and, for my own part, I scorn to add to my fortune by such an acquisition. As for the part claimed by the few men who landed with me on St. Mary's Isle it is of little consequence, and they are already satisfied. Thus you see, Madame, the objection is removed."

In February 1784 Paul explains to Lord Selkirk that the plate is "lodged in the hands of Messrs. Gourlade and Moylan," mentioning a letter from Mr. Nesbitt, who had been informed by Selkirk's son,

HELEN, COUNTESS OF SELKIRK

[*From an unfinished painting. Reproduced by permission of Captain John Hope, R.N.*

Lord Daer, "that Lord Selkirk had agreed to its being restored, and forwarded to the care of your sister-in-law, the Countess of Morton, in London," which all seems simple and easy, though there was a lot of red tape to be untied before the family tea-pot—with the leaves still in it—was once again seen upon the breakfast table.

Paul received a very flattering letter from M. de Calonne, who alluded to one Paul had written, asking permission "to transport by land from l'Orient to Calais, the plate of Lady Selkirk, which you had permitted to be taken by your people during the late war, and which you afterwards purchased to return to her ladyship."

"That action, sir, is worthy of the reputation which you acquired by your conduct, and proves that true valour perfectly agrees with humanity and generosity."

De Calonne tells Paul that he has "given orders to the Farmers General to permit the transportation of the plate from l'Orient to Calais, free of duty, and you may write to your correspondent at l'Orient to deliver it to the director of the posts, who will take upon himself the care of having it transported to Calais, and to fulfil all the necessary formalities. The Duke of Dorset has been so obliging as to write to the Custom House at Dover, requesting them to let it pass to London without being opened." So, at last, the plate seemed to be in a fair way to be restored to its rightful owners.

Jones wrote apologetically to Lord Selkirk for the length of time the plate had been detained,

and alludes to his motive for wishing to take him prisoner.

"You observed to Mr. Alexander, 'that my idea was a mistaken one, because you were not (as I had supposed) in favour with the British government, *who knew you favoured the cause of liberty*.' On that account I am glad that you were absent from your estate when I landed there, as I bore you no personal enmity, but the contrary towards you. . . .

"As I have endeavoured to serve the cause of liberty, through every stage of the American Revolution, and sacrificed to it my private ease, a part of my fortune, and some of my blood, I could have no selfish motive in permitting my people to demand and carry off your plate. My sole inducement was to turn their attention and stop their rage from breaking out, and retaliating on your home and effects the *wanton* burnings and desolation that had been committed against their relations and fellow-citizens in America by the British; of which I assure you, you would have felt the severe consequences had I not fallen on an expedient to prevent it, and hurried my people away before they had time for further reflection. As you were so obliging as to say to Mr. Alexander that '*my people behaved with great decency at your house*,' I ask the favour of you to announce that circumstance to the public. . . . I am, etc."

So many slurs have been cast on Paul Jones over this incident, that it is but just to quote Lord Selkirk's reply, the tone of which proves there was no

grudge in his personal feelings toward the Commander, who had merely acted in accordance with the customs of war—

"*London, August* 4, 1789.

"MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER PAUL JONES, À PARIS,

"SIR,

"I have received the letter you wrote me at the time you sent off my plate, in order for restoring it. Had I known where to direct a letter to you, at the time it arrived in Scotland, I would have then wrote to you; but not knowing it, nor finding that any of my acquaintance at Edinburgh knew it, I was obliged to delay writing till I came here; when, by means of a gentleman connected with America, I was told that M. le Grand was your banker at Paris, and would take proper care of a letter for you; therefore I enclose this to him.

"Notwithstanding all the precautions you took for the easy and uninterrupted conveyance of the plate, yet it met with considerable delays, first at Calais, next at Dover, then at London. However, it at last arrived at Dumfries, and, I dare say, quite safe, though as yet I have not seen it, being then at Edinburgh.

"I intended to have put an article in the newspapers about your having returned it; but before I was informed of its being arrived some of your friends, I suppose, had it put in the Dumfries newspaper, whence it was immediately copied into the Edinburgh papers, and thence into the London ones.

"Since that time I have mentioned it to many

people of fashion; and on all occasions, sir, both now and formerly, I have done you the justice to tell that you made an offer of returning the plate very soon after your return to Brest, and although you yourself were not at my house, but remained at the shore with your boat, that yet you had your officers and men in such extraordinary good discipline, that you having given them the strictest orders to behave well, to do no injury of any kind, to make no search, but only to bring off what plate was given them; that in reality they did exactly as ordered, and that not one man offered to stir from his post on the outside of the house, nor entered the doors, nor said an uncivil word; that the two officers stood not a quarter of an hour in the parlour and butler's pantry while the butler got the plate together; behaved politely, and asked for nothing but the plate, and instantly marched their men off in regular order; and that both officers and men behaved in all respects so well, that it would have done credit to the best disciplined troops whatever.

"Some of the English newspapers at that time having put in confused accounts of your expedition to *Whitehaven* and Scotland, I ordered a proper one of what happened in Scotland to be put in the London newspapers, by a gentleman who was then at my house, by which the good conduct and civil behaviour of your officers and men were done justice to, and attributed to your orders and the good discipline you maintained over your people.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"SELKIRK."

CHAPTER XII

1778

On the morning of April 24, 1778, the *Ranger*, after her attack on the shipping of Whitehaven and descent on St. Mary's Isle, was again off Carrickfergus, on the eve of that encounter which was to bring her captain fame in a night. Though there are many descriptions of the battle, the best is that given by Jones himself to Mr. Hewes. He begins—

"On the morning of the 24th I was again off Carrickfergus, and would have gone in, had I not seen the *Drake* preparing to come out; it was very moderate, and the *Drake's* boat was sent out to reconnoitre the *Ranger*. As the boat advanced I kept the ship's stern directly towards her, and, though they had a spy-glass in the boat, they came on within hail alongside. When the officer came on the quarter-deck he was greatly surprised to find himself a prisoner!—although *an express had arrived from Whitehaven the night before*. I now understood what I had before imagined, that the *Drake* came out in consequence of this information with volunteers against the *Ranger*. The officers told me also that they had taken up the *Ranger's* anchor.

"The *Drake* was attended by five small vessels full

of people, who were led by motives of curiosity to see an engagement; but when they discovered the *Drake's* boat at the *Ranger's* stern they wisely put back."

It seems a curious piece of carelessness that an officer should come aboard an unknown ship in this casual manner, asking no questions, taking for granted that all the world was friendly, and this, when that "terrible pirate and sea wolf," Paul Jones, was at large! The astonishment of this confiding officer must have been worth recording in his memoirs, if he ever wrote any!

"Alarm smokes now appeared in great abundance, extending along both shores of the channel. The tide was unfavourable, so that the *Drake* worked out slowly. This obliged me to run down several times, and to lay with courses up, and main-topsails to the mast. At length the *Drake* weathered the point, and having led her out to about mid-channel, I suffered her to come within hail. The *Drake* hoisted English colours, and at the same instant the American Stars were displayed on board the *Ranger*. I expected that preface had been now at an end; but the enemy soon after hailed, demanding what the ship was. I directed the master to answer, the American Continental ship *Ranger*, that we waited for them, and desired they would come on. The sun was now a little more than an hour from setting, it was, therefore time to begin. The *Drake* being rather astern of the *Ranger*, I ordered the helm up, and gave her the first broadside. The action was warm, close and

obstinate; it lasted an hour and five minutes, when the enemy called for quarter, her fore and main topsails both being cut away and down on the cap; the fore-topgallant yard and mizzen-gaff both hanging up and down along the mast; the second ensign, which they had hoisted, shot away and hanging over the quarter-gallery in the water; the jib shot away, and hanging in the water; her sails and rigging entirely cut to pieces, her main-masts and yards all wounded, and her hull also very much galled.

"I lost only Lieutenant Wallingford and one seaman (John Donegal) killed and six wounded, among whom are the gunner (Mr. Falls) and Mr. Powers, a midshipman, who lost his arm. One of the wounded (Nathaniel Wills) is since dead, and the rest will recover.

"At the time of going into action the *Ranger* had one hundred and twenty-six, all hands, at quarters, and eighteen guns. The *Drake's* battery is sixteen nine-pounders and four four-pounders; the *Ranger's* fourteen nine-pounders and four sixes.

"The result of the action was due entirely to the superior gunnery of my crew. There was no manœuvring worth mention. As soon as the two ships got clear of the land, the *Drake* being astern and within hail, both standing to the eastward, the wind southerly and light, sea fairly smooth, they hailed us: 'What ship is that?' to which we replied, 'The American Continental ship *Ranger;* come on, we are waiting for you.'

"Both ships then wore almost together, laying their

heads to the north, and going off nearly before the wind, which was no more than enough to make good steering way.

"Our broadside was just an instant the first. The enemy's fire was spirited, but, for a king's ship, very ineffective. This I can only attribute to the distress and confusion caused on board of her by the remarkable effect of our fire. The range was close, hardly more than a musket shot at any time. Her crew, as I can judge from the prisoners taken, was fully up to the British man-of-war standard: yet in the hour of cannonading our loss was only two killed and six wounded—one mortally. The *Ranger* did not suffer in hull or spars or rigging enough to have prevented her from fighting again the next morning if necessary. But the *Drake* was almost wrecked, and she lost nineteen killed or died of wounds, including her captain and first lieutenant, and twenty-eight officers and men severely wounded, the only sea officer remaining to strike her flag being her second lieutenant.

"The behaviour of my men in this engagement more than justifies the representations I have so often made to you of what American sailors would do if given a chance at the enemy in his own waters. We have seen that they fight with courage on our own coasts. But no one has ever seen them fight on our coast as they fought here, almost in hail of the enemy's shore. Every shot told, and they gave the *Drake* three broadsides for two right along at that. Of course, I had lost no opportunity of training them in great gun exercise, both at sea and in port. But my

supply of ammunition would never admit of actual target practice, so the precision of their fire was simply natural aptitude."

Would that much restrained and harassed commander have obtained greater results if he had the ample facilities of other navies to draw upon? It is open to question, for, with his poor little ship, half-equipped and wholly untried, he won his battles, and that, after all, is the aim and end of warfare, despite the "pelagic conditions and ulterior objects" so learnedly discoursed of by Napoleon's admirals, much to that imperious autocrat's disgust when he demanded action, not theory.

Paul was jubilant over the aptitude shown by his crew: "I have never seen men handle guns as they handled the *Ranger's* nine-pounders," he declared, with honest pride in the success of his training. "As the two ships were going off the wind, which was light, they both rolled considerably and together; that is, when the *Ranger* went down to port the *Drake* came up to starboard. Quite early in the action I noticed that my quarter gunners had caught the *Drake's* period of roll and were timing to fire as their muzzles went down and the enemy's came up. By this practice they were hulling the *Drake* prodigiously below the water-line and everywhere below the plank-sheer, though damaging her but little aloft. Being near Quarter-Gunner Owen Starbuck of Nantucket at the moment, I asked him why they fired that way, and he replied, 'To sink the English b——s, sir.'

"I then told Starbuck and the others that it was not

my policy to sink the *Drake*, but that I wished to take her alive instead of destroying her; explaining that it would be much more to our advantage to carry her as a visible prize into a French port. The alert fellows instantly took this hint, and began firing as their muzzles rose, by which practice they soon crippled the *Drake's* spars and rigging, and made her an unmanageable log on the water. I am persuaded that if I had not advised them to this effect, my gunners would have sunk the *Drake* in an hour! As it was, we had to put spare sails over the sides after she struck to keep her afloat, and careen her as much as we could the next day to plug the holes they had already made between wind and water. While I am telling you about the behaviour of my men, I must not forget to mention that at the moment when the *Drake's* fore and main topsail yards came down on the caps, and she fell off, giving us the chance to luff under her stern and rake her, I was in the forward division, in consequence of Lieutenant Wallingford being killed, and at once started to run aft to the wheel to order the helm down for the manœuvre. But before I got to the mainmast the fore and main topsails were already shivering, because Chief Quarter-Master Nathan Sergeant of Portsmouth, N.H., who had the wheel, had already seen our chance and had taken upon himself the important responsibility of luffing ship without orders: thus anticipating my intention, and leaving me nothing to do but order the starboard tacks on board to keep her full and shift the broadside for raking, when, luckily, the enemy,

realising his helpless situation, called for quarter and spared further bloodshed. The unfortunate loss of Lieutenant Wallingford in the action enabled me to advance Mr. Sergeant to the post of Acting Master. But I regret to say that since our return here he has found it to his advantage to leave me, being offered command of a large French privateer of twenty-six guns, belonging to M. de Chaumont and M. de Marcereau, now fitting out at St. Malo. As Mr. Sergeant is master of the French language, this command will enable him to better his fortunes, and in view of the sorry hopes of recompence in the Continental service I could not withhold my consent to his going, or to his taking with him eight others of my New Hampshire men, whom he will make officers in his new ship, the *Marseille*. Our seamen who can speak French are in great request here for officers in privateers."

The period of enlistment on the *Ranger* had been originally for one year only, and expired October 1st, 1778. There were many disadvantages in these short enlistments, but the terms offered by Congress were not advantageous enough to hold the seamen for long terms, and though Jones disliked parting from his trained officers or crew, his sense of justice would not allow him to hinder their advancement in life.

In this letter he enclosed the carpenter's very technical estimate for repairs, which amounted to some three thousand louis d'or, or twenty-seven hundred guineas. The *Drake* had been all knocked to pieces, having "one hundred and twenty-seven shot in her

hull, below the plank-sheer, thirty-six of which were below her water-line, some of which, in consequence of the close range, went clean through the hull," but being a new ship, only three years off the stocks, she was considered well worth repairing.

The French Government allowed Jones to have the repairs made at the Brest dockyard at its expense.

In the action he lost only one officer and two men killed, two severely wounded, Mr. Powers losing his right arm, and three able seamen wounded, but "doing well." The *Drake* was less fortunate, her captain was killed, also her first lieutenant. The second lieutenant who surrendered the *Drake* was wounded, being kept prisoner for over a year, and did not, in consequence, have the usual court-martial until eighteen months after the action. There was some controversy over his statements, as he testified that the *Ranger* outclassed the *Drake* in "weight of metal," declaring the latter had twenty guns, all four-pounders, while official papers in the French archives describe her as "*seize pièce de neuf livres de balle et quatre pièce de quatre*," and it is unlikely her guns were changed before she was sold at Brest as a prize.

With great reluctance Jones relinquished his intention of cruising around Scotland, but, short-handed as he was, it would have been impossible to think of anything but getting into port with his prizes, for a heavy sea might send the crippled *Drake* to the bottom, robbing him of the tangible proofs of his victory.

He put thirty-two officers and men aboard the *Drake*

to man her and guard the prisoners, and, after taking a prize off Malin Head, shaped his course to the south and west, till clear of the mouth of the English Channel, when he ran for Brest. "This prize was of some value, being laden with naval stores," Jones reports. "On the whole I was out of port twenty-eight days, took six merchant prizes, of which I destroyed three and the other three are safe in French ports; besides taking and bringing in a regular man-of-war of the enemy, slightly superior in force to my ship."

And now came that long dreamed-of and hoped-for hour, when he entered a French port bringing a ship "slightly superior" to his own, belonging to the finest navy afloat, a feat which had never before happened in the history of naval warfare. So unsettled had been the political situation when he sailed in April, that he was unaware if England and France were at war, or if that declaration still hung in the balance. He knew nothing of importance that had happened since he left France, and a month counted a long time in the critical relations between the two countries. He prayed nothing would go wrong before he reached a friendly port, and his usual luck befriended him, as he arrived off Brest on the evening of May 8th.

Before sailing, d'Orvillers had paid Jones the unprecedented compliment of giving him the book of private signals used by the French navy, enabling him to enter any port when he wished. As he sailed through the outer roads of Brest, his trained eye told him that the French Fleet lay there, ready for war,

and four guard frigates patrolled between the mainland and Ushant. Thanks to d'Orvillers, he used the private signals to pass the forts of La Rochelle, l'Orient, Rochfort and Brest without delay. As the frigate *La Belle Poule* displayed her signal and number, Jones answered, giving the special number allotted to the *Ranger* by d'Orvillers before sailing. After this signalling he communicated by the ordinary code the fact that he had two prizes under his lee, which news *La Belle Poule* passed on to the *Licorne* astern, and the two bore down upon Jones and his ships. Once within hailing distance *La Belle Poule* demanded formally—

"Who are you and what is your prize?" to which Jones replied, leaning over the *Ranger's* taffrail, "The American Continental ship *Ranger*, of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones, and the man-of-war prize is his Britannic Majesty's late ship the *Drake*, of twenty guns. The other prize a-lee is a merchant ship, not armed!"

After this unexpected reply *La Belle Poule* escorted Captain Jones and his prizes to their anchorage inside the Point St. Mathieu. All this cautiousness and formality told Jones that the French Fleet was prepared for action, as it had not been when he left Brest a month ago.

It was past midnight when the *Ranger* let go anchor and everything seemed quiet, but like wildfire the news of the daring captain's return, with such a prize, spread over the town. When daylight broke and there was light enough to see, the quays swarmed with people,

and the harbour was black with boats filled with passengers, eager to catch a glimpse of the *Drake* and her conqueror. They could not believe the astounding fact, those who had fought against the ships of their old and invulnerable enemy, that a free-lance, with a cockle-shell of a boat, *could* have accomplished what for centuries they had believed impossible. Still, the ships were there, battered and shot-marked, an incontestable fact. Paul Jones had done the impossible, and he lived to tell the tale. From that moment he was regarded as something out of the common, something to be mentioned with bated breath; his fame was unassailable; he had earned for himself a permanent place in the history of France and of the world.

CHAPTER XIII

1778

The next morning Captain Paul Jones woke up to find himself famous; almost overwhelmed with the flattering official and personal attentions of which he was the recipient. The very tangible proofs of his victory stood forth before the eyes of the world, and even those who had held off, sceptical as to the merits of the sailor, could not now deny him the praise he so richly deserved. The Duc de Chartres was the first to come aboard brimming with congratulations, and for the two days the *Ranger* lay in the harbour her decks were thronged with officers of the fleet and citizens, eager to rejoice with the conqueror, and satisfy themselves of the astounding fact that a British man-of-war lay inert and harmless in a French port.

Then the other side of the picture began to show, and realities had to be faced. The *Ranger* with her prizes had gone to the dockyard, and the problem of feeding and clothing three hundred men had to be met, with no money from the country he so brilliantly —and so inexpensively—served. The Congress still owed him over fifteen hundred pounds for the *Providence* and *Alfred*, whose crews he had paid out of his own pocket. Paul had to find means of paying as well as feeding those dependent on him. He had

a letter for 12,000 livres from Congress, which he had not used, so, finding himself in straits for money, he drew upon the Commissioners for 24,000 livres, which would assist in refitting the *Ranger* and *Drake*, and contracted with a merchant by the name of Bersolle to supply provisions to his crews and prisoners. The three Commissioners, with that tender care for their own responsibilities and obligations, which seems to have been abnormally developed, promptly dishonoured this draft, putting Jones in a positon of frightful embarrassment.

"Could I," he wrote them on May 27th, "suppose that my letters of the ninth and sixteenth current, the first advising you of my arrival and giving reference to the events of my expedition; the last advising you of my draft in favour of Monsieur Bersolle for 24,000 livres (and assigning reasons for that demand) had not made due appearance, I would hereafter, as I do now, enclose copies. Three posts have already arrived here from Paris since Comte d'Orvillers showed me the answer which he received from the minister to the letter which enclosed mine to you. Yet you remain silent. M. Bersolle has this moment informed me of the fate of my bills; the more extraordinary, as I have not yet made use of your letter of credit of the 10th January last, whereby I then seemed entitled to half the amount of my last draft, and I did not expect to be thought extravagant when on the 16th current I doubled that demand. Could this indignity be kept secret I should disregard it; and though it is already public in Brest and in the

fleet, as it affects only my private credit I will not complain. I cannot, however, be silent when I find the public credit is involved in the same disgrace. I conceive this might have been prevented. To make me completely wretched, M. Bersolle had told me that he now stops his hand, not only of the necessary articles to refit the ship, but also of the *daily provisions*. I know not where to find to-morrow's dinner for the great number of mouths that depend on me for food. Are, then, the Continental ships of war to depend on the sale of their prizes for a daily dinner for their men? 'Publish it not in Gath.' My officers, as well as men, want clothes, and the prizes are precluded from being sold before farther orders arrive from the minister. I will ask you, gentlemen, if I have deserved all this? Whoever calls himself an American ought to be protected here. I am unwilling to think that you have intentionally involved me in this sad dilemma at a time when I ought to expect some enjoyment."

What a cruel predicament; if the other two Commissioners were indifferent to the fate of Jones and his crews, why did not Franklin do something for his friend? Certainly, with their opportunities, money could have been borrowed if the funds in hand were not sufficient. It was not hard to get the speculative French to gamble on the chance of the ultimate victory of the revolting colonists. Yet, incredible as it sounds, he was left for a month without the Commissioners relieving the impossible situation. "Two hundred prisoners of war, a number of sick

and wounded, and a ship after a severe engagement, in want of stores and provisions. Yet," he tells the King in his journal, "during that time, by his personal credit with Comte d'Orvillers, the Duke de Chartres and the Intendant of Brest, he fed his people and prisoners, cured his wounded, and refitted both the *Ranger* and *Drake* for sea."

A piece of remarkable luck, due wholly to the friendship of those Frenchmen who liked him, and helped him to care for the starving and wounded creatures who fought so splendidly for a country that neither fed them nor cared for their welfare, who were only kept from starvation by the efforts of a Scotchman and the generosity of his French sympathisers. The strange fatality which ruled Paul Jones's meteoric career decreed that he was never to taste the fruits of his triumphs without a lingering flavour of bitterness at the moment when life seemed brightest. Jealousy he had already experienced; calumny had assailed him in his early years, and was to attack him again. He was too brilliant a star in the stormy political firmament to shine unnoticed. Men liked and defended him, women loved him; he grasped offered opportunities, and those who sat inert, expecting fortune to pour her cornucopia of favours into their laps hated him with the envy of sordid spirits, the malice of the unsuccessful. Fame was his goal, ambition satisfied his payment. The poet might have sung of him when he wrote—

> "For glory is the soldier's gain,
> The soldier's wealth is honour."

But he had obstacles to overcome which would have quenched hope in the breast of a less tenacious man, and at times only his fatalistic temperament carried him through the dark hours when failure seemed imminent.

In the crude, undisciplined state of the United States Navy, the insubordination of his crews, who could not seem to comprehend the idea that it was essential to act under orders as a machine, without reference to individual preference, was the great annoyance Jones had to contend with. He alludes to it in the journal he wrote for King Louis, which that undecided monarch read at his leisure in the Temple some years later.

"Almost on the instant of beginning the engagement between the *Drake* and the *Ranger*, the lieutenant (Simpson), having held up to the crew that, being Americans fighting for liberty, the voice of the people should be taken before the Captain's orders were obeyed, they rose in a mutiny; and that Captain Jones was in the utmost danger of being killed or thrown overboard." Though not mentioned in the official report, there is no occasion to doubt its truth, as while the *Ranger* waited a refit at Brest, Simpson, hoping to supersede the Captain, lost no opportunity of encouraging mutiny among the crew.

"As Lieutenant Simpson, while under arrest on board the *Drake*, had constant intercourse with the crew, they thereby became so insolent as to refuse duty, and all hands would go below repeatedly before the Captain's face. It was impossible to trifle at that

time, as Comte d'Orvillers had assured Captain Jones, unless he could get the *Drake* ready to transport the prisoners to America before orders arrived from Court, they would in all probability be given up without exchange, to avoid immediate war with England. It therefore became impossible to suffer the lieutenant to remain any longer among them. Captain Jones had him removed to the ship called the *Admiral*, where the French confine even the first officers in the service. He had there a good chamber to himself and liberty to walk the deck."

What type of man Simpson was may be gathered from the fact that "the lieutenant endeavoured to desert out of the *Admiral*, and behaved so extravagant, that Count d'Orvillers, without the knowledge of Captain Jones, ordered him to the prison of the port, where he had a good chamber, and Captain Jones paid his expenses out of his own pocket." Jones displays a sort of contemptuous pity for Simpson, whom he considered weak and easily led by "land sharks," and described as having the "heart of a lion and the brain of a sheep."

Jones ultimately heard from the Commissioners that they were pleased with his victory, but all three, for the only time of the same mind, unanimously signed a letter dishonouring his draft!

"It is easy to comprehend the willingness of the two extremes of Massachusetts Puritan and Virginia cavalier to sign such a letter as that; but the signature of Benjamin Franklin is not so easily understood. However, it was there." The sordid meanness of

those men, who sat comfortably in their arm-chairs while others fought their battles, was too much for fighting Paul. He was a hot champion of his adopted country, and demanded, "Is, then, our cause become so mendicant that men who victoriously defend it must take not only the chance of death in battle, but must also face the fate of beggary and even starvation after they have conquered?" He asks them, "Are the Continental ships of war to depend on the sale of their prizes for the daily dinner of their men?

"Has it come to this, that I and my truly poor, brave men must not only fight without pay, but also compel our enemy to feed us?"

The Captain was wrought to a pitch of fiery and just anger. He translated his letter to those *nonchalant* Commissioners, and put the French version into the hands of his friend de Chartres, who sent it to Maurepas, and he passed it on to Calonne. His friends persuaded Jones not to print it in the *Journal de la Marine*, one of the Brest weekly papers, as he threatened; goodness knows why, as the whole thing was a *secret de Polichinelle;* so, over-persuaded, he refrained from giving this well-deserved publicity to the attitude of the Commissioners. Adding insult to injury, these gentlemen informed Jones that he should have applied to a "fiscal agent" by the name of Schweighauser, "who is the person regularly authorised to act as Continental agent at Brest." Jones knew nothing of this "fiscal agent," and made no reference to his existence when he wrote to the men who were enjoying the luxurious quarters pro-

vided by Le Ray de Chaumont and the social gaieties of Paris, while he moved heaven and earth to get bread to put in the mouths of their starving countrymen. Having tried in vain to get some recognition, to say nothing of money, from them, Jones took matters into his own hands, as no one seemed able or willing to help him. He had an interview with Bersolle, and "offered to arrange for the hypothecation of the Baltic prize and cargo for the supplies his crew and prisoners needed." To this Bersolle, who knew something of marine law and admiralty jurisprudence, demurred, as he told Jones that, without the concurrence of the American Commissioners, he would be unable to dispose of the ship, as he could not give a clear title. But Jones knew his ground, his reply showing him as something of a lawyer; and undoubtedly he did not act without advice from those high in French authority.

"In strict point of the law of nations you must consider me not in any way a servant of any master but Congress itself, so far as this purpose is concerned. You, as a subject of the King of France, have no legal knowledge that I am responsible to the Commissioners, because you can have no legal knowledge of any power on the part of the Commissioners in the international sense; as no edict recognising their diplomatic authority has been promulgated. You know them only as certain American persons residing in a quasi-official capacity near the Court of Versailles. You have no warrant to know them in any capacity that can supersede me here, because

I now show you my original commission from the Congress, and my orders to command the *Ranger*, all on the first parchment, with no reference whatever to Commissioners, fiscal agents or any one else. You may therefore, for present purposes, look upon me as the direct naval representative of Congress here. If you doubt my point of law, consult the chancellor of His Most Gracious Majesty's dockyard here. If you find that my legal theory is right, then libel my merchant prize at once by the usual process of your local marine court, irrespective of any other consideration than the debt due, and let me know when the process is to be served on board. I will then arrange in advance to have my prize crew abandon the libelled ship, leaving her in possession of the bailiffs in admiralty. Then she can be adjudicated, condemned for violation of the port laws, and sold like any other merchant ship, in default, in a foreign port."

Bersolle, on consultation with the legal authorities, found Paul's law to be as sound as his seamanship, and, after certain preliminaries, the ship was sold at auction. By order of the Comte d'Orvillers, the stores were bid in by the naval storekeeper. Schweighauser, who shook in his boots if he came within a hundred yards of Jones, dared not bid in the ship, so had her "struck off" to a French ship-broker. After paying all claims due to Bersolle there was considerable money left over. The whole transaction had been quietly financed, by the kindness of d'Orvillers, through a banker, and the surplus money was used

to clear off outstanding debts and feed the men. From whom Schweighauser derived his rank and title of "American" or "fiscal agent" is not known. To his great mortification he received not the slightest recognition. Nor were the Commissioners referred or deferred to, for, as Jones remarked, "I could not waste time discussing questions of authority when my crew and prisoners were starving."

"Though some call this a high-handed action, it never was disputed by the Commissioners or Congress." Unquestionably they were glad to have the decision taken out of their hands. Though the action served its purpose, and debts were paid and crews fed, it did not wash away the sting from the heart of a man whom procrastination placed in such an awkward position; also, alas! that it should be so, giving impetus to the rumour that he had been deprived of his command, and was in disgrace to the extent of his drafts not being honoured by the Commissioners. It was one of Paul's black moments, for an aspersion on his personal honour touched him on the raw.

From the first Paul had been suspicious about the whole proceeding, and, as soon as he had the leisure, set about to investigate. He soon ascertained that most of the "American Agents" in French ports were entirely in the pay and under the orders of Arthur Lee, through his "private secretaries." They were at all ports where prizes were likely to be brought in, and conspired with the French brokers "to bid in the prizes at a far smaller price than the real value.

"They made snap sales, and then divided with the ship-brokers the margin between the price paid for the prizes and their real value! Arthur Lee's signature to this letter (May 25) was natural, because he or his creatures had instigated the dishonouring of my draft. John Adams's signature could be explained by his very recent arrival in France and his consequent lack of information as to the kind of people to be dealt with. But Dr. Franklin's signature to it I never could account for, unless because his own honesty was so simple and pure that he could not comprehend or even imagine the existence of such villainy as that of Lee's spies and bandits in the guise of private secretaries and sea transport agents. I confess that towards the last of my inquiry, when the evidence at my hand left no room for a doubt of their guilt, and when also I had to admit the want of means to punish them legally, I could never see one of them without feeling the impulse of homicide come over me. Fortunately I held my hand. But to this day I cannot understand, even if I can excuse myself, why I spared the reptile life of Hezekiah Ford in the courtyard of the post inn at Brest, when he was at my mercy, and I had every justification to kill him."

Hezekiah Ford had lost no opportunity of keeping alive that mutinous feeling aboard the *Ranger*, which culminated in the arrest of Simpson and his subsequent court-martial. Jones, "loving a brave man as he did, was always lenient to Simpson, pardoning much of his insolence, which he knew to be the work of others." After Simpson had been imprisoned, Ford got up a petition, condemning Jones and praising

Simpson, which he sent to the Commissioners. He induced seventy-eight of the crew to sign by telling them that it was the only way they would ever get their pay or prize money. It is more than likely they signed with small idea of what they were doing, as Ford was an artful scoundrel who twisted phrases to suit his own ends. Among the signers were two X's, the marks of the slave boys, Scipio and Cato, of whom their master thought so highly.

Hezekiah Ford had a narrow escape of his life when Jones unexpectedly learned of this document. Tucking three pistols in his belt, Paul took himself to the inn where Ford waited for the Paris *diligence*.

Without pausing or drawing a pistol, Jones, with one blow of that lightning arm, knocked Ford down, seized the coachman's whip and thrashed the scoundrel till he cried for mercy. Big, long-limbed though the man was, weighing half as much again as Paul Jones, he offered no resistance—just curled up and blubbered, like the underhand coward he was, while the onlookers, delighted at the fight, stood by at a respectful distance, for the Captain bore the reputation of being dangerous to meddle with when aroused. What became of Hezekiah after his bad quarter of an hour history does not relate. Six months later he was denounced as a spy and a traitor by the Virginia legislature; the resolution being certified by the governor of Virginia, was sent to Congress, and Congress, acting with extraordinary promptness, for Virginia had great influence, ordered Ford's dismissal from the service of the Commissioners. How, then, in face of this, did Lee dare to keep hand-in-glove

with Ford? What the ultimate consequences might have been one cannot say, for very shortly Ford took French leave and all the private papers belonging to the Commissioners that he could put his hands on, and went to London, where he hoped to receive the reward of his treachery.

His tool, Simpson, had no pride, and wrote to Jones, begging him to use his influence to get the Commissioners to stop the court-martial with which he was threatened. He confessed, once for all, that he was not his (Jones's) equal in any kind of argument. "If I have been misguided to your detriment, I hope you will attribute it to lack of being able to see through the designs of others, and not to studied bad intentions of my own." He trusts Jones "will always think of him as an honest man," modestly requesting two favours: first, that Dr. Franklin shall order the *Ranger* to America, with him in command, "as it is well known that you do not yourself purpose to return in the *Ranger* to America, having larger prospects of your own on this side of the water. Also, as you know, the crew of the *Ranger* was shipped for one year, to date from October 1st, 1777, when they were mustered on deck, and that year is nearly up. While many of them have gone off in French privateers by your permission, there is yet about sixty of the originals on board, and they all want to go home by the end of their term, which is their right, and it would not be right to try and hold them any longer," all of which is very commendable reasoning on Simpson's part, as he wanted the *Ranger* himself.

With his characteristic generosity to those beneath

him, Jones used his influence with the Commissioners, and it may be added here that Simpson's brief career was such as to justify this kindness, though the *Ranger* was taken in Charlestown harbour when that place was captured by Sir Henry Clinton in 1780.

Even with all disagreements at an end between Paul and his lieutenant, the obnoxious "private secretaries" kept disparaging rumours alive. To Stephen Sayre, "who, under the patronage of John Wilkes, had been a deputy sheriff" before he entered the employ of Lee, he traced these newly born slanders. But Sayre, a large, blustering man, with great tales of his prowess in the *duello*, seems to have been suddenly bereft of those fire-eating propensities when unexpectedly confronted by Jones in a coffee house at Nantes. On the threshold Jones paused, looking for his man; he was unarmed, even without his sword. Calmly he walked up to the braggart, slapped his face soundly, calling him by the complimentary names of "liar" and "spy." In the profound pause that followed the bully made some attempt to grapple, but was no match for the agility of his assailant, who seized a heavy cane from one of the onlookers, and gave his traducer a thrashing he remembered to his dying day. Though the noise of the affray called the police to the spot, they saw the uniform, and as they were civil police and never arrested officers of either service, it ended there. The company bowed elegantly with their cocked hats and departed, with a *douceur* to drink to the health of the King and *le brave Capitaine Paul.*

CHAPTER XIV

THERE is little doubt that in the minds of most people the name of Paul Jones instantly calls up the form of a villainous pirate seeking whom he could devour. Varied as was his career, the Skull and Crossbones never fluttered from his mast-head; he never commanded privateer or smuggler, or sailed with even a letter of marque. From the day he left the merchant service, with the exception of two years on his plantation, he was in the navy of the United States, and later in the service of Imperial Russia, though still holding his former commission. But a century ago the word America, to the world at large, invoked a vague jumble of Indians scalping captives at the stake, bloodthirsty buccaneers, and all sorts of joyful lawlessness in which Morgan, Captain Kidd and John Smith, with Pocahontas in the background, rollicked shoulder to shoulder in the jollity of universal brotherhood. By a process of reasoning the colonists became desperate law-breakers, and Paul Jones, from the fact of such association with ships and colonists, developed into the dare-devil pirate of fiction, with red shirt carelessly flung open, displaying a brawny chest, luridly tattooed with fearful and mystic symbols. An individual with slouched hat pulled low over his villainous countenance, who, in place of the necessary

and harmless cigarette, carried between his clenched teeth a gleaming cutlass, oblivious of the discomfort of such a pastime, when he wished to rush hastily through a narrow hatchway. His sash bristled with pistols, which he habitually used in target practice on his crew or to stimulate the exertions of such of his passengers as were occupied in the gymnastic and risky exercise of walking the plank. The name of the "Black Douglas" was not more terrifying in his day than that of Paul Jones; in fact, it is quite unbelievable if there were not authentic records of the fact. Many a merchant would have rejoiced to hear that he had died the customary hanging-in-chains death of the pirate he *never* was, for, had not his desperate forays on unprotected coasts and in home waters *doubled the rate of insurance?*

Paul Jones was the theme of endless ballads, chapbooks and prints, embodying in his person as he did, without recourse to the inventiveness of the writer, all the romance needed to weave a glowing tale. His personality was fascinating, as was the hint of mystery and noble birth clinging to him; he enjoyed a noted success in the world of fashion, and became the intimate of royalties; his unsurpassed brilliancy as a commander, his conquests in love and war created a character which for a typical hero could not have been outdone by the most fertile pen.

From the date of his death, 1792, until the early part of the eighteenth century, he was the subject of many a tale, whose inventors let nothing stand in the way of embellishment. He is generally described as

the "son of the Earl of Selkirk's head gardener, but his real father is Captain John Maxwell, Governor of the Bahama Islands." In others, he was left on the doorstep of the Paul cottage, to be brought up as one of their children. Some time in his early infancy he became a desperate smuggler, rapidly saved up two hundred pounds, and in his varied enterprises got to the north coasts, where exciting adventures came thick and fast.

"Being impressed on a man-o'-war, he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape, and the second time commenced a smuggler, and assumed the command of a vessel himself, appointing such of his companions officers as he knew from experience to be able seamen. The crew consisted of sixteen persons, and the vessel was provided with every kind of ammunition and necessary for hazarding desperate adventures, and proved a most formidable annoyance to the maritime trade of the whole kingdom."

No sooner had war broken out between England and America than he rushed off to the latter country, entering into negotiations with "Silas Deane and others," to whom he offered "very valuable communications and intelligence. He obtained from time to time several remittances," which enabled him to "cross the Atlantic to Europe twice, to pick up further particulars of our coasts. Upon this account he is generally said to have changed his name, and assumed that of Captain Paul Jones. Government not being apprised of the sort of spy that had arrived in the country, he was at liberty to go about the capital, and

dwelt for a short time at Wapping," where, according to this narrative, he occupied himself in buying up all the maps, charts, soundings and information having to do with the coasts that he could get his hands on, "all this information making him more valuable to those who employed him." He goes through stirring scenes in the early part of the revolution, and, one is inclined to wonder if there is more truth than fiction in the comments the writer makes on the fiasco with the *Glasgow*, alleging that the "Commander of the Fleet Ezekiel Hopkins was in reality in the pay of the enemies of his country."

Paul is credited with a number of voyages that would have put the Ancient Mariner to the blush, and taken several lifetimes to make. His failure to take the *Drake* the first time is laid to the fact that "the mate, who had drunk too much brandy, did not let go the anchor according to orders," and this is amusing, for the official report lays the blame on the mate, though the brandy is not mentioned.

The description of his informal call at St. Mary's Isle is not to be omitted, as, after some preliminary conversation, "Lady Selkirk herself observed to the officers that she was exceedingly sensible of their commander's moderation; she even intimated a wish to repair to the shore, although a mile distant from her residence, in order to invite him to dinner; but the officers would not allow her ladyship to take so much trouble." Such a charming *entente cordiale* between a peeress of the realm and a piratical son of the sea in the midst of war is quite idyllic, and it

is no wonder Paul spared no expense in returning the family plate at the earliest opportunity.

Paul had an eye for stage effect, such as dressing his men up in "red clothes," and putting some of them aboard the prizes to give the appearance of transports full of troops. The action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* is thrillingly described, being illustrated by a lurid picture of "Paul Jones Shooting Lieutenant Grub For Endeavouring to Lower the American Flag to the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, off Flamborough Head, Sept. 1779." In this memorable scene Paul is adorned with a pair of jet-black whiskers, of the "Piccadilly weeper" fashion, that would have wrought havoc with the heart of an Early Victorian beauty. Considering the heated and sanguinary engagement in which all parties were participating, the exquisite neatness of the Commander's white trousers is most noticeable.

To continue this exciting tale, the captain of the *Serapis*, "hearing the gunner express his wish to surrender in consequence of his supposing that they were sinking, instantly addressed himself to Jones, and exclaimed, 'Do you ask for quarter? do you ask for quarter?' Paul was so occupied at this period, in serving three pieces of cannon on the forecastle, that he remained totally ignorant of what had occurred on deck. He replied, however, 'I do not dream of surrendering, but I am determined to make you strike!' In this dilemma, Lieutenant Grub proceeded directly to tear the stripes from the stump they had been nailed to. The Commodore caught him in this disgraceful

FRONTISPIECE FROM A CHAPBOOK IN THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION, SHOWING "PAUL JONES SHOOTING LIEUTENANT GRUB FOR ENDEAVOURING TO LOWER THE AMERICAN FLAG."

act, and shot him instantly with a boarding-pistol, which, as it is a circumstance of remarkable temerity, has as often been asserted as denied, and not seldom misrepresented; but the reader is assured of the fact, which came from the most undoubted authority, that of Lieut. Wm. Grub's widow.'"

Alas, for the veracity of "Wm. Grub's widow"! The roster of the *Bonhomme Richard* shows but one of that name, and he, "Beaumont Grub, midshipman," was "absent and not in action." And in the ship's log there is no mention of Jones having shot any one.

As many famous actors used to play classical parts in contemporary periwigs and red-heeled shoes, copying the exaggerated dress of the fops who patronised them, so fashion has left its stamp on the mass of prints handed down to us. Pictures of Paul Jones vary as much as the histories of him, and even in the portraits by recognised artists, his eyes rival the chameleon, sometimes black, at others an innocuous bluish-purple, as in the miniature at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; while that painted by the Comtesse de la Vandhal, which was his favourite portrait, gives him eyes of a dark but elusive hazel. In a print of the Grub incident, issued in 1826, Paul and the non-existent Grub are depicted with resplendent ebony whiskers, while in an earlier one, about 1803, when these adornments were not fashionable, they are guileless of such attractions, though Paul is shown with a beautiful nose, strongly reminiscent of the Iron Duke. He also wears top-boots, and Mr. Grub is stylishly clothed in striped trousers, which add a certain *éclat*

to the scene of battle. The Comtesse de la Vandhal's miniature presents him as a man of fashion in all the nicety of Court dress, but above all, Houdon's bust is the most characteristic, reproducing the keen, shrewd, strong features, the forceful concentration, the virility of purpose and doggedness, without which he could never have succeeded. The artist's conception of him is as varied as the historian's idea of his character. From a low-browed, snub-nosed, villainous individual, with a *négligée* shirt and sash full of pistols, to one wherein he resembles "the Father of his Country," if that gentleman ever appeared minus his wig in the stress of battle, they run the gamut. He had remarkably well-shaped hands, as, in the three-quarter portraits of him, this fact is generally emphasised, unless, after the fashion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, one pair of elegant hands served the artist of his day as models for every sitter.

As is the case with a man who had such ardent admirers, Paul had his detractors, bitter and unscrupulous, unsparing in their malignant slanders. He is supposed, after having completed his "servitude" with Captain Johnson, to have "signed articles with Captain Baines, who was then in the Guinea trade; and here his cruel disposition blazed forth in its proper colours by his attempt to sink and destroy the ship and cargo, in consequence of a slight reprimand from the captain, who was a man that bore an excellent character for justice and humanity to his inferiors. For this offence he was brought home in irons; but owing to some defect in the evidence pro-

duced on his trial, he was acquitted of the charge." After admitting that this voyage changed Paul's views of a seafaring life, and made him stay ashore, the writer naïvely remarks: "We are sorry to observe that in this part of the history we have no favourable record to make of the wanderings of our turbulent hero."

Though every moment of these years is now accounted for, this anonymous writer, more remarkable for his total abstention from the truth than anything else, endows young Paul with characteristics that would put the rakes of the Restoration to the blush.

"After committing a number of excesses in the neighbourhood of his patron's residence"—the patron being Lord Selkirk, who, it is an authentic fact, Paul Jones had never seen, though his father is assigned to him as gardener, and his services with Mr. Craik ignored—"he attempted to seduce (and but too successfully succeeded) the virtue of some three young women of some respectability; two of whom soon after became pregnant. The evil did not stop here; it appears he was resolved upon completing the wretchedness of his victims, and placing his own villainy beyond the possibility of a doubt. For it was no sooner known by Paul that the young persons were *in a thriving way*, than he endeavoured, by his artifices and insinuations, to prevail upon each of them to form an acquaintance with a wealthy farmer, for the sole purpose of making him father the unfortunate and innocent offspring! And it is a fact generally accredited, that he completely succeeded in this abominable design."

Not satisfied with this scandal, it continues, "From the respect the Earl of Selkirk had for his father, young Paul was admitted into the house as a domestic, but not without some excellent admonitions from his father, who earnestly entreated him to leave the dissolute part of his companions and take himself seriously to amend his life. In this, as in many other cases, it proved only loss of time to reason with so depraved a character, for he had no sooner got into this situation, than he paid his addresses to one of the females in the house, and who very prudently refused to accept them. But Paul had made sure of this prize also, and determined to run all hazards rather than forgo the objects of his pursuits. He accordingly watched an opportunity when he saw her enter the dairy, and immediately rushed in and fastened the door after him, he then, in the most deliberate manner proceeded to insult the terrified woman, and had nearly accomplished her ruin, when her repeated shrieks brought the Earl (who was at that time near the spot)"—evidently being an inquisitive peer with an interest in dairy farming—"to her assistance. So flagrant an act of injustice could not easily be forgotten, and in lofty language the Earl banished such a desperate character from his estates," this reason being very ingeniously made the motive for the attempt to carry off Selkirk some years later.

And the reader will learn, "Paul's hatred to the Earl, from this occurrence, was continually rankling in his bosom; and that he embraced the first opportunity for retaliating."

Not satisfied yet, Paul became a smuggler, and married a "beautiful farmer's daughter with three hundred pounds." But life ashore becoming monotonous, he again headed his smuggler's band, running into "a port in France, and after most tempestuous weather (during which Paul actually threw a man overboard for a trifling disobedience of orders!) arrived at Boulogne, where the cargo was disposed of, to a great disadvantage from the damage it sustained in the last storm."

If Paul had lived a few years later he would have been one of the shining lights among the "Latter Day Saints," for "our hero now turned his thoughts towards a smirking widow"—not having had the benefit of the immortal Mr. Weller's advice—"the mistress of the hotel where he too had lodgings during his stay in Boulogne." But this "merry widow" was well able to take care of herself, and "after using every kind of stratagem for three months successively without being able to prevail upon the fair hostess to accompany him to the altar of Hymen, he deposited two hundred guineas as a proof of the sincerity of his intention to return and render her completely happy, and then took an affectionate leave." Once on the seas he reverted to the joys of a smuggler's life. "Rightfully judging that Dover was an eligible situation, he hired a capital house there, and figured as a first-rate merchant. Having a confidential superintendent, he had many opportunities of visiting the whole coast; and in one of his excursions, falling in with a number of associates, they formed the resolution

of boarding an armed vessel in the Downs, which had been fitted out by our merchants to act against the Barbary cruisers. Enterprising and audacious as this undertaking was, from the numerous revenue cutters usually stationed in the Downs, they completely succeeded; two men and a boy were the only persons on board, and from their never having been heard of, the owners supposed the vessel had been driven out to sea, and that all on board perished."

Then Paul goes through a variety of stirring events, vanquishing customs-house men, after sanguinary fights, landing under the cover of dense fogs, and plundering houses of gold and jewels, to which the famed riches of Golconda were "as moonlight unto sunlight." From Sussex to the Isle of Man they roved, ultimately receiving intelligence of some merchant ships laden with gold and silver, which they took, "and that not one of the richest; but Paul Jones, finding himself entitled to a share amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, determined to pursue his amour at Boulogne."

Where, during all this time, was his legal bride, "the beautiful farmer's daughter," who does not appear again in the narrative? On reaching l'Orient, Paul generously presented "the vessel and her appurtenances" to his companions; binding them, however, in a solemn oath that they should deal with him only in such articles as were proper for sale at Boulogne and the Isle of Man. . . . Paul slept that night ashore; and in the morning, after sending his comrades a present of twelve dozen of wine and a

liberal supply of fresh provisions, set out for Boulogne. On his arrival he was heartily welcomed by the widow, with whom he had held correspondence during the several months of his absence." Bigamy had no terrors for this roistering blade, as "in about five days they were married, and having assumed the character of landlord, he gave the principal customers of the house an elegant entertainment. For several weeks his behaviour was so affable and condescending, and the articles in which he dealt so good of their respective kinds, and so moderate in price, that the custom of the house surprisingly increased. But nature had not made him to keep within the bounds of moderation. The idea of being possessed of property sufficient to render him independent of business, and the prospects of greater riches, swelled his pride to that pitch that he was no longer able to act under the mask of humility that had for some time disguised his natural turbulence." Just what he did is not hinted, "but the customers were disgusted with his shameful conduct . . . and sought other places of entertainment," so possibly Paul raised the prices. "The decay of the business inflamed him to a degree of the utmost extravagance; and in all probability his wife would have fallen a sacrifice to the impetuosity of his temper had not the amiable tenderness of her disposition been capable of giving some degree of moderation to his violent, restless and impatient spirit."

Apparently he had a partiality for smuggling transactions connected with the Isle of Man, and hearing that the Earl of Derby was about to sell it to the

Crown, he decided to "go there and put his affairs on a firm footing, which he did, leaving his wife in charge of the hotel. . . . On the high seas he met his old pirate crew, but waved his hand in token of greeting," upon which they sailed away leaving him unmolested. "As soon as he arrived he made the first entry of licensed goods transported from England into the Isle of Man." Returning to Boulogne he carried on his smuggling until the death of his wife, when he "again went to the Isle of Man, and transacted some business in the legal way the better to elude the suspicion of his being engaged in contraband dealing," though, sad to relate, except with the law, smugglers were exceptionally popular characters, helped by high and low alike in their efforts to foil the "Preventive" men.

If he ever went to see bride the first, there is no note of the fact; undoubtedly he did not, being a very much occupied individual with his many sporting ventures, not "yet an absolute pirate, but a desperate smuggler." His crew was formed of ruffians of all nationalities, "Blacks, Swedes, Americans, Irish and Liverpool men were particularly welcome to him, and in the north of England he was called the English corsair." He amassed three thousand pounds in these ventures, but his "avaricious mind had led him to take great advantage of several of the smugglers with whom he dealt, some of whom he apprehended might at length be provoked to lodge information against him on account of the illegal traffic he had so long pursued." So he got rid of his various encumbrances,

and went to keep a coffee-house in Dunkirk—stocked with the money which he had borrowed from confiding individuals before leaving the Isle of Man. He kept on dealing in contraband goods, but was "driven nearly to a state of distraction by those to whom he had entrusted his goods allowing them to be seized, as through his want of precaution the goods had fallen into the hands of the king's officers." Paul now shut up his house in Dunkirk, and prepared to embark for England, having "previously remitted a small sum to each of the persons he had defrauded in the Isle of Man; and as they accepted of payment in part, they destroyed every idea of felony, and constituted their respective claims into mere matters of debt; he was therefore no longer under apprehension of prosecution from the criminal laws."

Having concluded the matters which brought him to Rochester, Paul re-turned his attention to the ladies. Taking a "lodging in Long Acre, where he had not resided many weeks before he debauched his landlady's daughter, who removed with him to Tottenham, but in about three weeks he deserted her, and she became a common prostitute." Shocking to relate, "Our hero now engaged in a criminal intercourse with the mistress of a notorious brothel in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, who assumed his name, and passed under the character of his wife." But again was he bereaved, "the woman being seized with a fit of apoplexy, she expired while he was examining some accounts in a parlour adjoining to her bedroom. He no sooner discovered her situation, than he

searched her pockets, and taking her keys, secreted all her ready money, and some other valuable effects, amounting in the whole to about three hundred pounds, and then absconded with his booty." Moving to Paternoster Row, where he gambled recklessly, until reduced to the sum of £108, with which, after a good deal of brawling in billiard-rooms and pot-houses, he again went to sea as a smuggler, "committing many depredations along the coast, and capturing a Spanish galleon of inestimable treasure, which struck on a rock, going to the bottom with all hands on board. There were innumerable merchant vessels that found him unpleasantly on the alert, and on one foray he went to Whitehaven, where he seized a young woman while she was standing on the wharf, and placed her in the hold; and the following day he enticed a publican on board, and immediately got under weigh. The man returned several years after, but the woman has never been heard of since."

Now all this is an amazing tissue of lies, as Paul Jones was born in 1757 and went to America in 1773, he was less than seventeen when most of these disreputable adventures were being enacted. Is it odd that he was spoken of with bated breath, shunned as more dangerous than the plague, and that mothers hushed naughty children with the invocation of his name? His services in France and Russia are ignored, and he is sent to Kentucky, where he gained great wealth and estates, dying in the early eighteen hundreds.

In a three-volume romance by Allan Cunningham,

Paul dies in Paris, poor and miserable, wrapped in his cloak on a truckle bed, just as he is about to receive the appointment of commander of the Republican navy; Fenimore Cooper wrote of him in *The Pilot;* and Thackeray in *Dennis Duval;* and Dibden wrote a "melodramatic romance" about him, which was played at the Metropolitan minor theatres, and the great Dumas took him as the subject of one of his least-known novels, under the title of *Captain Paul.* In this book he is the natural son of a great French family, a beneficent *deus ex machina* to his left-handed brothers and sister, whom he showers with favours. On the many voyages which he made to the West Indies, he always visited this sister and her husband, who was governor of Guadeloupe. The story floats in hysterical tears, in which Paul joins frequently, finally disappearing, after a touching scene with his mother, who presses on his acceptance a diamond-encrusted miniature of his long dead father, the Comte de Morlaix. This, for twenty-five years, the secretive lady had kept, unknown to her husband, who shot Paul's father in a duel, where the latter refused to fire; an incident so disturbing to his mind that he went mad. It is a great jumble, with all the elements of purest melodrama. That very puissant lady, Margaret Blanche de Sablé, Marquise d'Auray, his mother, was an austere character with a great reputation for piety, and her children stood in wholesome awe of her. She must be pardoned her early indiscretion, for she had been engaged to the Comte de Morlaix, when, alack! a sort of Montagu-Capulet

unpleasantness happened, and the lovers were parted. Dumas, with most unusual inaccuracy, buries his hero in *Père la Chaise*, which was not opened until 1804.

The ballad writers sang in praise of his deeds, quite unfettered by hampering truth, and the following is one of the best examples. It begins—

PAUL JONES

(*From the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.*)

"An American frigate, called the *Rachel* by name,
Mounted guns forty-four, from New York she came,
To cruise in the Channel of old England's fame,
With a noble commander, Paul Jones was his name.
We had not cruised long when two sails we espied,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise.
Fifty bright shipping, well loaded with store,
And the convoy stood in for the old Yorkshire shore."

It goes on to relate how they came alongside, with the customary interview through the speaking-trumpet, and says—

"We fought them four glasses, four glasses so hot,
Till forty bold seamen lay dead on the spot,
And fifty-five more lay bleeding in gore,
While the thun'dring large cannons of Paul Jones did roar."

The fight continued amid much smoke of battle, and

"Paul Jones he then smiled, and to his men did say,
'Let every man stand the best of his play,'
For broadside for broadside they fought on the main;
Like true buckskin heroes, we returned it again.

The *Cerapus* wore round our ship for to rake,
Which made the proud hearts of the English to ache,
The shot flew so hot we could not stand it long,
Till the bold British colours from the English came down.

And now, my bold boys, we have taken a rich prize,
A large forty-four, and a twenty likewise;
To help the poor mothers, that have reason to weep,
For the loss of their sons in the unfathomed deep."

CHAPTER XV

1778

When Paul Jones relinquished his command of the *Ranger* to Simpson, it was on the definite promise of the French government that he was to have the frigate *Indien* over which there had been so much bickering; without this promise he certainly would not have cut himself adrift from the United States Navy, an action leaving him without occupation or employment in a foreign country. Jones had one great failing, and this was, being a man who lived up to his word, he never could be made to realise that there were many men on whom such an obligation was not binding; and, in this instance of the *Indien*, the promise was known to and approved by Dr. Franklin, who spoke of it in his letter, dated June 10, 1778, alluding to the wish of the Commissioners to order the *Ranger* back to America.

"You will judge from what follows whether it will not be advisable *for you to propose* their sending her back with her people, and under some other command. In consequence of the high opinion the Minister of the Marine has of your conduct and bravery, it is now settled (observe that is to be a secret between us, I being expressly enjoined not to communicate it to any other person) that you are to have

the frigate from Holland, which actually belongs to the government, and will be furnished with as many good French seamen as you shall require. But you are to act under Congress Commission.

"As you may like to have a number of Americans, and your own are homesick, it is purposed to give you as many as you can engage out of two hundred prisoners which the ministry of Britain have at length agreed to give us in exchange for those you have in your hands." Here follow some details as to the exchange of prisoners. "If by this means you can get a good new crew, I think it would be best that you are quite free of the old one; for a mixture might introduce the infection of that sickness you complain of. But this may be left to your own discretion. Perhaps we shall join you with the *Providence*, Captain Whipple, a new continental ship of 30 guns. . . .

"It seems to be desired that you will step up to Versailles (where one will meet you), in order to such a settlement of matters and plans with those who have the direction as cannot well be done by letter. I wish it may be convenient to you to do it immediately.

"The prospect of giving you the command of this ship pleases me the more, as it is a probable opening to the higher preferment you so justly merit."

The French Minister of Marine notified the wishes of his Most Christian Majesty to employ the American captain, and the Commissioners as formally signified their acquiescence. They say, "We readily consent that he should be at your Excellency's disposition,

and shall be happy if his services may be in any respect useful to the designs your Excellency has in contemplation."

"Though Jones had already some experience of Marine Committees, and of the delays and insolence of office, it was quite impossible that he could have anticipated all the vexatious annoyance in store for him by a proposal which at first sight appeared so fair and flattering. He made his acknowledgments to the minister in his best style; but probably thought less of the "dignity of human nature," the slang of that day, long before all official connexion was finished between them." The *Épervier* was the ship promised for his command. He suggests various enterprises to be undertaken by himself for harrying the coast of England and Ireland. "To take the Bank of Ayr, destroy that town, and probably Greenock and Port Glasgow, with the shipping in the Clyde," was yet bolder design. "Much," he says, "might be done in Ireland, where ships worth 150,000 *livres, or even* 200,000, might be seized; London might be distressed by cutting off the supply of coals carried from Newcastle, the fishing at Campbelton might be destroyed, and many towns on the north-east coasts of England and Scotland might be burnt or laid under contribution." There was a project of destroying the Baltic fleet. He emphasises the fact that "the success of any of these, or like enterprises will depend in surprising well, and on despatch both in the attack and in the retreat; therefore it is necessary the ships should *sail fast*, and that their forces should be sufficient to

repel any of the enemy's cruising frigates, two of which may perhaps be met at a time. It is scarcely conceivable how great a panic the success of any one of these projects would occasion in England. It would convince the world that their coasts are vulnerable, and would, consequently, hurt their public credit.

"If alarming the coast of Britain should be thought inexpedient, to intercept the enemy's West India or Baltic fleet, or their Hudson's Bay ships, or destroy their Greenland fishery, are capital objects."

As so often is the case where promises are easily made, nothing materialised. The inactivity and inaction preyed on Jones to such an extent that he wrote on September 13, 1778, an "explicit letter" to M. de Sartine, in a few well-turned sentences expressing the honour which he considered had been done him, when Dr. Franklin told him of de Sartine's intentions. He alluded to his journey to Versailles, in response to those orders, "believing that my intended ship was in deep water and ready for the sea," and of his consequent surprise on learning from the Prince de Nassau, who had just come from inspecting her, "that the *Indien* could not be got afloat within a shorter period than three months at the approaching equinox. To employ this interval usefully I first offered to go from Brest with Comte d'Orvillers, as a volunteer, which you thought fit to reject. . . . I was flattered with assurances from Messieurs de Chaumont and Bandonin that three of the finest frigates in France, with two tenders and a number of troops, would be immediately put under my command, and that I

should have unlimited orders, and be at free liberty to pursue such of my own projects as I thought proper. But this plan fell to nothing in the moment when I was taught to think that nothing was wanting but the King's signature."

He speaks of "the inferior armament," which was to have been sent out from l'Orient, of which he rejoices he did not have the command, the expedition proving a failure; and so he "was therefore saved from a dreadful prospect of ruin and dishonour."

"I had so entire a reliance that you would desire nothing of me inconsistent with my honour and rank, that the moment you required me to come down here, in order to proceed round to St. Malo, though I had received no written orders, and neither knew your intention respecting my destination or command, I obeyed with such haste that, although my curiosity led me to look at the armament at l'Orient, yet I was but three days from Passy till I reached Brest.

"Here, too, I drew a blank; but when I saw the *Lively* it was not so disappointing, as that ship, both in sailing and equipment, is far inferior to the *Ranger*."

The conclusion of the next paragraph speaks plainly of a lack of faith somewhere.

"My only disappointment here was my being precluded from embarking in pursuit of marine knowledge with Comte d'Orvillers, who did not sail till seven days after my return. He is my friend, and expressed his wishes for my company; I accompanied him out of the road when the fleet sailed; and he

always lamented that neither himself nor any person in authority in Brest had received from you any order that mentioned my name. I am astonished therefore to be informed that you attribute my not being in the fleet to my stay at l'Orient.

"I am not a mere adventurer of fortune. Stimulated by principles of reason and philanthrophy, I laid aside my enjoyments in private life and embarked under the flag of America when it was first displayed. In that line my desire of fame is infinite, and I must not now so far forget my own honour, and what I owe to my friends in America, as to remain inactive.

"My rank knows no superior in the American Marine: I have long since been appointed to command an expedition with five of its ships, and I can receive orders from no junior or inferior officer whatever.

"I have been here in the most tormenting suspense for more than a month since my return; and agreeably to your desire, as mentioned to me by Monsieur Chaumont, a lieutenant has been appointed, and is with me, who speaks the French as well as the English. Circular letters have been written and sent the 8th of last month from the English Admiralty, because they expected me to pay another visit with four ships. Therefore I trust that, if the *Indien* is not to be got out, you will not, at the approaching season, substitute a force that is not at least equal both in strength and sailing to any of the enemy's cruising ships.

"I do not wish to interfere with the harmony of the French Marine; but if I am still thought worthy of your attention, I shall hope for a separate com-

mand, with liberal orders. If, on the contrary, you should now have no further occasion for my services, the only favour I can ask is, that you will bestow on me the *Alert*, with a few seamen, and permit me to return and carry with me your good opinion in that small vessel, before the winter, to America."

This letter was shown to the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, before being sent to Franklin, who, as usual, reiterated his favourite formula of *patience*. But Jones wrote to him impetuously: "It is in vain for the minister to pretend that he has not ships to bestow. I know the contrary. He has bestowed the *Renommée* and others here since my return; and there are yet several new ships unbestowed at St. Malo and elsewhere. I know, too, that unless the States of Holland oppose it, the *Indien* can be got afloat with a tenth part of the difficulty that has been represented. If I was worth his notice at the beginning I am not less so now. After all, you have desired me to have patience, and I promise you that I will wait your kind advice and take no step without your approbation. If it were consistent and convenient for you to see M. de Sartine, I should hope that such an explanation would be the consequence as might remove every cause of uneasiness.

"I wish to have no connection with any ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to *go in harm's way*. You know, I believe, that this is not every one's intention. . . .

"I have, to show my gratitude to France," he adds, "lost so much time, and with it opportunities as I

cannot regain—I have almost half killed myself with grief. Give me but an assurance that the command of the *Indien* will be reserved for me and bestowed on no other person on any pretence whatsoever, and I will say I am satisfied. This, I pledge myself, will be no loss to France—America is not ungrateful. The noble-minded Congress knows not the little, mean distinctions of climate or place of nativity, nor have they adopted any *rule* which can preclude them from encouraging or rewarding the merit of a stranger by raising him even to the first posts of honour. In the army there are many instances of this. In the navy, young as it is, it gives me particular pleasure to inform you that Congress have given the command of *the best ship* in their service to a French officer, and called the ship the *Alliance!*"

These letters are undoubtedly genuine, yet it seems strangely inconsistent that Jones should have apparently forgotten, or ignored, those slights from Congress, when the promotion of subordinate officers over his head wrought him to a pitch of anger that was not allayed by his consultations with "fiery Nicholas Biddle." In all countries, influence played a part, and, in France, as in America, there were many soliciting the commands aspired to by Jones. The French Navy, at the moment, offered little chance for a "future Jean Bart"; but what of those "political skippers" who had so excited his contempt and fury a few years back?

Again he extols Congress, saying: "M. de Sartine may think as he pleases, but Congress will not thank

him for having thus treated an officer who has always been honoured with their favour and friendship."

To le Ray de Chaumont he complains, very naturally—

"Although the minister has treated me like a child five successive times, by leading me from little to little, and from little to less, yet I had more dependence on his honourable intentions, until he refused the small command which you asked for me the 23rd ultimo, and afterwards bestowed the *Fox on a lieutenant*, who, to my certain knowledge, does not thank him for the favour, and thinks that ship far short of his right." Jones lost faith in de Sartine's promises, and refers sarcastically to the interview which de Sartine had with de Chaumont, when the former swore "by the Styx that Paul Jones should have a ship if he had to buy it."

De Sartine did not accord Jones answers to his letters, which was a "piece of incivility and disrespect to me as a stranger which he has not shown even to subalterns in the French Marine, in whose hands I have seen his answers to letters of little importance. The secrecy which I was required to observe respecting what seemed his first intention in my favour has been inviolable; and I have been so delicate with respect to my situation, that I have been, and am, considered everywhere as an officer disgraced and cast off for private reasons. I have, of course, been in actual disgrace here ever since my return, which is more than two months. I have already lost near five months of my time, the best season of the year, and

such opportunities of serving my country, and *acquiring honour, as I cannot again expect this war*, while I have been thus shamefully entrapped in inaction. If the minister's intentions have been honourable from the beginning, he will make a direct written apology to me, suitable to the injury which I have sustained, otherwise, in vindication of my sacred honour, painful as it will be, I must publish in the Gazettes of Europe the conduct he has held towards me."

Franklin and Dr. Bancroft sympathised with the offended captain, and Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, who acted as his secretary, wrote: "Monsieur S.'s conduct towards you has been as remarkable as it has been unjust, and has altered in a great degree the good opinion many have had of him. I have been asked in several companies, *Où est le brave Capitaine Jones? que fait-il?* and have felt myself (as your compatriot) in a manner ill-treated, when I can only answer that you are still at Brest."

Young Franklin added the consoling information that M. de Chaumont had "certain knowledge M. S. was ashamed of the conduct he had held towards you, and that he was now occupied to make up for it. Bancroft," says he, "is assured that the minister had all along felt good dispositions, but had been prevented from carrying them into execution by the intrigues of 487,557 (the marine), among whom multitudes were making interest, and caballing to obtain 303 (ships) and opposing the disposal of any except among their own body; but 710 (de Sartine) had assured him that you should have one, if he were even to purchase it." He gives Jones the inevitable

temporising advice to "wait a week or two, when, if nothing comes, I think 299 (Franklin) will declare his utmost resentment, and nothing that any of us can say will be too bad."

Unaware of this terrible threat, M. de Sartine still procrastinated. The *Ranger* sailed under command of Simpson, on July 16th, and on the 1st of October Jones was still unemployed, and wrote to Mr. Hewes on the subject—

"The French have little conception of expeditions such as I propose; projects to harry the coasts and destroy the commerce of the enemy. Their idea is to leave all that to privateers, of which I have already been offered a dozen commands. Some of the ships they fit out as privateers are really respectable frigates in size, and I have seen one, called the *Monsieur*, that mounts thirty-eight or forty guns. But I do not wish to engage in privateering. My object is not that of private gain, but to serve the public in a way that may reflect credit on our infant navy, and give prestige to our country on the sea. . . . Another obstacle I meet with every day is the jealousy of the French officers. By this I mean not the higher ranks, as d'Orvillers and d'Estaing and de Grasse, but the younger officers in my own grade. You must know that the French navy is not merely aristocratic like the English, but it is wholly a navy of the *noblesse*. You may think it incredible, but it is a fact that a royal ordinance is in force, not long ago promulgated, requiring that candidates for promotion from lieutenant to captain must first of all produce proof of noble lineage for at least four generations back of their own, or must be

members by heritage of the order of the Chevaliers of St. Louis! This, as you see, puts an end to the possibility of a future Jean Bart."

Impartially viewing the situation, such jealousy was natural. The army and navy were the only careers open to those nobles, bred of forbears whom Louis XIV's command to live at Versailles, forever in his presence, had reduced to the condition of puppets, with no ambition except to attract the royal smile. The power of independent nobility was dreaded by the French throne, and it was the policy of Louis to have around him at all hours those who might plot, if left to their own devices. Commissions in either service were not gained without fierce and shameful intrigues, whose ramifications extended indefinitely; bribery played its corrupting part, and many a portionless sister prayed her wasted life away in the convent so her brother might swagger with the bravest on the money which should have been her marriage dowry.

"It must, so long as it now stands, shut out talent and merit from all command rank in the French navy," Jones argued in the same letter. "And in the main, leave open the door of preferment to those only who can boast the favour of titled courtiers, or who, in default of aptitude for the naval service, can offer nothing but pedigrees that in most cases argue decay rather than improvement of blood by age of family."

This condition of favouritism was not peculiar to the French navy, as has been shown by the incompetent officers to whom the United States Navy owed its earlier failures, nor did Jones represent it in anything but the true light. He acknowledged facts coldly to

Franklin, which, in the letter to de Sartine for some reason or other, he saw fit to view with more partiality. "I have," he declared, "excited the jealousy of many officers in our young navy, because I have pursued honour while they sought after profit." He laments: "The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres were sure I was to have two frigates lately ready for sea at Brest, one of thirty-six guns to be my own command, and the other to be commanded by a French officer, Captain de Roberdeau, selected by the Duke, I to be the senior officer. To these frigates were to be added two sloops of twenty guns. But at the last moment the two frigates were needed to join the grand fleet of the Comte d' Estaing, and their commands were given to regular French officers."

Being a foreigner, unacquainted with the wheels-within-wheels spinning so busily at Versailles, Jones never seems to have had the idea that his attempts to get a command might have been more successful had he not been a *protégé* of the Duc de Chartres. The Duc was greatly disliked by the King and Queen, and hated by the two antagonistic political factions and a myriad of personal enemies. The friendship he showed for Jones was very marked, and, from a prince, could not fail to excite remark and create envy in the minds of his associates on whom the favour was not bestowed; and—disliked though he was—de Chartres could not be ignored either in society or politically.

The intrigues of the French party were not the only ones he had to fight, for the Commissioners were never able to agree upon the many arrangements of which

they had the making, and there was always the annoyance of Lee's treachery to counteract the few details on which they were of the same mind. Jones, very naturally, resents "the presence of English spies and emissaries in pay of Lord North holding positions under the Commissioners—or one of them, where they have full knowledge of the most confidential proceedings and free access to the most secret papers; and you must see that the path of any one striving to honestly serve our cause here is thick with thorns. . . . The Commissioners have no resources . . . yet, with all these sinister forces to contend with, do not for a moment imagine that I despair. I am sure I will succeed in the end, though not quite as quickly as I would like, or, perhaps, not on such a large scale. But I will succeed."

But the time for success was not ripe, and there were hours when blank failure seemed to appear as a gaunt spectre, to be swept away by a chance word promising the fulfilment of his desire. De Sartine was, undoubtedly, a man of many flattering words and promises, but Jones states that he "cannot and dare not do what I think he really wishes, because of the high and dangerous cabals of the French officers, who urge that the rules of the service will not admit of giving me command of ships detached from the Royal Marine."

Possibly Paul Jones did not realise at first that there were many who would have preferred him as captain of a privateer where his well-known daring could reap rich profits for the owners of the venture. When at last he did grasp the fact he was highly

indignant, and, on November 16th, wrote to Mr. Hewes from Brest;—

"It is now clear to me that they do not intend to give me a regular command. The minister (de Sartine) shuffles all the time with one excuse or another. This makes me believe that it is the fixed intention of the cabal to force me into privateering. There is a strong moneyed and political association, well backed at Court and including, I believe, not a few courtiers, anxious to fit me out with a squadron of privateers or letters-of-marque. M. de Chaumont is at the head of this association. They will give me at least two ships of forty guns each and two or three more vessels of from eighteen to twenty-four guns, with French crews, besides such Americans as I can muster in Brest, Nantes, l'Orient, and Dunkirk, and with such a force I am to put to sea in quest of plunder and to enrich a few French bankers and merchants.

"You need not be told, Mr. Hewes, that this prospect does not suit me. I am not in pursuit of private gain for myself or for others. I hold commission as captain in the regular navy of the United States, which, in my estimation, is not to be outranked by the same grade of commission of even date in any other navy in the world. My sole ambition is to have opportunity of fighting a battle in virtue of that commission, and under our own new flag among nations which that commission entitles me to fly; to fight under such auspices a battle that will teach to the world, and particularly to Englishmen and Frenchmen, that the American flag means something afloat and must be respected at sea.

"To a man of your own perfect perceptions and your own infallible sense of what is proper, Mr. Hewes, it is not needful to say that no such thing as I have expressed can possibly be done in a private armed ship or under a letter-of-marque, flying no matter what flag. To have any effect in the way of prestige to our infant nation such a battle must be fought under the commission that I have been honoured with by the Congress, and under the flag of our own country.

"However, it wastes time, paper and ink to argue this with you, and, also, as the last reports I have from you indicate that you are yet in feeble health and out of public life, I shrink from the thought of tiring you either with the length of my letter or the troubles of my situation. . . . Of one thing, in spite of all, you may definitely assure yourself, and that is, I will not accept any command or enter upon any arrangement that can in the least bring in question or put out of sight the regular rank I hold in the United States Navy; for which I now, as always, acknowledge my debt to you more than to any other person."

There is far too much correspondence to quote in detail. The whole situation was exasperatingly impossible. No command, nothing definite for the future, nothing but elegantly worded, empty promises; and this to repay Jones for relinquishing a command, to remain in France, at the very particular wish of the Ministry of Marine. Everything seemed to have come to a standstill, even Franklin, the only one of the Commissioners who cared to do anything for Jones, confessed himself powerless to take further steps.

Worn out by all this procrastination, he wrote to the Duc de Chartres, explaining the matter at some length, and received the following reply—

"It seems to me that nothing is left for you to do but appeal to the King in person. This will, of course, be unusual, and contrary to strict etiquette of Court. But his Majesty is a man of generous sentiments, and I am persuaded that if the real facts of your situation could be laid before him he would act in your favour. My advice, therefore, is that you write to him frankly, in your own fashion. My good consort the Duchesse will undertake to hand your letter to his Majesty. Her Royal Highness will also interest her sister-in-law, the Princesse de Lamballe, in the affair, and by that means you may have even the acquiescence, if not the support, of her Majesty the Queen."

By one of those strange coincidences, one day, when Jones was impatiently turning over an accumulation of papers, he came across a tattered almanack, published by Franklin, and containing a collection of philosophical sayings called *Poor Richard's Maxims*. As he indifferently glanced at the pages he was struck with the advice, if a "man wishes to have any business faithfully and expeditiously performed, to go on it himself; otherwise, to send." This struck him as so applicable to his own position that immediately on receiving the Duc de Chartres's letter he went to Paris. When, finally, he received his ship, the *Duc de Duras*, he obtained permission from the ministry to change the name to the *Bonhomme Richard*, in compliment to the doctor, who used this as his *nom de plume*.

CHAPTER XVI

1778–1779

On the 3rd of December, 1778, the Duchesse de Chartres presented Paul Jones's letter to the King; on the 17th he was summoned to Versailles and granted an audience lasting an hour; the details of which, according to etiquette, never transpired, even in the private papers found after his death. The following month de Sartine was commanded to place a ship, equal in tonnage and armament to the *Indien*, at his orders. There is unintentional humour in de Sartine's letter, which commences—

"In consequence of the exposition which I have laid before the King of the distinguished manner in which you have served the United States . . . the King has thought proper to place under your command the ship *Duras*, of forty guns, at present at l'Orient," the writer lavishly promises everything in his power "to promote the success of your enterprise," all of which Jones, after his experiences, must have taken with a very large grain of salt.

Captain Jones was to sail under the flag of the United States, "to form his equipage of American subjects," though, as there might be some difficulty in this, the King allowed him to levy volunteers as he saw fit, "exclusive of those who are necessary to manœuvre the ship." He was to cruise in European

or American waters at his discretion, but to render account of his actions as often as he entered "the ports under the dominion of the King."

This letter would have easily convinced any one not behind the scenes that it was to the incessant and untiring efforts of M. de Sartine that Paul Jones owed his long-deferred command, and the concluding paragraph does not lessen the effect. Possibly, like many of those who distribute the favours of others, de Sartine really believed what he wrote.

"So flattering a mark of the confidence with which you are honoured cannot but encourage you to use all your zeal in the common cause, persuaded as I am that you will justify my opinion on every occasion. It only rests with me to recommend to you to show those prisoners who may fall into your hands those sentiments of humanity which the King professes towards his enemies, and to take the greatest care not only of your own equipage, but also of all the ships which may be placed under your orders."

Paul affected to believe all these rhetorically impressive sentiments, and wrote, thanking de Sartine as cordially as if certain *contretemps* had never been. He expressed his obligation to the minister for allowing the name of the *Duras* to be changed to *Le Bonhomme Richard*, "as it gives me a pleasing opportunity of paying a well merited compliment to a great and good man, to whom I am under obligations, and who honurs me with his friendship.

"With the rays of hope once more lighting up the prospect, my first *devoir* was at the *Palais Royale*, to

thank the more than royal—the divine—woman to whose grace I felt I owed all. She received me with her customary calmness. To my perhaps impassioned sentiments of gratitude she responded with serene composure, that if she had been instrumental in bringing the affair to a successful issue, it was no more than her duty to a man who, as she believed, sought only opportunity to serve the common cause, now equally as dear to France as to America, and that she was sure I would make the best of the opportunity that had been brought about."

Paul was overwhelmed by the graciousness of the Princess, and with his intensely chivalric and beauty-loving nature and the romance which formed so strong an element in his complex personality, burned to distinguish himself in the eyes of a woman who believed him capable of great deeds. Had he lived a few hundreds of years before, this romantic strain would have found outlet in scouring arid deserts for an oasis, at which grew fruits on an unclimbable tree, to lay at the feet of an *exigeante* lady-love as a *gage d'amour*. As it was, he swore to "lay an English frigate at her feet"—and kept his word.

The interview was a long one, and, he tells us, "she said there was a more serious concern that had come to her knowledge; that she knew I was not at the moment suitably provided with private resources, and that in consequence she had directed her banker to place to my credit at the house of his correspondent in l'Orient, M. Gourlade, a certain sum, the notice of which I would find awaiting me on my arrival.

PAUL JONES

[*From the terra-cotta bust by Houdon.*

She enjoined upon me to offer neither thanks nor protestations to her on account of it." She waved aside the attempted explanations, that Le Ray de Chaumont had made some provision for expenses, and "quite impatiently retorted that M. de Chaumont's arrangements were not her affair, and commanded me to be silent on the subject. Then she dismissed me with a '*bon voyage, ne m'oubliez pas*,' and a pleasant reminder that I had long ago promised, if fortune should smile upon me, 'to lay an English frigate at her feet!' whereupon I took my leave, and at once set out for l'Orient."

Thanks to the Duchesse's munificent gift of ten thousand louis d'or, with its purchasing power of three times the sum to-day, Jones was relieved of that harassing *bête noir*, lack of funds, and able to fit out the *Bonhomme Richard* without delay. He considered the money as a loan, but when he spoke to the Duc d'Orléans in 1786 about repaying it, the latter replied positively, "Not unless you wish her to dismiss you from her esteem and banish you from her *salon!* She did not lend it to you; she gave it to the cause."

Le Duc de Duras, now Jones's ship, under the name of the *Bonhomme Richard*, was built in 1766 for the French East India Company, from whom the King had just purchased her to be used as an armed transport. Twelve years' hard voyaging to the East Indies had reduced her to a state of very great dilapidation, and a thorough overhauling was imperative, which took from February till June, though

he "exhausted every endeavour to hurry them, and was treated very fairly by the French dockyard authorities."

Jones had many changes to make in the *Bonhomme Richard*, which, though a reliable ship for passengers and cargo, where steady sailing was all required, was in truth an unwieldy old craft. He describes her as "sailing well with the wind abaft her beam," when close hauled she "pointed up badly, steered hard and unsteady, and made much leeway. She would not hold her luff five minutes with the weather-leech shivering in the fore-topsail, and had to be either eased off or broached to quickly or she would fall off aback, if not closely conned. I mention this because the ability of a ship to hold her luff, if necessary, right up into the teeth of the wind, and even after that to hold steering way enough to wear or tack as occasion may require, is frequently of supreme importance in battle, and, all other things being equal, has decided the fate of many ship-to-ship combats at sea."

The re-christened *Bonhomme Richard* was 152 feet over all, with a tonnage of 998 tons (French). She carried, when turned over to Paul Jones, fourteen long twelve-pounders, and fourteen long nines, and twelve six-pounders. "Her main or gun deck was roomy, and of good height under beams. . . . Below the main deck aft was a large steerage, or, as it would be called in a man-of-war, a 'gun-room,' extending some distance forward of the step of the mizzen-mast. This deck had been used for passengers when the ship was an Indiaman; but as the port sills of it were

a good four feet above water when the ship was at her deep trim, I determined to make a partial lower gun-deck of it by cutting six ports on a side and mounting in them twelve eighteen-pounders. But, being able to obtain only eight eighteens, I cut only four ports on a side, and in fact put to sea with only six eighteen-pounders, two of the eight being unfit for service when turned over to me."

He goes into a wealth of technical detail as to his changes in the *Bonhomme Richard*, but sums up that: "This made her, with the eighteen-pounders, a fair equivalent of a thirty-six-gun frigate; or without them, the equal of the thirty-two as usually rated in the regular rate-list of the English and French navies." A crew of three hundred and seventy-five all told was enlisted. The Americans, including officers, only counted fifty. A "hundred and ninety odd were aliens, partly enlisted from British prisoners of war, partly Portuguese, a few French sailors or fishermen, and some Lascars. In addition to these two hundred and forty seamen I shipped one hundred and twenty-two French soldiers, who were allowed to volunteer from the garrison, few or none of whom had before served aboard ship, and the commandant of the dock-yard loaned me twelve regular marines, whom I made non-commissioned officers. The regular marine guard for a ship of the *Richard's* size or rate would be about fifty to sixty of all ranks. My reason for shipping such a large number was that I meditated descents on the enemy's coasts, and also that I wished to be sure of force enough to keep my mixed and motley

crew of seamen in order." The rest of the squadron were the *Alliance*, *Pallas* and *Vengeance*, and a coastguard cutter called the *Cerf*. It was arranged that Lafayette, with seven hundred men, was to join the expediton. He writes enthusiastically to Paul Jones "that we must not, if possible, put troops on board of her (the *Alliance*), because there would be disputes between the land officers and Capt. Landais. Don't you think, my dear sir, that we might have them divided in this way—

On board the *Bonhomme Richard* (50 Dragoons and 150 soldiers)	200
On board the *Monsieur*	300
On board the *Pallas*, the artillery and	150

"If you don't like it, you might have 150 men on board of the *Alliance*, but I fear disputes. M. de Chaumont will make the little arrangements for the table of the officers, etc."

Lafayette was admittedly a *poseur*, and his concluding paragraph, quoted below, is an example of the strange composition of this man's nature; who could lay such stress on trivial details, and unconcernedly impoverish himself and his family with a quixotism unsurpassed by the Knight of la Mancha himself.

"Though the command is not equal to my military rank, the love of the public cause made me very happy to take it; and as this motive is the only one which conducts all my private and public actions, I am sure I'll find in you the same zeal, and we shall do as much and more than any others would perform in the same situation. Be certain, my dear Sir, that I'll be

happy to divide with you whatever share of glory may await us, and that my esteem and affection for you is truly felt, and will last for ever."

But Lafayette's family had no wish to see him go to sea in company with so determined a fighter as his Scotch friend, and he wrote on May 22nd, 1779, "I dare say you will be sorry to hear that the King's dispositions concerning our plans have been quite altered, and that instead of meeting you I am now going to take command of the King's regiment at Saintes." The Court was at this moment planning one of those colossal spectacular invasions of England, which, though they never matured, proved a favourite and more than semi-occasional project, causing less harm to the island neighbours than the modest attempts of Paul Jones and his forays on the Scotch coast.

The squadron of which Jones supposed he was to have chief command comprised the *Bonhomme Richard*, the *Alliance*, the *Pallas*, the *Vengeance* brig, and the *Cerf*, a fine cutter. Jones had, with his usual daring, planned nothing less than an attack on Liverpool. "A plan," he says, "was laid, which promised perfect success, and, had it succeeded, would have astonished the world." No less than five hundred picked men from the famous Irish brigade, under command of Mr. Fitzmaurice, were to have taken part in the attempt. But, unfortunately, "a person (de Chaumont) was appointed commissary, and unwisely intrusted with the secret of the expedition. The commissary took upon himself the whole direction at l'Orient; but the secret was too big for him to keep.

All Paris rang with the expedition from l'Orient; and government was obliged to drop the plan when the squadron lay ready for sea, and the troops ready to embark."

"In an evil hour he solicited that the *Alliance*, a new American frigate, of which the command had been given by Congress to one Landais, a Frenchman, should be added to his force. As Dr. Franklin had just been formally appointed ambassador to the Court of France, Jones imagined that not only the disposal of the frigate, but the power of displacing its commander at pleasure, was vested in him, as guardian of American interests in Europe."

This, presumably, could not be done, and he had the vexation of seeing the fastest sailing ship in his squadron commanded by a man whose enmity towards him was constant and undying. Pierre Landais, a disgraced officer in the French service, cashiered for insubordination and refusal to pay debts of honour; disowned by his family and without career, had been glad to engage as captain of one of the ships sent by Beaumarchais to America with supplies for Washington's army. He was a plausible scoundrel, and once in America, represented himself as a French naval officer on leave for the purpose of giving his services to the new navy, and the Congress, without looking into the matter, and thinking to please their French allies, precipitately gave him command of the best ship they had, and fate decreed that he should be a perpetual thorn in Paul Jones's flesh.

On June 10th, 1779, "M. de Chaumont presents his

compliments to Mr. Jones, and informs him that everything is on board except the powder, which will require only two hours, when he may set sail with a favourable wind.

"M. de Chaumont informs, at the same time, Mr. Jones that he will have papers to sign before his departure, for the sundry articles which the King has furnished the ship; therefore M. de Chaumont earnestly entreats Mr. Jones not to neglect it, considering the immense expense which the vessels in the port have occasioned to the King." Jones is reminded that "M. de Sartine has left to him and to M. Landais the choice of two excellent American pilots, and his attention is called to the situation of the (French) officers who have accepted commissions from Congress to join the armament of the *Bonhomme Richard* which you command, may be in contradiction with the interests of their own ships; this induces me to request you to enter into an engagement with me that you shall not require from the said vessels any services but such as will be conformable with the orders which those officers shall have, and that in no case shall you require any change to be made in the formation of their crews, which, as well as the vessels themselves and their armament, shall be entirely at the disposition of the commandants of the said vessel." This stipulation was one of the first straws to show which way the wind blew, and the precursor of that unheard-of "Concordat" which Jones was obliged to sign before putting to sea with his squadron the second time.

Paul's few leisure moments were filled listening to the miscellaneous advice with which every one gratuitously inundated him, and which varied in text from de Chaumont's lamentations over the King's outlay, to Dr. Franklin's perpetual reiterations that Jones should play the game of war in a genteel and harmless fashion where the enemy was concerned, sparing everything and everybody sparable, and treat his prisoners "with kindness and consideration."

If Franklin really objected to war and its inevitable boisterousness, why did he abandon all his occupations, go to France, and work indefatigably to get French help for the Americans, when he knew that such help would embroil several unoffending nations into the war he so deplored? Dr. Franklin is not consistent, and belongs to that great army of temporisers of which the American revolution is so full; who made little effort to back up their representatives, and classed this non-support under the heading of "diplomatic relations." The philosophical doctor was not wholly lacking an eye to the main chance, and there is a suggestiveness in the postscript of one of these letters—"N.B.—If it should fall in your way, remember that the Hudson's Bay ships are very valuable. B. F."

As the attack on Liverpool had been abandoned, thanks to that "tattling commissary," as Jones aptly calls de Chaumont, and there were, for the moment, no definite plans for a cruise, the squadron put to sea "with a convoy of merchant ships and transports with troops, etc., bound to the different ports and garrisons between this place and Bordeaux."

The American squadron consisted of the *Bonhomme Richard*, 42 guns, *Alliance*, 36 guns, *Pallas* 30 guns, *Cerf*, 18 guns, and the *Vengeance*, 12 guns, and sailed from l'Orient on June 19th, 1779.

On June 14, 1779, Le Ray de Chaumont produced a paper called a "Concordat" for the five captains to sign. No historian has been able to assign suitable reasons for such a proceeding, which forced the commander, by his own signature, to deprive himself of all benefits of superior rank, and agree to do nothing without consulting the other captains, who, instead of being subordinate officers under his command, became "colleagues," on a practical equality with their commander, the effect of which "was to destroy all discipline in the squadron."

Commodore Jones was furious, and demanded of Chaumont, "What could have inspired you with such sentiments of distrust towards me, after the ocular proofs of hospitality which I so long experienced in your house, and after the warm expressions of generous and unbounded friendship which I had so constantly been honoured with in your letters, exceeds my mental faculties to comprehend. . . . I cannot think you are personally my enemy. I rather imagine that your conduct towards me at l'Orient has arisen from the base misrepresentation of some secret villainy."

To Mr. Hewes he freely expresses his feelings about the "most amazing document that the putative commander of a naval force in time of war was ever forced to sign on the eve of weighing anchor."

"I am tolerably familiar with the history of naval operations from the remotest time of classical

antiquity to the present day; but I have not heard or read of anything like this. I am sure that when Themistocles took command of the Grecian fleet, he was not compelled to sign such a 'Concordat'; nor can I find anything to exhibit that Lord Hawke in the French war, nor any English or French flag officer in this war had been subjected to such voluntary renouncement of proper authority.

"These being the two extremes of ancient and of modern naval history without a precedent, I think I am entitled to consider myself the subject of a complete innovation; or, in other words, the victim of an entirely novel plan of naval regulations.

". . . It is my custom to live up to the terms of papers that I sign. I am at this writing unable to see that, by signing this paper, I have done less than surrender all military right of seniority, or that I have any real right to consider my flagship anything more than a convenient rendezvous where the captains of the other ships may assemble whenever it please them to do so, for the purpose of talking things over, and agreeing—if they can agree—upon a course of sailing or a plan of operations from time to time.

"Yet, strange and absurd as all this may appear, I was constrained to sign this infernal paper by a word from Dr. Franklin, which, though veiled under the guise of 'advice,' came to me with all the force of an order.

"You know that not only is the word of Dr. Franklin law to me, but also his expression or even intimation of a wish is received by me as a command

to be obeyed instantly without inquiry or debate . . . the doctor himself knows this.

"I am so sure that the doctor always does the best he can, that I never annoy him with inquiries. I can at least see my way clear to some sort of a cruise. I hope to realise in it some of my ambition towards promoting the reputation of the United States on the sea."

Jones then alludes to the moral effect which the capture of the *Drake* had "on the continent of Europe, and alarmed the English more than they have been alarmed in many years, if ever. It taught the English, and proved to the rest of the world, that a regular British man-of-war, fully manned, well handled and ably commanded, could be reduced in one hour, by a slightly inferior ship, to total wreck and helplessness, and forced to surrender in order to save the lives of the remnant of her crew in sight of their own coast; and all this, not by desperate boarding, but by simple straightway broadsiding at close range, the whole battle being fought on one tack and without manœuvre.

"But now, with the force I have, ill-assorted as it is, and hampered as it may be by the untoward conditions I have already confided to you, I can, if fortune favours me, fight a much more impressive battle.

"I might have a better ship, and my crew would be better if they were all Americans. But I am truly grateful for ship and crew as they are; and, if I should fail and fall, I wish this writing to witness that I take all the blame upon myself."

Hewes was a dying man when he received this letter, which was found among his papers, endorsed: "It is to be seen that he considers himself now at the end of his resources, and that he must do or die with the weapons in his hands. I only hope that life may be spared me long enough to know the ending. I am sure, from what he says at the end of his letter, that he will either gain a memorable success, or, if overmatched, go down with his flag flying and his guns firing. To me, who know him better than any one else does, his words, 'if I should fail and fall' mean that he intends both shall be if one is; that, if he must fail, he is resolved to fall; that he will not survive defeat. Knowing him as I do, the desperate resolution foreshadowed in his words fills me in my present weak state with the gloomiest feelings." Life was not spared this staunch friend, who died ere news of the fight between the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard* had crossed the wide expanse of ocean.

Franklin had sent Commodore Jones secret orders as to the plans to be observed on the cruise; and Jones complains, with much reason, of having seen a letter from the "tattling commissary" to a junior officer under his command, in which the "secret orders" were freely discussed! What could a commander do when his fleet, to the cabin boys, knew his private affairs a little better than he himself did?

In John Kilby's narrative is the funnily worded item: "The first thing that happened as we were beating down to the Island of Groix: a man fell off the main-topsail yard on the quarter-deck. As he

fell he struck the cock of Jones's hat, but did no injury to Jones. He was killed, and buried on the Island of Groix"—which gives a certain vague and delightfully piratical tinge to the commencement of the cruise!

The squadron having sailed on June 19th, the evening of the following day the Commander had "the satisfaction to see the latter part of the convoy safe within the entrance of the river of Bordeaux. But at midnight, while lying-to off the Isle of Yew, the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Alliance* got foul of one another, and carried away the head and cutwater, spritsail yard and jibboom of the former, with the mizzenmast of the latter; fortunately, however, neither ship received damage in the hull."

Captain Landais's conduct during this accident left much to be desired, and it was solemnly attested by the officers of the squadron that, instead of giving the requisite orders to prevent the collision, and afterwards remaining on deck to assist in the extrication of the *Alliance*, he went below to load his pistols: "The base desertion of his station when the fate of his ship was at hazard showed a shrinking from duty and responsibility, and a want of presence of mind; whilst the search for his pistols, real or affected, to be used against his commanding officer, evinced a braggart disposition to shed blood which was doubtless assumed to cover the timidity with which the jeopardy of his ship had affected him. This anecdote will be found very characteristic of the man in after scenes of much greater peril."

The squadron reeked with insubordination, and Landais was so hated that he and his officers "were ready to cut one another's throats; the crew had mutinied on the voyage from America, with Lafayette on board, and once in port the first and second lieutenants deserted. There had been trouble on the *Bonhomme Richard* among the English prisoners who enlisted with Jones as Americans, in order to escape from their loathsome prisons, and with the ultimate hope of getting home once more. "Two quarter-masters were implicated as ringleaders in a conspiracy to take the ship. It was necessary to hold a court-martial for the trial of these offenders; and a knowledge of the circumstances thus reaching M. de Sartine created a distrust with regard to the efficiency of the *Bonhomme Richard*, which gave Jones great annoyance. The result of the court-martial was, that the quarter-masters were severely whipped instead of being condemned to death, as Jones, from a letter written about this period, seemed to have apprehended."

The return of the squadron to Brest for repairs was, in the end, a great benefit to the Commander, enabling him to enlist those American seamen just exchanged by Lord North's orders for the prisoners kept by Jones on the *Patience* in Brest harbour. Undoubtedly this new addition to the *Richard's* fighting force aided Jones to make one of the most brilliant victories in the annals of naval warfare; without them, and left to the hazards of his mongrel crew, he might have chosen to sink with his ship, rather than "fail and

fall." They were the best to be found, these sturdy Yankee tars, such as "Good old Fighting Dick Dale," to whom he left the sword of honour given him by King Louis; Nathaniel Fanning, who wrote a vivid description of the battle; Henry Lunt and John Mayrant, whom the Captain eulogises in his journal: "It was my fortune to command many brave men, but I never knew a man so exactly after my own heart or so near the kind of man I would create, if I could, as John Mayrant." These and a score of others formed the fighting backbone of the crew; fearless, daring, bold sailors, who were afraid of nothing human, satanic, or divine.

For some reason the name *Bonhomme Richard* seemed to please the fancy of the men. Jones, too, had a very persuasive way, and would walk for an hour or more on the pier with a single sailor whom he was desirous of enlisting, and rarely failed of success. Placing scanty reliance on the untried French, Portuguese and Lascars, who, with the released English prisoners, formed a large proportion of his crew, he drafted them on to other ships of the squadron, manning the *Bonhomme Richard* with a hundred and fifty American sailors and officers, who, in case of trouble, would be in sufficient proportion to dominate the ship.

There has been such strong testimony recorded about Jones's dislike to the use of the cat-o'-nine-tails that the story told by John Kilby, one of the released prisoners enlisted, is not without interest. It must be kept in mind that the narrative was written from

memory some *thirty* years after the events happened, and memory is not always infallible. All through the story John Kilby's remembrance of the names of those who were his daily associates is so erroneous that it is not easy to believe him reliable on other events He says—

"We all went on board of the ship *Bonhomme Richard*. The first sight that was presented to our view was thirteen men stripped and tied up on the larboard side of the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate commenced at the one nearest the gangway and gave him one dozen lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Thus he went on until he came to the coxswain, Robertson by name. (These men were the crew of the captain's barge, and Robertson was the coxswain.) When the boatswain's mate came to Robertson, the first lieutenant said: 'As he's a bit of an officer, give him two dozen.' It was done. Now it is necessary to let you know what they had been guilty of. They had carried the Captain on shore, and as soon as Jones was out of sight, they all left the barge and got drunk. When Jones came down in order to go on board, not a man was to be found. Jones had to, and did, hire a fishing boat to carry him on board. Here it will be proper to observe that, some small time before, Jones had entered seventy-two men (English prisoners) who had been released from the prison of Denan (Dinan?) in the inland part of France. Nearly all of them were good seamen, and the crew of the captain's barge was selected from their number."

These released prisoners, whom Jones enlisted and

brought from l'Orient, paying their travelling expenses out of his own pocket, were mostly "rated as warrant or petty officers upon the reorganisation of the *Richard's* crew."

While the squadron lay inactive for six weeks at the Isle of Groix, Franklin, who had not learned of the accident to the *Richard* and *Alliance*, sent Jones a letter with directions for the cruise. The doctor directed that the fleet should cruise on the west coast of Ireland, "establish your cruise on the Orcades, the Cape of Derneus, and the Dogger Bank, in order to take the enemy's property in those seas.

"The prizes you make, send to Dunkirk, Ostend, or Bergen in Norway, according to your proximity to either of these ports." The cruise was to end at the Texel. This letter was crossed by that of Jones, informing the doctor of the accident to the *Richard*. The Commodore had many complaints for the ear of his friend, but Franklin tries to pacify him with the suggestion, that as the cruise was to end at the Texel, he might at last accomplish his great desire, and get command of the *Indien*.

Shortly before sailing, the squadron had been joined by two privateers, the *Monsieur* of forty guns and the *Grandville* of fourteen. They offered to bind themselves "to remain attached to the squadron; but this the 'disinterested commissary' would not permit. The consequences were soon obvious; the privateers remained attached to the squadron exactly as long as it suited themselves."

The *Monsieur* is said to have been owned by Marie

Antoinette's ladies of honour, the chief share belonging to the Duchesse de Chartres; and was commanded by a captain in the navy, Philippe Guedloe de Roberdeau, who warned Jones that Landais would betray him at the first opportunity. His hatred for Landais is given as Roberdeau's reason for afterwards leaving the squadron; and in 1780 he refused Landais's challenge on the grounds that the latter was not entitled to the privileges of a gentleman.

"Having given the necessary orders and signals and appointed various places of rendezvous for every captain in case of separation, Commodore Jones sailed from the road of Groix on the 14th of August, exactly one day short of the time he had been desired to come into the Texel, after ending his cruise; so uncertain and precarious are all nautical movements.

"This force might have effected great services, and done infinite injury to the enemy, had there been *secrecy and due subordination;* Captain Jones saw his danger; but his reputation being at stake, he put all to the hazard."

Authorities agree that this cruise of fifteen days left an ineradicable impression on naval history. "Other cruises have been marked at least by discipline, subordination, and zeal of commanders for the common cause. This one, from beginning to end, was distracted by insubordination that in any regular navy would have been condemned as mutiny and punished by shooting on deck or hanging at the yardarm."

Four days out the squadron on the 18th captured

the *Verwagting*, a large Dutch ship, taken some days before by an English privateer. The effects of the "Concordat" began to show, for though Jones, the senior officer, was within hail, the captain of the *Monsieur*, who had taken the Dutch ship and removed from her what he saw fit, put a prize crew on board, ordering her into port. Jones countermanded this order, sending her to l'Orient, which so displeased de Roberdeau that he departed under cover of night, and the squadron saw him no more. On the 23rd they made Cape Clear, and the *Pallas* took the brigantine *Mayflower*, with a cargo of butter, salt meats and fish, bound from London to Limerick, sending her to l'Orient; and the *Fortune of Bristol* was captured and sent to Nantes.

On the 23rd Jones had a most annoying misadventure. Having sent his boats to capture a brigantine, it was necessary to keep the *Bonhomme Richard* from drifting into a dangerous bay while awaiting their return; and, as there was not enough wind to handle the ship, the barge was ordered ahead to tow. The ex-prisoners who manned the barge had been looking for just such an opportunity. They waited until dusk, cut the tow-line, and, having overpowered the two American petty officers, made for the shore. They were fired at without effect from the *Bonhomme Richard*, and the master, Lunt, on his own responsibility, lowered a boat and gave chase. Lunt was unable to come up with the fugitives, and presently both boats disappeared in the fog, and the *Cerf*, which was sent to find them, did not return or make for the

rendezvous appointed. This took two of the best boats and twenty-three men from the *Bonhomme Richard*, and signal guns were fired all night, as the fog did not lift.

The following afternoon Landais came aboard, proceeding to heap insults on his commanding officer, "affirming in the most indelicate language" that the boats had been lost through Jones's "imprudence in sending boats to take a prize!" It is easy, after this scene, to believe all the allegations made as to the unprecedented and extraordinary conditions with which Paul Jones had to cope on this cruise.

There was frightful tension during the scene; how, with this insult and provocation, Paul ever controlled his fiery temper, can only be explained by his paramount desire to carry through the cruise he had planned, so he put an iron-handed restraint on himself, and grimly waited. Landais sneeringly ignored the statements of Colonels Chamillard and Weibert, who tried to drum into his head the fact that the barge was towing the ship, and not chasing prizes. It was his petty jealousy and revenge for not being allowed to chase the day before, "and approach the dangerous shore . . . where he was an entire stranger, and there was not wind enough to govern a ship." He announced himself to be "the only American in the squadron, declaring, from now on, that he, holding a commission as captain in the United States Navy, given him by Congress, was answerable to no one, and would act as he saw fit."

There was no end to Landais's insolence. A few

days later they lost a fine letter-of-marque because, at the critical moment, he ran up the American flag on the *Alliance*, instead of showing English colours, as the *Bonhomme Richard* was doing. When the captain of the letter-of-marque saw this, he instantly threw his despatches overboard, beyond reach of the enemy. Incidents of this kind happen frequently, as we gather from the voluminous correspondence between Franklin and Jones. Landais hated Paul Jones with the hatred of a disgraced and dishonourable man for one whose honour was untarnished, who had no stain on his past, and nothing to cloud his future; and Landais knew that only the exigencies of war allowed him to be tolerated, much less treated with friendliness, by officers of the service he had disgraced. The hasty action taken by Congress had placed all parties in an exceedingly awkward position.

The most important project planned by Jones for this cruise was the attack on Leith, from which town he hoped to levy some £200,000. So certain was he of success, that the papers of capitulation were drawn up in due form ready for the signature of the provost and his henchmen, who were to be allowed half-an-hour for reflection before producing the ransom. Leith was unguarded by cannon at its port, and soldiers for defence would have to be brought from Edinburgh, a mile distant. Luck and the wind were against Jones, for a cutter brought in news of his appearance on the Scotch coast, where, some thirty years afterwards, "the prodigious sensation caused by the appearance of Paul Jones in the Firth of Forth is

hardly forgotten on the coast of Fife." His arrival on a Sunday morning caused wild turmoil in the hearts of the kirk-going population of the "lang toun o' Kirkaldy"; and one dissenting minister, Mr. Shirra, who had a peculiar and informal manner of intimating his wishes to the Almighty, abandoned all idea of going to his pulpit, and, seating himself in an arm-chair, like Canute by the edge of the sea, proceeded to invoke the aid of heaven in the broadest Scotch.

"Now, *deer* Lord, *dinna* ye think it a shame for *ye* to send this vile *piret* to *rob* our *folk o' Kirkaldy;* for ye *ken* they're *puir* enew already, and *hae naething to spaire.* The way the *ween blaws*, he'll be here in a *jiffie*, and *wha kens* what he may do? He's *nae* too *guid* for *ony* thing. *Meikle's* the mischief he has dune already. He'll burn their *houses*, tak their *very claes*, and *tirl* them to the *sark;* and *wae's me! wha kens* but the *bluidy* villain might *tak* their lives? The *puir weemen are maist frightened* out *o'* thir *wits*, and the *bairns skirling* after them. I *canna thol't!* I *hae* been *lang* a *faithful* servant to *ye*, *Laird;* but *gin ye dinna* turn the *ween* about, and *blaw* the scoundrel out of our *gate*, I'll *na staur a fit*, but will *just* sit here till the tide comes and *drouns* me. *Sae tak yere will o't.*"

And, till the day of their deaths, his faithful parishioners could not have been argued out of their belief that it was solely owing to the efforts of the Dominie that a severe gale came up and forced the ships to put to sea for safety, as already one of the prizes had been sunk by the severity of the weather,

and the *Bonhomme Richard* had sprung a mast. For years afterwards, when the old clergyman was complimented on the efficacy of his prayer, he modestly disclaimed any part in the happening, always saying: "I prayed—but the Laird sent the *ween*."

Excited crowds assembled on the heights above Kirkcaldy, and on the sandy beach. At one time the *Bonhomme Richard* was within a mile of the shore, and with glasses the renowned Commander could be clearly seen, and is described as "being dressed in the American uniform with a Scotch bonnet edged with gold—as of a middle stature, stern countenance and swarthy complexion."

The failure to attack Leith ranked as another of his disappointments. There was incessant friction with Landais and with Cottineau, captain of the *Pallas*, who ransomed a prize, which no one in the squadron had authority to do, as they were considered the property of the King of France. After the gale the squadron made sail to the southward, captured some prizes, and sighted an English fleet, which kept so near shore in the shallow water Jones dared not attack. He then signalled a pilot, who, believing the *Bonhomme Richard* to be an English ship, brought the news that a king's ship lay at the mouth of the Humber, waiting to convoy a fleet of merchant ships to the north. The pilot innocently gave Jones the private signal, with which he nearly decoyed these ships out of port. They had started to answer the signal, "when the tide turned, and an unfavourable

wind made them put back. Jones decided the position was too dangerous to hold unsupported, and the *Pallas* not being in sight, steered to join her off Flamborough Head."

Jones had explained to Cottineau, a few days after his failure to attack Leith, similar projects in regard to Hull and Newcastle; but Cottineau had no desire to take those wild chances in which his intrepid commander revelled, and dissuaded Jones with every argument he could summon. Afterwards Jones declared he would have undertaken it without the help of the *Pallas*, so sure was he of his junior officers, but for the reproach which would have "been cast on his character as a man of prudence had the enterprise miscarried. It would have been, 'Was he not forewarned by Captain Cottineau and others?'" Cottineau croaked that two days more on the coast would surely lead to their capture, and told Colonel de Chamillard that "unless Jones left next day, the *Pallas* and *Vengeance* would abandon him." Thanks to the thoroughness with which the "secret" orders had been made common property, every man Jack in the squadron knew the day appointed for rendezvous at the Texel, and, seeing no opportunity for enriching themselves, clamoured to put into port again.

Jones, on this cruise, may be compared to a man trying to run with a heavy shot chained to his leg. The fatal "Concordat" compelled him to act in concert with those whom he should have dominated. He possessed in a marked degree that *clairvoyant* gift of knowing, to the smallest detail, the result of

his plans. His perfect confidence in his abilities made him as certain of success as he was of the rising and setting of the sun. He could "hitch his waggon to a star" without misgiving; but those with whom he had to deal were unable to rise to his heights.

"I sailed, in my time, with many captains; but with only one Paul Jones," his acting gunner, Henry Gardner wrote. "He was the captain of captains. Any other commander I sailed with had some kind of method or fixed rule which he exerted towards all those under him alike. It suited some and others not; but it was the same rule all the time and to everybody. Not so Paul Jones. He always knew every officer or man in his crew as one friend knew another. Those big black eyes of his would look through a new man at first sight, and, maybe, see something behind him."

"It was the misfortune of Paul Jones, in almost every important crisis of his life, to be either clogged by the timid counsels of those about him, whose genius and courage could not keep pace with his, or to be thwarted by the baser feelings of ignoble rivalship. In no other service than that of America, still struggling for a doubtful existence as an independent state, and without either power or means to enforce due obedience throughout the gradations of the public service, could such insubordination as was displayed by his force have been tolerated."

Paul was to have his opportunity, however, though he little dreamed what the morrow was to bring forth when he closed his tired eyes on the night of September 22, 1779.

CHAPTER XVII

SEPTEMBER 23, 1779

On the afternoon of September 23rd, the *Bonhomme Richard* and *Pallas*, when off Flamborough Head, sighted a fleet of some forty merchantmen to which they gave chase, endeavouring to prevent them from reaching the harbour. This Jones was unable to do owing to the vigilance of the English frigates *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, which convoyed the fleet. Had Commodore Jones been able to effect the capture of this fleet, laden with Norwegian pine, it would have dealt the government shipbuilding a crippling blow, as the supply of English pine was quite exhausted.

The Commodore writes that: "The two ships of war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the *Alliance* showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the Commodore's ship until seven in the evening, being then within pistol shot when he hailed the *Bonhomme Richard*."

As the American and English frigates bore down on one another the *Pallas* engaged the *Countess of Scarborough*, while an exchange of broadsides be-

tween the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* began the most celebrated naval duel in history. Captain Richard Pearson commanded the *Serapis*, and in him Commodore Jones found an adversary worthy of his steel. Nor were the gallant frigates badly matched in armament and crew: the *Serapis* carried forty-four guns, throwing a broadside of three hundred and fifteen pounds, compared with the *Bonhomme Richard's* forty-two guns and broadside of two hundred and fifty-eight pounds of metal. The crew of the former numbered 317 officers and men, against the American frigate's 397.

The first lieutenant of the *Serapis*, John Breton Wright, published an account of the combat in London, in the year 1781, which is quoted below.

"As the stranger approached, Captain Pearson showed some impatience at his inability to make out her rate. From her height out of water and the size of her spars he thought she might be a French fifty of the time of the last war, but she had not yet showed a lower tier, and it was too dusk to make out clearly whether she had her lower ports closed, or if she had any at all. Finally, after ordering a hail, which was not answered, Captain Pearson took the night glasses from his eyes, and said, 'It is probably Paul Jones. If so, there is work ahead!'"

At this point we cannot do better than quote the first lieutenant of the *Bonhomme Richard*, Richard Dale, familiarly known as "Dick." "At about eight, being within hail, the *Serapis* demanded, 'What ship is that?' He was answered, 'I can't hear what you

say.' Immediately after the *Serapis* hailed again, 'What ship is that? Answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you.'

"At this moment I received orders from Commodore Jones to commence the action with a broadside, which indeed appeared to be simultaneous on board both ships. Our position being to windward of the *Serapis* we passed ahead of her, and the *Serapis*, coming up on our larboard quarter, the action commenced abreast of each other. The *Serapis* soon passed ahead of the *Bonhomme Richard*, and when he thought he had gained a distance sufficient to go down athwart the fore foot to rake us, found he had not enough distance, and that the *Bonhomme Richard* would be aboard him, put his helm a-lee, which brought the two ships on a line, and the *Bonhomme Richard*, having headway, ran her bows into the stern of the *Serapis*. We had remained in this situation but a few minutes when we were again hailed by the *Serapis*, 'Has your ship struck?' to which Captain Jones answered, 'I have not yet begun to fight.' As we were unable to bring a single gun to bear upon the *Serapis*, our topsails were backed, while those of the *Serapis* being filled the ships separated.

"As soon as the ships could bring their guns to bear again after separating, the fire of both was renewed; the enemy's as heavy as before, but ours much weaker," continues the first quarter gunner of the *Richard*. "In fact, but little of our starboard broadside was left. Of the fourteen twelve-pounders in it at the beginning, nine were either dismounted by their carriages and

tackle being smashed by the eighteen-pound shot of the enemy's lower tier or else so jammed through wreckage of the port-openings from the same cause as to be unserviceable. . . . Of the hundred and forty odd officers and men stationed in the main gun-deck battery at the beginning, more than half—at least over eighty—were killed or wounded. The whole deck was slippery with blood and littered with fragments of heads, bodies, and limbs.

"It was clear to every one that, at this rate, the end could not be far off; and besides, it was known that many of the enemy's eighteen-pound shot had pierced our hull between wind and water, and there was already at least three or four feet of water in the hold, and rapidly gaining. From the gun-deck itself, looking out-port, we could see that the port sills were much nearer the water's surface than at the beginning, showing that the ship had already sunk at least two feet from her natural trim. Yet, despite this wreck and carnage, I could not see that any of our remaining men were disposed to flinch, or that the five guns we had left were worked with any less will than at the start.

"Just at this moment the Commodore came down on the gun-deck and said to Mr. Dale, who was at the moment near me—

"'Dick, his metal is too heavy for us at this business. He is hammering us all to pieces. We must close with him; we must get hold of him! Be prepared at any moment to abandon this deck and bring what men you have left on the spar-deck, and give

them the usual small arms for boarding when you come up.' . . .

"The worst carnage of all was on number two gun of the forward starboard division. From the first broadside till the gun-deck was abandoned nineteen different men were on this gun, and at the end but one of her original crew remained. That was our little Indian, Anthony Jeremiah, or, as his messmates' nickname was, 'Red Jerry,' generally pronounced by the crew 'Red Cherry.' He was 'port-fire' throughout. When the gun-deck was abandoned and we went above Jerry joined Mayrant's boarding party and was among the first over the enemy's hammock netting in the final rush. . . . He seemed to bear a charmed life. . . ."

Every possible method to gain an advantage known to naval warfare was practised by the ships. The *Serapis* was much easier to handle than the *Richard*, as the latter was slow in answering her helm, and had more guns available, as the eighteen pounders with which Jones had been so generously provided were utterly useless after they had fired *eight* shots in all, two bursting at the first charge and killing their crews. Jones had not known at the time he took them aboard that they were all condemned as unsafe!

The Commodore had intended to "lay the *Bonhomme Richard* athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both helm and sails, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the

Bonhomme Richard's poop by the mizzen-mast, and I made both ships fast in that situation.

"While lashing the ships together Paul incidentally lost his hat overboard, and on regaining the quarter-deck found his 'aide-of-the-day,' Midshipman Linthwaite, with another which he had fetched from the cabin. 'Never mind the hat, West,' Jones said laughing, 'put it back in the cabin. I'll fight this out in my scalp! I've a mind to peel my coat too! And if I could I'd fight in the buff like the gun-deck hearties!'

"The wind kept the two ships so close that the muzzles of the guns touched. The ship was leaking fast, the battery of twelve-pounders silenced and abandoned, leaving only two pieces of cannon—nine-pounders—on the quarter-deck which were fit for use. The purser, Mr. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, was dangerously wounded, and Jones with difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee-quarter deck-guns, so they afterwards could turn three nine-pounders on the enemy being seconded only by the fire from the tops. The Commodore directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the mainmast of the *Serapis*, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected.

"The plight of the *Bonhomme Richard* was critical. Riddled with shot, leaking so that the pumps could scarce keep pace with the rising water in her hold, flames breaking out in a dozen places at once,

and spreading so rapidly that the greatest fears were felt for the safety of the magazine.

"Everything now depended on the musketry of our ship; of the sailors in the fore, main and mizzen tops with muskets and hand grenades, and the French marines who were mostly stationed on the quarter-deck, poop-deck, and top of the roundhouse, and but few of them were left. Our gun-deck battery was all silenced by this time, and the few men of these serving in it not killed or disabled had abandoned that deck. Most of our twelve-pounders were dismounted or so cluttered with wreckage that we could not work them. The eighteen-pounders of the enemy's lower tier were driving in beams, knees, and planking of the deck under our feet, and his upper tier of nine-pounders were splintering everything overhead, in consequence of the height of our one gun-deck being a little more than that of his lower tier and less than that of his upper tier, until our gun-deck battery was wholly out of action, untenable fore and aft, and our only cannon still serviceable were three of our quarter-deck nine-pounders, and these were being worked with a will.

"The lower deck of the Serapis was, of course, all decked over, so our musketry could not reach the English on that deck. But the upper tier of the *Serapis* was uncovered through the waist of that ship, which was rather long, both her quarter-deck and forecastle being short.

"In face of these facts it became the Commodore's tactics to give his whole attention to clearing the exposed decks of the enemy. He therefore assumed,

and held for the rest of the action, direct command of his French marines in person. Before it was over the Commodore had every Frenchman, who was not killed, stark crazy. At first it was all he could do to get them to stand. Toward the last he had trouble to keep them from boarding the enemy before he was ready. It took them several days to cool off!"

The most dramatic version of this incident was written in a *Mémoire du Combat*, by Jones's orderly, Pierre Gérard, and published in 1781. It is more to the point in the original French, with its untranslatable idioms.

"I have seen all this. I have been part of it. Being orderly of the day to the Commodore I could not leave him. I must see all he did and hear all he said. I have seen Captain de Chamillard leave his post of commandant of the marines. He had suffered a contusion of the knee, but I do not know that it was enough to make a brave man quit his post. Many of the crew, both French and American, stayed to the finish with much worse wounds. But it is not for me to reflect on the behaviour of my superior officer.

"When he was gone Commodore Jones sprang among the shaking marines on the quarter-deck like a tiger among calves (*s'élançant parmi des soldats de marine s'effrayants, en tigre parmi les veaux*). They responded instantly to him. In an instant they were filled with courage! The bravery without end of the Commodore perpetrated every soul, and every one who saw his example or heard his voice became as much a hero as himself!

"At that moment the fate of the combat was

decided. Every man whose wounds permitted him to stand up pressed forward to the front of danger, and the Commodore had but to look at a man to make him brave. Such was the power of one heart that knew no fear! Such the influence of one soul that knew the meaning of no other word than conquest!

"When the ships ranged alongside, close aboard, the Commodore watched until he saw that the fluke of the enemy's anchor would hook in our mizzen foot shrouds close to the channels. They soon engaged and before the way could be stopped the anchor-fluke of the enemy had ripped through two of the foot-stays and strained heavily at the third. But this one did not give way, and then the Commodore, calling me to follow and pass lashings, leaped through the quarter-deck port into the channels and quickly made the fluke of the anchor fast to our stays, passing the line clear round the latter and doubling it again over the fluke, so that when the ships tended they would not drift clear.

"But I could distinctly hear, amid the crashing of the musketry, the great voice of the Commodore, cheering the French marines in their own tongue, uttering such imprecations on the enemy as I never before or since heard in French or any other language, exhorting them to take good aim, pointing out objects for their fire, and frequently giving them direct example by taking their loaded muskets from their hands into his and firing himself. In fact, toward the very last, he had about him a group of half-a-dozen marines who did nothing but load their firelocks and hand them

to the Commodore, who fired them from his own shoulder, standing on the quarter-deck rail by the main topmast backstay."

At this intense moment the carpenter, gunner and master-at-arms, deciding the *Bonhomme Richard* was sinking, released the two hundred prisoners confined below, who swarmed up through the orlop hatch, adding to the indescribable confusion. One of them managed to climb through the ports on to the *Serapis*, where he rushed to inform Captain Pearson that the *Richard* was sinking fast, and could not hold out for more than a few minutes. One of the petty officers, Arthur Randall, had called for quarter, crying that the *Bonhomme Richard* was sinking, and Captain Pearson, not seeing the *Richard's* flag, for the halyards had been shot away, hailed to know if they yielded?

In Jones's account he says: "I having answered him in the most determined negative, they resumed the battle with double fury," but Pierre Gérard is more colloquial—

"*En ce moment, crie le capitaine anglais, 'Avez-vous amené voltre pavillon?' Auquel, férocement et lâchant un gros juron, a répondu le Commodore Jones, 'Non! je vais à l'instant commencer le combat!'*"

In the midst of this tumult Jones had time to realise the danger to be apprehended by the release of so many prisoners, and, furious at such an unheard-of breach of discipline, snapped his pistol in the face of the master, John Burband, "but it missed fire, and he then felled the master-at-arms to the deck by

striking him on the head with the pistol. . . ." The Commodore told the prisoners that the *Serapis* was sinking, to which one of them, the master of a merchant ship taken a few days before, retorted, "It is this ship that sinks!" Jones ordered them to the pumps, but this man cried out to his fellow prisoners, "Let the d——d Yankee pirate sink!" Upon which Pierre says, "I presented my pistol at his head, and said to him in English, 'Obey the Commodore!' Instead of heeding my words he grasped at my pistol, whereupon I fired and he fell to the deck lifeless. There was no more resistance on the part of the prisoners, and Mr. Dale, the first lieutenant, without difficulty mustered them at the pumps."

Jones now called for volunteers for the exceedingly dangerous work of climbing into the top and throwing hand grenades through the hatch of the *Serapis*. There was no lack of volunteers. The men who surrounded the Commodore were thirsting for such a daring action by which they could gamble with the chances of life and death and work off the battle madness which drove them to frenzy.

Gardner describes what followed: "In obedience to this, I had a couple of buckets of grenades whipt into the top, and, with Midshipman Fanning and two seamen—Jerry Evans of Nantucket, and Peter Nolte, a Swede, brave as all Northmen are—lay out on the yardarm, Fanning overboard, I next, with a slow match, and the two seamen carrying a bucket of grenades.

"Fanning lay out to the earrings. The hatch was

not entirely open, the cover only having been slewed round, probably by one of our shot earlier in the action, leaving a triangular opening about two feet at the widest part. As the ships were rocking slightly in the swell, it took a pretty good aim to throw a grenade through so small an opening. Still, Fanning did it at the third trial, when a terrible explosion occurred in the enemy's lower tier, by which the whole hatch was blown open and so much noise, flame, and smoke made that we first thought it was the magazine."

In this appalling disaster on the *Serapis*, over twenty of the crew were blown to pieces, numbers frightfully scorched, and "many stood with only the collars of their shirts upon their bodies," so stupendous had been the concussion. It was caused by the hand grenades falling among some broken cartridges which the powder monkeys had left scattered along the deck, as they brought them up faster than they were needed. The crew of the *Serapis*, when prisoners on the *Bonhomme Richard*, said later, that with the utmost difficulty were the men rallied to the guns again, for this devastating explosion took all the heart out of them. Just at this critical moment the *Alliance* appeared, and those on the *Bonhommie Richard*, hard pressed as they were, thought aid was at hand, "when," Jones says, "to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the *Richard*.

"We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the *Bonhomme Richard*, yet they passed along the off-side of the ship and continued firing. . . ."

Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed; he passed round, firing into the *Bonhomme Richard's* head, stern and broadside and by one of his volleys killing several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle."

Captain Landais's extraordinary behaviour has never been satisfactorily explained. The *Bonhomme Richard* had shown her signal of reconnaissance, there was no chance that he had mistaken her for the *Serapis*, as the latter was painted a bright yellow, and the *Bonhomme Richard* black, both being clearly distinguishable in the clear harvest moonlight. It can only be ascribed to his jealousy and hatred of Jones, whom he had so frequently made the object of his spite.

Both ships were in dire distress. For the third time the *Alliance* raked the *Richard* with a death-dealing broadside after which she made off and took no further part in the action. Desperate indeed was the courage of the man, who with sinking ship, with flames raging and relentlessly creeping nearer the magazine each second, with the pumps useless against the great tide of water pouring into the riddled hull, with nearly all his guns silenced, refused to listen to the word surrender, though urged by those of "whose courage and good sense he entertained a high opinion." A party of men who had lost years rotting in English prisons waiting exchange, strained like hounds at the leash for the word of command to throw themselves over the side of the *Serapis:* they would never be taken alive!

Pearson, brave as he was, fought against an opponent who would have blown up his ship rather than surrender: a man whose last chance to win renown hung on this battle. For when Jones wrote: "If I fail or fall," he wrote with the unalterable intention of falling—if fortune failed him—but to fail, never. Surrender was a word unknown in his vocabulary, and like a demon he pervaded the ship, flogging the weary spirits with heartening words, urging them to hold out for a few moments and victory would be theirs. Through lazy, hanging smoke, which there was not wind enough to clear away; over the blood-stained decks, where wounded groaned, and the increasing flames lighted a scene like Dante's Inferno; above the thunder of battle and the rattle of musketry, rose that "great voice," cheering his men to victory. He raged everywhere, like the spirit incarnate of battle. His eager eye caught a swaying of the enemy's mainmast, there was an ominous crackling; those on board the *Serapis* paused involuntarily—was this the precursor of another explosion? . . . The voice of Paul Jones roared out over the din, "Now is your time, John! Go in!"

With a "hoarse shout, 'Remember Portsea gaol!' Mayrant, his fierce Huguenot blood boiling, led his band of Yankee sailors over the hammock-netting and down into the waist of the *Serapis*, encountering little resistance, though he was himself run through the fleshy part of the thigh by a pike in the hands of an English sailor. Mayrant instantly killed this sailor with a pistol shot, which was the last casuality of the action."

At this moment (ten thirty-five), after an heroic resistance of two hours and thirty-five minutes, Captain Pearson "found it vain and impracticable from the situation we were in to stand out any longer with the least prospect of success. I therefore struck (our mainmast at the same time went by the board). The first lieutenant and myself were immediately escorted into the ship alongside." The *Countess of Scarborough* had some time before this surrendered to the *Pallas*.

This is the simple event, shorn of dramatic detail. According to Dick Dale, who was so excited he never noticed one of his legs was pretty well shot to pieces by a splinter from a gun, the "flag of the *Serapis* was struck by Captain Pearson's *own hand*, as none of his people would venture aloft on this duty"; and Gardner says that Pearson "Seized the halyards of the *Serapis* and struck the flag himself." There was, however, so much smoke from the fires raging on the ships and such confusion aboard both that the situation was not perceived; and the English gunners on the *Serapis's* lower gun-deck kept up their cannonade, while the French marines on the *Richard's* poop-deck and the American sailors in the tops of the latter continued their musketry, until Mayrant, seeing Dale standing on the *Richard's* rail holding on to the maintopmast backstay, called out to him, "He has struck; stop the firing. Come on board and take possession."

Pearson was a gallant enemy, and, if he must surrender, there was no shame in yielding to the indomitable Paul Jones. Yet there is a pathos, a regret for

CAPTAIN RICHARD PEARSON

a brave enemy: "when the first lieutenant of the *Serapis* now came up from below, and noticing Dale's uniform, he asked Captain Pearson, 'Has the enemy struck, sir?' 'No, sir, I have struck,' was the laconic reply."

It was a bitter moment, and stirred the feelings of the conqueror who described it. "Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword with a slight bow, but was silent. His first lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for both of them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any English ship was ever fought before, and this fortune of war came hard to them. I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence I hardly knew what to say. Finally I mustered courage and said, as I took the swords and handed them to Midshipman Potter at my elbow: 'Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your own credit and to the honour of your service. I hope your sovereign will suitably reward you.' He bowed again, but made no reply; whereupon I requested him and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to my cabin."

So many writers have put into Captain Pearson's mouth the sentence, "Sir, it is with reluctance that I hand this sword to a man who fights with a halter around his neck," that a few words of explanation are not out of place. Captain Pearson was an officer trained in the nice courtesies of his profession, and such a remark could only be attributed to him by writers totally ignorant of the etiquette customary on

such occasions. His loss was the fortune of war, and he accepted it as such. But the story kept on growing, being copied from the London to American papers, until Jones, when in New York in 1787, saw it printed in the *Courant*, to whose editor he wrote.

"*New York, September* 7, 1787.

"SIR,

"I have read in your esteemed journal, with much regret, a statement copied from a paper printed elsewhere to the effect that Captain Richard Pearson, when tendering his sword to me about eleven o'clock p.m., September 23, 1779, observed: 'It is with reluctance that I yield this sword to a man who fights with a halter around his neck!'

"Permit me to assure you, sir, upon my honour, that nothing of the kind occurred. It could not, in the nature of things, have occurred. The statement ascribes to Captain Pearson language most grossly unofficer-like and most painfully ungentlemanlike at a moment and on an occasion rigorously demanding the most delicate courtesy of intercourse.

"Whatever may have been the adversity of fate to Captain Pearson in the fortunes of war, he was and is an officer of the first grade in personal courage and professional skill, and a gentleman without reproach. Therefore, the relation I at one time held with him makes it my duty to defend his reputation as an officer and gentleman when assailed in his absence.

"The truth is this: When Captain Pearson tendered his sword to me he simply bowed and did not speak. Deeming it the part of politeness to say something

that might assuage the bitterness of his feelings, I said: 'Sir, you have defended your ship with credit to yourself and honour to your service. Allow me, sir, to express the hope that your sovereign may suitably reward you.'

"When I had said this Captain Pearson bowed profoundly, but spoke no word. I then requested Mr. Thomas Potter, of Baltimore, one of my midshipmen, to escort Captain Pearson and one of his lieutenants, who was with him, to my cabin. During the whole ceremony Captain Pearson was mute. He did not utter one word or audible sound.

"Now permit me, sir, to explain the possible origin of the story: When Captain Pearson was exchanged and returned to England he underwent the formal court-martial usual in such cases. I obtained a copy of the record of his court-martial as printed in the *Official Chronicle.* In his statement to the court, Captain Pearson said: 'The extraordinary and unheard-of desperate stubbornness of my adversary had so depressed the spirits of my people that, when more than two hundred had been slain or disabled out of three hundred and seventeen all told, I could not urge the remnant to further resistance.'

"Then the judge-advocate asked :'To what, Captain Pearson, do you attribute this extraordinary and unheard-of desperate stubbornness?'

"Captain Pearson's reply was: 'I do not know, sir, unless it was because our government, in its inscrutable wisdom, had allowed, if it did not cause, the impression to be spread abroad that Captain Jones

and his crew would be held pirates, or, at least, not entitled to the usages of civilised war.'

"To that the judge-advocate replied: 'In other words, Captain Pearson, you mean they fought like men fighting with ropes round their necks?'

"'That might be a way to state what I mean,' said Captain Pearson.

"There was no impropriety in this language when and where it was uttered. On the contrary, Captain Pearson unquestionably intended to convey, in a diplomatic manner, his disapproval of the policy of his government to which he had reference. In that view it was creditable to him. The record of the court-martial soon found its way into the English newspapers, gossip of coffee-houses and the like, and ultimately became distorted into the absurd shape now being considered.

"Trusting you will enable me to have the satisfaction of seeing the above true statement in the print of your esteemed columns, and also have the pleasure of forwarding a copy of it to Captain Pearson,

"I remain,

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"Paul Jones.

"(*Commodore U.S. Navy*)."

CHAPTER XVIII

1779

A PLACID harvest moon shone unheeding on the havoc of war, its untempered, ghastly white light enhancing the awful scene of carnage; on decks drenched with valiant blood, on the threescore of peaceful dead, lying unshriven, their brief span ended. More than twice their number lay as they had fallen, writhing and groaning, or numb with the agony of mortal wounds, and the cockpit was a horrible pandemonium of suffering, to which the "good old surgeon, Lawrence Brook," unassisted as he was, could give but scant attention. Wreckage of every description cumbered the decks, confusion reigned supreme. Those who rushed to and fro at the orders of their captain stumbled over the bodies of their dead comrades, over the spent shot, over the weapons fallen from inert, lifeless hands, and the fragments of burst guns, slipping as they ran on gruesome fragments of what had been living men. It was a scene of "carnage, wreck and ruin, unimaginable unless seen."

"Only a hundred or so of her unwounded crew remained to man the *Bonhomme Richard*, the other forty or thereabouts were with Mayrant aboard the prize. The poor *Richard* was indeed a wreck, she had sunk so that the shot-holes "'twixt wind and water" could not be plugged. The starboard side

of the ship was driven in. Every gun on the starboard side was disabled. But for a few frames, futtocks and stanchions that still remained intact, the whole gun-deck would have fallen through."

"Such was the condition of the *Richard*, when sinking and on fire she was still the conqueror, and could by signal command the ship that had destroyed her! Nothing like this has ever been known in the annals of naval warfare."

The terrific battle had lasted nearly three hours without pause in its unremitting fury. So dense was the smoke hanging over the ship, that for some minutes after the *Serapis* had struck, both sides continued firing, and it was not till Mayrant on the *Serapis* called to Dick Dale, that the news spread over the ship. Then came a sudden calm, the rattle of combat stilled as if by magic, the ships drifted together on the moonlit water, and there was no sound save the groans of the wounded, or the hoarse commands of the officers. The mingled emotions in the hearts of commanders and crews can only be imagined in their complexity.

The *Richard's* rudder had been shot away early in the action, and had not Jones, with much foresight, had a second one rigged by the carpenters before leaving l'Orient, the ship would have lain like a log at the mercy of wind and tide when the lashings holding her to the *Serapis* were severed. Through the confusion of victory and defeat, the Captain led a party to make a complete survey of the *Richard*, which took until five o'clock the next day (September

24th), when the *Richard* was condemned as utterly unseaworthy, and her wounded and prisoners ordered to be transferred to the *Serapis* and other ships of the squadron without a moment's delay, for, in the event of wind and sea rising, there was no hope of keeping the *Richard* afloat.

Staggering with exhaustion, hardly seeing from their dazed, sleepless eyes, the tattered, powder-stained sailors and marines slaved at the call of humanity, for, should the sea become disturbed, the catastrophe would be too frightful to picture, and the brave old *Richard* was sinking fast. A crew from the *Pallas* manned the pumps, but the water gained steadily in the hold. There were only three boats left to move the "poor fellows, who had to be handled tenderly," and two died in the boats. The means of transport was painfully crude, the unprecedented situation one of extreme peril, which every moment increased. The crew of the *Serapis* behaved splendidly, tirelessly helping the enemy of the night before as the wounded and prisoners quite outnumbered the able-bodied crew of the *Richard*. At last the transfer was complete; and dusk fell, but still they worked. A shiver of rising wind made those who waited with the untiring Commodore urge him to leave his task of hastily gathering up the ship's papers. All the stores had to be abandoned, and scarcely any of the ammunition was saved. Jones's loss amounted to 50,000 livres, as he managed to save "only a few souvenirs from feminine friends in Paris, his journal, and a bag of linen." "Most of the officers lost everything."

Thanks to his journal, Jones leaves us a word-picture of the last minutes of the ship he had fought so daringly.

"No one was now left aboard the *Richard* but our dead. To them I gave the good old ship for their coffin, and in her they found a sublime sepulchre. She rolled heavily in the long swell, her gun-deck awash to the port sills, settled slowly by the head, and sank peacefully in about forty fathoms. The flag which the maidens of Portsmouth had given the Commodore fluttered bravely in the rising breeze, and the last vestige mortal eyes ever saw of the *Bonhomme Richard* was the defiant waving of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down."

That luck Paul Jones considered so great a factor in the success of a sailor held his friend, for the dead calm which allowed him to move his wounded from the *Richard*, had kept the *Edgar*, seventy-four guns, —one of the frigates sent to capture him—inert at the mouth of the Humber all the day of the 24th, when every minute was vital.

When the *Serapis*, badly shattered, with mainmast shot away, spread what canvas she could rig on damaged masts and spars, and got slowly under way with her seven hundred souls aboard, it was a matter for conjecture if she ever could make port. The great number of prisoners and wounded, the terrible crowding, the insufficient medical aid, after so hot a fight, turned the ship into a charnel-house. The situation above decks was extremely awkward, and

Jones suggested that Dr. Bannatyne should use his influence to get Captain Pearson to accept Captain Cottineau's cabin on the *Pallas*, which had been offered at the Commodore's wish.

"You can understand as I do," he said, "that such an arrangement would relieve both Captain Pearson and me of much embarrassment." And he told the surgeon that Captain Pearson had declined to be his guest, saying, "he would rather mess with his subordinate officers, whom I have quartered in the gun-room of this ship, which does not seem to me proper."

Captain Pearson accepted the hospitality of the *Pallas's* captain, "requesting Dr. Bannatyne to pay his most feeling compliments to Commodore Jones, with the assurance that his delicate sense in the matter was fully appreciated." Dr. Bannatyne continues, "As all of our wounded remained on board the *Serapis*, it was of course necessary that I and my assistant, Dr. Edgerley, should stay with them, and we, being non-combatants, shared with Dr. Brook, of the late *Bonhomme Richard*, the mess of Commodore Jones, there being no ward-room mess. Only one commissioned officers' mess was kept up after the battle till we gained port."

Nathaniel Fanning describes the voyage: "The course was for Dunkirk, but on the 27th a gale came up, blowing him over toward the coast of Denmark, as it was impossible to handle the ship with the inadequate sails. This gale continued until the evening of the 29th. During this time the scenes on board

beggared description. There were but few cots and not even enough hammocks for the wounded, so that many of them had to lie on the hard decks, where they died in numbers night and day. The British officers, with watches of their men, took almost the whole charge of the wounded, and left us free to work the ship. . . . In the common danger enmity was forgotten, and every one who could walk worked with a will to save the ship and their own lives. Finally, on the fifth day, the wind abated and hauled to the north-west, when we ran down to the coast of Holland, and made the entrance of the Helder, through which we made our way into the Texel, where we anchored about 3 p.m., October 3rd, finding there the *Alliance* and *Vengeance*, which came in the day before. During these few days, including those not wounded who died from sheer exhaustion, we buried not less than forty of the two crews. Neither the Commodore nor the brave British officers ever slept more than two or three hours at a time, and were sometimes up for two days at a time. As the *Pallas*, being not much hurt, and her prize (the *Countess of Scarborough*), could work to windward, the Commodore had often signalled them to bear up for port and leave him to take care of himself; to which the good Captain Cottineau always replied that he preferred to stand by."

Politically speaking, Paul Jones's visit to the Helder was of inestimable service to the American cause, as it forced the Dutch from their attitude of neutrality, compelled them to cease temporising, and

stand forth defiantly in the face of their old enemy, England, all within the year. Undoubtedly this end was hoped for by Franklin, who had ordered the squadron under Commodore Jones to rendezvous there the previous summer, with the unavowed intention of involving their "High Mightinesses" in the conflict they were so craftily trying to escape. "By compelling England to declare war, and the Dutch to declare openly for the United States, an end was virtually put to a contest, in which Britain was left to contend single-handed with her refractory colonies, then backed by France, Spain and Holland."

The *Alliance* was already in the Texel when the *Serapis* and *Pallas* warped slowly into port. Though the "Commodore and the brave British officers had not slept more than two or three hours at a time, and were sometimes up for two days at a time," there was little rest to be found at the Texel. The wounded and prisoners must be cared for, and arrangements made for court-martialling Landais. Instantly on arriving, Jones sent special messengers to Franklin with the news of the great victory, and a report of Landais's scandalous behaviour. He then became involved in a "diplomatic duel" with Sir Joseph Yorke, the British Minister, who puzzled their "High Mightinesses dreadfully by formally demanding in the name of King George the prizes, and that Paul Jones and his crew should be given up to him as rebels and pirates." Despite his official attitude, he recommends their "High Mightinesses shall permit the wounded to be brought on shore that proper attention may be

paid to them." This their High Mightinesses did, and the wounded and prisoners from both ships were lodged in an old fort.

That Sir Joseph's official and personal views of the situation differed, may be gathered from Jones's letter to Bancroft, under the date of December 17, 1779, in which he says—

"The Dutch people are for us and for war. . . . Nothing now keeps Holland neutral except the influence of the shipowners, who are doing almost the entire commerce of Europe at enormous rates, and the bankers of Amsterdam, who are handling all the continental exchanges that before the war went to London. And our cause has been helped by the arrogance of Sir Joseph Yorke's demands and the style of dictator which he assumes for his master the King.

"Privately, however, I am told that Sir Joseph is a clever old fellow and as good a *vis-à-vis* at dinner as one could wish. Most unexpectedly I encountered him for a few moments at the house of M. Van Berckel, the Grand Pensionary, when arrangements were being made for the comfort of the wounded prisoners who had been landed. I had expected to deal with his secretary, but Sir Joseph came himself. He was most civil, and requested me, if not too inconvenient, to supply him with a list of names of the wounded, and something as to the conditions and prospects of each, saying he wished to have it because so many letters of inquiry came to him about them from relatives in England. This I did as soon as I

returned to the Texel. . . . I could not help noting, though, that he eyed me curiously.

"The only personal allusion he made was to say that he presumed I had seen or heard reports in print or gossip that he offered reward for the surreptitious seizure of my person, and if so he hoped I would view them with suitable contempt. I said that I had heard such rumours, but that my knowledge of his character was a sufficient answer to them; for which he thanked me. He offered to send medicine, blankets and food, and, if necessary, to employ a Dutch physician to take the place of Dr. Bannatyne, late surgeon of the *Serapis*, who had broken down. I accepted all his good offices in behalf of the prisoners on shore.

"Sir Joseph said he would send the supplies up by a small vessel from Amsterdam to the Texel in a day or to, consigned to me. But I, not wishing to be responsible in any way for them, for fear that malicious enemies might accuse me of appropriating them—which I frankly said to Sir Joseph—requested him to consign such supplies as he might send to Dr. Edgerley, late surgeon of the *Scarborough*, who, since the illness of the late chief surgeon on the *Serapis*, had been placed by me in full charge of his wounded countrymen landed at the Texel. Sir Joseph at once most politely expressed his approval of this suggestion, and said he would consign the supplies to Dr. Edgerley, who, being a non-combatant, was, of course, not held under any restraint whatever by me."

The supplies arrived a few days later, and a private letter to Dr. Edgerley "requesting him to inform me

that if, as he suspected, the wounded Americans might also be in need of such supplies as he had sent, they should have an impartial share : because," he said, " we all know that old England can never tell the difference between friends and foes among brave men wounded in battle, even if some of them may, peradventure, be rebels !

" I confess that when Dr. Edgerley showed to me this sentiment of Sir Joseph's I was at a loss for comment, and said only that nothing else could be expected from an English gentleman ! But I must also confess that my opinion of Sir Joseph as a man from that moment took a very wide divergence from my estimate of him as an ambassador."

So assiduous were the dames of Holland, that Jones was able to " dispense with Sir Joseph's charity to the wounded of our own crew." Was it thanks to the personality of the " rebel and pirate " commander that the " lovely Holland dames and daughters of the Helder every day thronged the decks of the *Serapis* and the *Pallas* with all the delicacies that only the good hearts of women can contrive for the comfort and succour of brave men who have been wounded in battle? "

Though this is anticipating, it is better to conclude the wrangle with their High Mightinesses. Sir Joseph would not let the matter rest, urging persistently that Jones should be given over to British authority. The States of Holland in cases of this kind were always governed by a set of " maxims." These " maxims " dictated that they should decline deciding on the

validity of captures in the open seas of vessels not belonging to their own subjects. They afforded at all times shelter in their harbours to all ships whatsoever, if driven in by stress of weather; but compelled armed ships with their prizes to put to sea again as soon as possible, without permitting them to dispose of their cargoes; and this conduct they were to follow in the case of Jones."

The High Mightinesses were in a pretty pickle, "and declined to pass judgment on the person and prizes of Paul Jones." If they protected him as an American, it showed open defiance to England, which at the moment they were not anxious to do, "and the French commission under which it was alleged he acted could never be forthcoming."

How it must have wrung the souls of the thrifty Dutch merchants who were publicly forbidden to sell naval or military stores to the squadron, except barest necessities to carry them to the first foreign port, "that all suspicion of their being furnished *here* may drop!"

Sir Joseph tirelessly kept the matter before their High Mightinesses, who worried the French ambassador, the Duc de la Vauguyon, who was in his turn pestered by de Chaumont, and those of his party wishing to get these rich prizes into their hands. Though actuated by different motives, all united in one great wish—to get Paul Jones out of the way. This daring man had never been in a more critical situation. A light squadron of English ships was kept cruising about to "prevent his gaining any French or Spanish

port," if he succeeded in escaping the ships at the entrance of the Texel. "So deep and galling was the wound this individual had inflicted on the national pride, that the capture of 'one Paul Jones' would have at this time been more welcome to England than if she had conquered a rich argosy," is the opinion expressed by one anonymous biographer.

Jones, if it had been left to his judgment, would have taken his prizes to Dunkirk, which was a French port, and one where he would have been free from these diplomatic complications. Franklin ordered him to the Texel primarily with the bribe of the *Indien*, really, as it turned out, to bring matters to a crisis between Holland and England. But Jones was destined not to have the *Indien*, for "the same officious commissary, whose talkative propensities and suspicious disposition had so frequently baffled the projects of Jones, had again been at work, and, although the Dutch Government might have winked at the sailing of the fleet under his convoy, the measure would have been rendered abortive by premature disclosure." Jones declared that he suspected Le Ray de Chaumont to be at the bottom of all this caballing, "as he wished to control the sale of the *Serapis* as a prize, under the provisions of the Concordat, she being worth more than all the others taken after the three sent to Bergen had been given up." These ships were sent to Bergen in express defiance of Jones's orders, as the King of Denmark was wholly at the disposition of King George, to whom, at the first demand, he turned over the hard-won prizes, losing both prizes and prize-

money to Jones and his crew. This incident formed the subject of endless negotiations for several years, as there were so many questions of international marine law to be adjusted.

"The Duc de la Vauguyon, Mr. Dumas and Dr. Franklin now apprehended that de Reynst would take it upon himself to use force at any time he might select to compel me to quit the roadstead with my squadron," Jones writes, adding, that de Reynst had lately been ordered to command the Dutch fleet in the Texel, as Commodore Riemersma was "of the American party, and he had already been extremely polite to me personally; so much so, that Sir Joseph Yorke felt called upon to mention it among his grievances. On the other hand, de Reynst was a tool in the hands of his Serene Highness the Prince Stadtholder (Prince of Orange), who in turn was a tool in the hands of Sir Joseph. . . . The diplomats were sure that I would fall into the hands of these (English ships) as soon as I might get in the offing."

"A provisional commission" as *capitaine de vaisseau* in the French navy, was twice offered to and finally refused by Jones on December 13th. It was thought that the French flag would be respected by the Dutch. "In vain I expostulated with them that by accepting the shelter of the French flag I should do exactly of all things that which Sir Joseph Yorke wished me to do; namely, withdraw all pretensions of the United States as a party to the situation, and thereby confess that the United States claimed no status as a sovereign power in a neutral port. They

all knew what I had written to the States-General on November 4th, in rejoinder to Sir Joseph's demand that I be treated as a 'pirate,' and they had approved it. I now contended that to seek shelter under the French flag or behind a French commission would stultify the position I then took; but none of them would so view it. On the contrary, they all, but more particularly the Duke, endeavoured to mystify me with a mass of abstrusities in diplomatic usage and international law which had no bearing on the case that I could see."

He offered to turn the prisoners over to the French ambassador, with the agreement that an exchange should be made for American prisoners in England, and "leave Captain Cottineau to hoist the French flag on the *Pallas*, the *Vengeance*, and Cottineau's prize the *Countess of Scarborough*, and then make the best of my way to sea with the *Serapis* and *Alliance* under the American flags."

Tired as he was of this wrangle, Jones could not help seeing the humour of these worthy gentlemen's objection that the new mainmast he had put in the *Serapis* was too short, "and she could not sail with it well enough to stand a chance of escaping the ships of the enemy on blockade. I modestly suggested," he comments, "that I being somewhat of a seaman ought to be left to judge of that; but they, none of whom could tell a main-brace from a marlin-spike, knew better, and it was decided I should take out only the *Alliance*."

When he flatly refused to fall in with all their suggestions, he was presented with an order from Dr.

Franklin, who, for a friend, seems to have caused some of the ambitious Scotchman's bitterest moments, "that he should turn over all the prisoners and the ships, except the *Alliance*, to Captain Cottineau," and then do what I pleased, or what I could with the *Alliance*. I afterwards found out that this order had been procured at the same time as my French commission, but held up only to serve on me as a last resource if I proved contumacious."

Destined to be the sport of political juggling, Paul could not learn that others had not the one-purposed spirit which animated him, and he confesses, "The deprivation of the *Serapis* was the sorest of all my wounds. I had long ago given up hope of commanding the *Indien*. The *Serapis* had been taken by an American ship under the American flag, and commanded by virtue of an American commission. I could not conceive by what shadow of right M. de Sartine could claim her as a French prize, and he made no attempt to set up any."

Under the heading, "On the *Bonhomme's* prize, the ship of war *Serapis*," at the Texel, November 4, 1779, he wrote to the French ambassador explaining that he had spoken with the commandant of the Road on board his ship, the latter "questioning me very closely whether I had a French commission, and, if I had, he almost insisted on seeing it. In conformity with your advice, '*Cet avis donné au commencement n'étoit plus de saison depuis l'admission de l'escadre sous pavillon Americain*,' I told him that my French commission not

having been found among my papers since the loss of the *Bonhomme Richard*, I feared it had gone to the bottom in that ship; but if it was really lost it would be an easy matter to procure a duplicate of it from France. The commandant appeared to be very uneasy and anxious for my departure. I have told him that as there are eight of the enemy's ships lying in wait for me at the south entrance, and four more at the north entrance of the port, I was unable to fight more than three times my force, but that he might rest assured of my intention to depart with the utmost expedition whenever I found a possibility to go clear.

"I should have departed long ago, if I had met with common assistance; but for a fortnight past I have every day expected the necessary supply of water from Amsterdam in cisterns, and I am last night informed that it cannot be had without I send up water-casks. The provision, too, that I ordered the day I returned from Amsterdam from the Hague, is not yet sent down; and the spars that have been sent from Amsterdam are spoiled in the making. None of the ironwork that is ordered for the *Serapis* is yet completed, so that I am, even at this hour, in want of hinges to hang the lower gun-ports. My officers and men lost their clothes and beds in the *Bonhomme Richard*, and they have yet got no supply. The bread that has been twice a week sent down from Amsterdam to feed my people, has been, literally speaking, *rotten*, and the consequence is that they are falling sick.

"It is natural also that they should be discontented, while I am not able to tell them that they will be paid

the value of their property in the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, if either or both of them should be lost or taken after sailing from here.

"I have but few men and they are discontented. If you can authorise me to promise them, at all hazards, that their property in the prizes shall be made good, and that they shall receive the necessary clothing and bedding, etc., or the money to buy them, I believe I shall soon be able to bring them again into a good humour. . . ."

There seemed no way out of this labyrinth, when the French unexpectedly cut the Gordian knot, declaring the cruise at an end, and, with the amiable co-operation of Franklin, placed the vessels under the French flag, ordering Jones to command the *Alliance*, and Landais to Paris to explain his behaviour to the plenipotentiaries.

"Jones received the information with disgust and chagrin; but such were the orders of de Sartine, such," is this writer's opinion, "the course sound policy dictated." It would seem in this, as in so many similar instances, that Franklin in his later years grew rather indifferent to the interests of his mission, and sacrificed his friend to save controversy and worry, perhaps to keep in favour with the French people, whose adulation so pleased his vanity.

After an altercation with the French ambassador at the Hague, lasting, Jones says, *thirteen hours*, he reluctantly bade farewell to the *Serapis*, "whose deck seemed the theatre of his glory." The squadron sailed shortly after under Dutch convoy, and he was

left alone on his new ship, which he found like all vessels commanded by Landais, filthy, in sad repair, with a crew on the verge of mutiny.

Paul was now offered a French commission, the command of a letter-of-marque! Whatever his personal difficulties, he was at this time in "the blaze of his fame," talked of, says Franklin, "at Paris and Versailles," celebrated throughout Europe and America. His temper and blood were at no time very cool on sudden excitement, and the excess of his indignation may be imagined when he received the insulting offer of a letter-of-marque. He had thrown up his chances of advancement in the American navy to stay in France. He had put up with insult, annoyance and suspicion—for this. He wrote to the French ambassador to the Hague a letter considered "one of the best productions of his pen."

"'Alliance,' *Texel, December* 13, 1779.

"My Lord,

"Perhaps there are many men in the world who would esteem as an honour the commission that I have this day refused.

"My rank from the beginning knew no superior in the Marine of America, how then must I be humbled were I to accept a letter-of-marque! I should, my lord, esteem myself inexcusable, were I to accept even a commission of equal or superior denomination to that I bear, unless I were previously authorised by Congress. . . . Comte d'Orvillers offered to procure for me from a Court a commission of '*capitaine de*

vaisseau,' which I did not then accept for the same reason, although the war between France and England was not then begun, and of course the commission of France would have protected me from an enemy of superior force.

"It is a matter of the highest astonishment to me that, after so many compliments and fair professions, the Court should offer the present insult to my understanding, and suppose me capable of disgracing my present commission. I confess that I never merited all the praise bestowed on my past conduct, but I also feel that I have far less merited such a reward. Where profession and practice are so opposite, I am no longer weak enough to form a wrong conclusion. They may think as they please of me; for where I cannot continue my esteem, praise or censure from any man is to me a matter of indifference. . . .

"When I remained eight months seemingly forgot by the Court at Brest, many commissions such as that in question were offered to me; and I believe (when I am in pursuit of *plunder*) I can still obtain such an one without application to Court. . . ."

Jones told Franklin in the letter enclosing this, "They have played upon my good humour too long already, but the spell is at last dissolved. They would play me off with the assurance of the personal and particular esteem of the King, to induce me to do what would render me contemptible even in the eyes of my own servants! Accustomed to speak untruth themselves, they would also have me to give under my

hand that I am a liar and a scoundrel. They are mistaken, and I would tell them what you did to your naughty servant, 'We have too contemptible an opinion of one another's understanding to live together.' I could tell them, too, that if Monsieur de Chaumont had not taken such safe precautions to keep me honest by means of his famous *Concordat*, and to support me by so many able colleagues, these great men would not have been reduced to such mean shifts. . . ."

In reply to his letter, Jones soon received one of apology from the ambassador, which to some extent pacified him, without materially altering his views on the situation.

The first letter from Franklin contained a measure of balm for his wounded feelings. "For some days," he wrote, "after the arrival of your express, scarce anything was talked of at Paris and Versailles but your cool conduct and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe that the impression on my mind was not the less strong than that on others, but I do not choose to say in a letter to yourself all I think on such an occasion.

"The Ministry are much dissatisfied with Captain Landais, and M. de Sartine has signified to me in writing that it is expected that I should send for him to Paris and call him to account for his conduct. . . ." Franklin intimates that he will follow this suggestion, allowing Landais the chance of an explanation, a court-martial being inconvenient at the moment.

Immediately the fleet anchored in the Texel, Jones took action to restore proper discipline to ships and crews. With this end in view he removed Landais from the *Alliance*, replacing him with his first lieutenant, Arthur Degge. As Landais treated this order with supercilious contempt, his commander sent Captain Cottineau with a curt intimation to the effect that, if he was not instantly obeyed, "he would be under the painful necessity of boarding the *Alliance* and carrying the order into force personally at the end of twenty-four hours."

Without replying to this, Landais sent Captain Cottineau a challenge, after the latter had left the *Alliance*, on the pretext that an affront was offered in bringing him the message. However, he waited for no new developments, disappearing bag and baggage early next morning. A few hours later Jones mustered the crew, informing them officially that Captain Landais had been relieved of his command, and installing Lieutenant Degge in his place. Such of the crew as had been strong partisans of Landais were sent on other ships, and Degge ordered, in case of the late captain's reappearance, to signal to the flag-ship for instructions.

But Landais did not return. His challenge having been accepted by Cottineau, they fought on the Island of the Texel with rapiers, his opponent running Cottineau through the side and receiving a slight scratch on the neck, after which the duel was stopped by the seconds. Bent on mischief, Landais went to Amsterdam and ordered immense quantities of stores

for the *Alliance* from Neufville & Co., agents of the United States. His baffled spite on discovering that Dr. Franklin had forbidden them to furnish supplies, except on personal voucher of Commodore Jones, may be pictured. . . . Checkmated in this direction, he commenced writing abusive letters to Jones, who ignored them, enraging Landais to such a pitch of fury that he sent Jones a challenge *through the post*—an insult in itself, and an infraction of the rigid laws of duelling. For this reason and for the fact that Landais was still under the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, Jones could have declined the challenge. But this was the one communication he yearned to receive from his enemy, and joyously ignoring all irregularities, despatched Lieutenants Harry Lunt and John Mayrant to wait upon Landais. Having, as the challenged party, the choice of weapons, Jones chose pistols at ten paces, and Landais, who was an expert with the rapier, and had planned to kill Jones or injure him for life, found himself outwitted at his own game. He protested angrily to Mayrant and Lunt that it was barbarous and that the pistol was not recognised under the French code.

"To this Lunt responded that the code prevailing in America did recognise the pistol, and that Commodore Jones, being an American, was entitled to proceed according to the code of his own country."

Pierre Landais had not the slightest ambition to confront his outraged commander at the foolishly

inadequate distance of ten paces, and departed under cover of night in a post-chaise for Paris.

He was loathed by the crew of the *Richard*, who laid the death of many of their bravest comrades to his cowardly broadsides from the *Alliance*. Lieutenant Dick Dale had publicly insulted him in a coffee house at the Helder, where Dale, who was only wounded a few days before and still limping badly, with his usual impetuosity tried to force a public quarrel on Landais, denouncing his behaviour in the *Alliance;* and in order that there might be no mistake in Landais's mind about his meaning, he expressed himself in Landais's own tongue, saying to him, among other things—

"*On ne fait rien de votre conduite à cette occasion, autre que cela d'un poltron ou d'un traître, ou des deux ensemble! Moi, cela ne fait aucun doute que vous avez mérité bien le gibet!*" ("One can make nothing out of your conduct on that occasion but that of a coward or a traitor, or both! To me there is not the slightest doubt but that you richly deserve the gallows.")

Only the interference of the bystanders prevented a fight on the spot, both men being armed, and Landais, poltroon though he was, would hardly have refused to fight if attacked. Dale impatiently awaited the challenge, which, according to all precedent, must be sent; but it never came, as Landais got out of it by standing on the difference in their rank. He was considered prudent in not pressing the quarrel, because Dick was a dead shot with a pistol, and equally

adept with Landais in the use of the rapier, "and all who knew him knew well that the first crossing of blades would make his lame leg—for the time being, at least—as well as it ever was." If Dick had fought it was with the intention of killing Landais. This intention, of which Dale made no secret, being the reason Jones chose other seconds to wait on Landais. Not willing to fight in the open, this mischief-maker went to the Hague, trying to enlist the French ambassador's sympathies, but de Vauguyon refused an interview. Landais then tried to get the Chevalier de Livoncourt, France's Naval Agent in Holland, to give a written statement to the Duc, but this de Vauguyon refused to receive, instructing de Livoncourt to tell Landais that M. de Sartine had communicated to him the fact that Dr. Franklin "had notified Landais of the charges against him" and had ordered him to report in person to Dr. Franklin at once, bringing with him "such witnesses as he might judge needful for his defence." Being politely frozen out of Holland, Landais betook himself to Passy, as ordered.

On Christmas Day 1779 such a gale blew off the Texel that most of the patrolling English frigates were driven off the coast, which was what Commodore Jones had long waited for, and seized the opportunity to slip out on to the high seas. Though the gale still swept the coast and menaced shipping, it abated a little the afternoon of the 26th, and late that night, or, rather, early on the morning of the 27th, Jones stood out to sea in the *Alliance*, boldly shaping his course for the Straits of Dover. Daring as ever, Jones sailed

down the Channel, passing within pistol-shot of the Channel Fleet anchored off Spithead, but good fortune and his cool fearlessness carried him through this fleet where every soul was on the *qui vive* for his capture. Safely out of a very dangerous neighbourhood, the *Alliance* sailed for Corunna, where, Spain and England being at war, the Commodore was enthusiastically welcomed and made much of.

The junior officers of the *Alliance*, not being hampered by fears of the hereafter, amused themselves making the acquaintance—goodness knows where—of some very pretty young nuns, supposedly safe in the shelter of their cloister. The usual golden means of opening locks was evidently employed, for these giddy young women met Mayrant and Midshipman Potter "at the house of a cordwainer, near the convent. They were surprised there by the Spanish police, and the officers were placed in the calabazo," the adventurous nuns being "hustled back to their convent."

Thanks to the kind offices of that "little cherub who sits up aloft and looks out for the life of poor Jack," Commodore Jones was dining with the Governor of Corunna when the incident was reported. The dinner had been long and heavy, the wines excellent; the Governor easily agreed to the wish of the deferential but exceedingly quick-witted Commodore that he should be allowed to take the offenders aboard the *Alliance* and "visit upon them the most condign punishment." The *Alliance* was to sail the next day but one, and Jones, knowing the prejudice against

heretics, which in this instance would be intensified, as they had trespassed on the sacred precincts of the Church, deemed it safer to have his "boys" under his eye, than take any chances of their being embroiled with the authorities. "His Excellency was polite enough to agree with this, and the two culprits were taken from the calabazo and sent aboard considerably past midnight. Next day a summary court-martial was convened, which "sentenced" Mayrant and Potter to deprivation of their rank and other penalties.

"This finding the Commodore translated into Spanish, engrossed a copy of it with his own hand, and forwarded the same to his Excellency the Governor, under the escort of a lieutenant and two officers, as behooved the solemn occasion. The Governor received the deputation with much gravity, "and expressed complete satisfaction at the promptness and thoroughness of the Commodore's action, saying it was much better that the affair should have taken this course than to have detained the offenders for punishment by the Spanish authorities, which might have caused complications.

"But once at sea the Commodore reviewed the case and peremptorily set the proceedings aside on the ground *that the punishment was inadequate to the offence!*" This restored their former rank to the gay Lotharios, who were the butt of much sly wit and allusion—for getting caught!

Rather a striking little incident is the following, as illustrating the temper of this crew. The second

day out from Corunna the Jack-o'-the-dust handed Jones a petition, which ran as follows—

"We respectfully request you, sir, to lay us alongside any single-decked English ship to be found in these seas, or any double-decked ship under a fifty." This was not a "round Robin, but a straight petition, headed by old John Robinson, and signed in order of rating by every member of the crew, including cooks and cabin-boys."

"When this paper was handed to me," said the Commodore, "I could hardly control my feelings. I at once mustered the crew and told them that it was necessary to return to l'Orient . . . we were not prepared for a long cruise. . . . Being midwinter we would not have much chance of encountering English cruisers of force similar to our own in the Bay of Biscay. But I promised them that I would keep a good look-out and, if occasion presented, would conform exactly to the terms of their petition."

Without doubt there was extra grog served out that day, and alert eyes kept a sharp look-out for the hoped-for sail, but, to their great disappointment, they reached l'Orient without adventure.

There was a perpetual demand for American officers to command French privateers, and Mayrant and Fanning were offered most advantageous commands, if Jones would allow them to accept. On these privateers the French made a practice of putting on board an "*agent comptable*," who, under the guise of purser, could—according to the French law governing privateers, and the *Concordat* the Americans had

to sign—command the ship, the captain being reduced to a mere sailing-master and "colleague" on his own ship. Jones refused to allow Mayrant and Fanning to go unless the papers were made out so that they were both captain and *agent comptable*. After much heated argument he won his point, for, as he told Mercereau, who was recruiting for the privateer, "I had my fill to the full of French chicanery, and that unless he could take my boys on my terms he could leave them as they were, with me." Thanks to their Commander's firmness and their complete independence, Mayrant and Fanning, in their twenty-months cruise, with two privateers, made something like £200,000, much to the satisfaction of all concerned, and earned for themselves a reputation for daring that was not soon forgotten.

The *Alliance* needed a refit, which on his arrival at l'Orient, despite Franklin's howls of economy, Jones proceeded to give her. "His professional spirit of liberality far outran the frugal genius of Franklin, and the almost pathetic remonstrances addressed to him by the Republican sage are as amusing as they are characteristic." . . . "The whole expense will fall on me!" cries Franklin, as the Court of France had demurred to incurring further expenses for this refractory hero and his American ship, and I am ill-provided to bear it, having so many unexpected calls upon me from all quarters. I therefore beg you would have mercy on me, put me to as little charge as possible, and take nothing you can possibly do

without. As to sheathing with copper, it is totally out of the question."

But, sympathising with Jones for the many crosses and vexations he had to bear, it is pleasing to know that once in his career he was able to pronounce the ship he commanded one of the most "complete frigates in France." When she was ready for sea, Franklin worked tooth and nail to get his tempestuous friend afloat, even going to the terrible lengths of advancing—unauthorised—a small percentage of their prize-money to the penniless sailors, the former crew of the *Richard*, "to allay discontent, and send the men home in good humour. But neither the Commodore nor his crew were yet in trim for sea. "Despairing of a settlement of his prize claims, and those of his crew, Paul went to Paris to taste some of the sweets of hard-won fame, for he was popular with the Court and the nation," even to the extent of being cheered at the opera, "and Paris was at this moment in the very height and fervour of the American mania."

CHAPTER XIX

1779

"In the blaze of his fame" Paul Jones arrived at Paris, to be lionised by society, congratulated by royalty, to be the idol of women high and low. He was bidden by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres to be their guest at the Palais Royal, and occupied one of the splendid apartments of that historic dwelling during his stay in Paris; which distinction set tongues a-wagging at the unusual honour conferred upon one not of royal blood.

As soon as news of the *Bonhomme Richard's* victory reached Paris, in October 1779, the Duchesse de Chartres, "then living at the Palais Royal, made a grand illumination, gave a great ball, the invitations to which read, 'In Honour of Commodore Paul Jones,' and sent a bill of exchange for a large sum to the Commodore." Louis Philippe, who is the recorder of this gossip, tells of the Commodore's letter to his mother, concluding: "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past ten p.m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

The son of this charming Duchesse thought this "merely the flattery of a subtle courtier;" though his mother "accepted it as the homage of a knight like Bayard or Charles the Bold. The Duchesse de Chartres was one of the calmest persons I ever knew;

PAUL JONES

[*From a wax medallion, made about the time of his death, and now in the author's collection.*

but she almost went wild over the victory of Paul Jones in the *Bonhomme Richard.* One of my proudest memories is that, when a little boy, I enjoyed the society of that wonderful man."

But Louis Philippe, then at the mature age of *six*, would be too young to see the personal note in all this, or understand that a beautiful woman of twenty-seven might find more than a political pleasure in the victory of a daring sailor, who had every charm of the polished courtier, every trait of gallantry and consideration for her that her neglectful husband lacked. There must be a mental reservation in accepting the following statement: "Next to my poor unfortunate father (Egalité), my mother's affections were bestowed on Paul Jones," for the Duc and Duchesse had long been estranged, owing to the dissolute life of the former. Jones was—all unite in declaring—a man of intensely chivalrous temperament, and he "held her in esteem far beyond the reach of flattery. Whatever expression he offered was his own conception of worship, of adoration, of that religious, I might say spiritual, devoutness which human beings usually pay to the divinities of their hearts and their faith! In her he saw only the goddess of his chivalric mythology. In him she saw, as she often said, only '*L'Achille fougueux de l'Océan!*' I am sure no one else ever appreciated or comprehended him as she did; no one else ever worshipped her as he did. It was a rare and beautiful relation between such a woman and such a man."

The recollections of a child of six, written some

thirty-five years afterwards, and translated several times, cannot be relied upon as history, in fact as anything more serious than unreliable tittle-tattle. There is a little too much of the ultra-platonic specified, to be in accord with the spirit of the day and hour in which they both lived. The Duchesse was a neglected and openly insulted wife, if such terms can be used in describing one of so high rank, and Paul was the embodiment of chivalry, and thirty-two years of age. The manners of the Court did not frown on consolation—if discreetly offered. It would, indeed, be interesting to know to what extent the Duchesse permitted the respectful consolations of the Commodore to be offered.

The April that brought Paul to Paris proved too fickle in its tears and smiles for the *fête champêtre* which the Duchesse had planned, and she changed the entertainment to a superb banquet in honour of Commodore Jones. As the evening waned he asked her Royal Highness if she remembered his promise, "if fortune should favour him he would lay an English frigate at her feet"? and on hearing her assent, turned to an attendant, who held the sword surrendered by Pearson, which he took and, dropping gracefully on one knee, presented to the beautiful Duchesse, by whose aid he had been able to achieve this end.

In a few well-turned sentences he expressed regret at not being able to keep his promise and lay the frigate in actual truth at Her Royal Highness's feet, but that being impossible he had the honour to "surrender to the loveliest of women" the sword

surrendered by "one of the bravest of men," which the Duchesse forthwith accepted with that charming affability which she ever displayed towards the Commodore.

The distinguished assemblage was charmed with this little comedy, and for a few hours there was no crumple in the rose leaf. It was Paul's hour, and he enjoyed it to the full, with no thought of the morrow. And the Duchesse? Of all that company no heart beat so high as hers with pleasure, or with so varied emotions. In her journal she wrote—

". . . Though the company at table was most distinguished, Commodore Jones, fresh from his marvellous victories, was easily the centre of attraction to all. I said to him that all the world had read the accounts of his exploits, and the more we read the more we marvelled. And I asked him what thought, what impulse, what inspiration could have sustained him to persevere when his ship was on fire and sinking under his feet, and his men almost all in the throes of death about him. To this he replied, with a profound bow and the gravest solemnity: 'May it please Your Royal Highness, I could not be the first to strike the flag that I had been the first to exhibit in Europe; and, besides, surrender must have postponed the rapture of greeting you again!'

"Then I could only reply as I did, 'Ah, my dear Commodore, not Bayard or Charles *le Téméraire* himself could have laid his helmet at a lady's feet with such knightly grace!"

If his hard Scotch head could have been turned,

Paul did not lack opportunity, for he was dined and wined by the highest in the land, and was made the lion of the hour because of his achievements, and, from sentiments naïvely expressed by the Duchesse de Chartres: "People usually do things either for love or hatred. I do these things for both. I love the Americans of my own accord, and I inherit the hatred my great-grandfather bore to the English!"

He dominates the gossip and letters of the moment, for he possessed the heart of a hero—large enough to spare a little bit for every one of those adulating women who sang his praises, hung on his lightest words, and hampered his very footsteps when he appeared in public. The Commodore was something of a poet in his leisure moments, and there still are fragments of his effusions, no worse, no better than those of many others; in fact, warmly praised by Baron Grimm in his letters. These verses were addressed to those ladies with whom he kept up that half-amorously allegorical correspondence, so much in vogue among the Amintas and Phyllises and their swains. We have none of his verses to Aimée de Telluson; undoubtedly he wooed her in tenderer ways, but to a nymph with whom he exchanged endless *billets-doux*, who hides beneath the name of "Delia," he wrote a poem of some length, which began—

"When Jove from high Olympus goes
To Ida, and the fair below,
All heav'n laments—but Juno shows,
A jealous and superior wo:

In vain to her all pow'r is given,
To female weakness ever dear;
She scorns the sovereignty of heav'n,
Her God, her Jove, seems all to her!"

It continues through a couple of verses in this classically mythological strain, ending—

"Thus, when thy warrior, though no god,
Brings *Freedom's* standard o'er the main,
Long absent from thy blest abode,
Casts anchor in *dear France* again;
O! thou more heavenly!—far more kind
Than Juno, as thy swain than Jove,
With what heart's transports, raptur'd mind
Shall *we* approach on wings of love!"

The poetic sailor was more sparing of his muse than of his grape and canister, for, changing

"Cast anchor in *dear France* again"

by a twist of the quill to

"In *fair Columbia* moors again."

the poem served him equally at opposite ends of the globe, and there is little likelihood that the ladies to whom it was addressed ever compared notes.

Paul was besieged with invitations; his mail varied from long, solemn official documents to those giddy, heavily scented, three-cornered effusions, of which he received more than his share, with the interesting intimation that—

"Madame de H. begs M. Jones to pardon the liberty she takes in addressing him without having the honour of his acquaintance; and requests a moment's conversation with him at her apartments in the royal palace (Palais Royal?), or at the hôtel of the

Duchesse of ——. She asks a thousand pardons if she should be the means of giving him any trouble at the moment of his departure; but he must not be astonished that all are eager to profit by the present opportunity of seeing him." Alas! that there is no further detail of this willing dame. . . .

For so busy a man Jones managed to carry on an enormous correspondence with all kinds and conditions of people. It has been suggested that the lady who concealed her identity under the name of "Delia" was one and the same as Aimée de Telusson, which is most unlikely, for a number of reasons. It would be easy to decide once and for all if the letters of the two ladies could have been compared. Whoever she was, the fair "Delia" would be considered rather a gushing writer in the present day and generation. She tells Paul—

"Your letter of ——, which I received on Sunday the 20th, lacerates my heart, and increases my despair; I kissed with sad and concentrated grief the traces of thy precious tears, and shed a flood of the bitterest drops that ever flowed from a breaking heart." She describes her mind as "plunged in a chaos of doubt and fears," and vehemently declares, "No! never did I feel, never did I love until that moment, at once so dear and so fatal to my repose, when fate presented you to my ravished sight: that moment fixed my destiny for ever. Yes! my tender and adorable friend! On you alone depends that destiny; you alone have the power to make my happiness or misery. Pardon this frank confession, oh! my dear

Jones; and be persuaded that deeming thee incapable of a mean action, I love, esteem, and even respect thee; never otherwise would I have revealed thus freely all thy power over every faculty of my being. I adore thee, I again repeat; and never did any other mortal possess such sway over my heart—this, my dear and only friend, is my pledge of faith; I am thine and thine only during my whole life." She beseeches him to "be careful of thy life, and remember that mine depends on it. . . . I incessantly address myself to heaven for your safe arrival in America; if you are satisfied with that government, you will continue in its service; if not, resign, and rejoin your faithful friend; the whole world beside may forsake you, but her heart is eternally yours; I swear it by that sacred flame which will never be extinguished in my breast.

"You ask how you can render me happy;—take care of yourself, love me—study the means of enabling us to pass our days together, and never forget that my life is bound up in yours, and that the moment which deprives me of you will put an end to all my miseries. Your health is dear—ten thousand times dearer to me than my own; if you love me, do not neglect it. I have received your letter of the 16th, which increases my solicitude on this point; in the name of all that is sacred take care of your precious self. Rely on my heart; it is yours—and nothing can operate a change in its sentiments. I adore you for yourself alone, and it is thus that you should be loved. If I was capable of thinking otherwise, I would not

suffer you to depart and to expose your invaluable life. The thought of your danger brings back all the weakness of my sex; and I confess that my anxiety and frightful alarms for the object of all my wishes will, without a doubt, hasten my death. The terror and solicitude that I feel for my lover are indescribable. Dear Jones! adieu; I am forced to leave thee; I cannot go on. The Chevalier assures you of his respect and friendly sentiments; he sets out to-morrow evening, alas! happier than his unfortunate sister; he will soon see you. God! she would willingly be the lowest of your crew."

Jones replies to Delia from America in 1781, a letter in which details of a new ship he has to command take first place, which is not to be wondered at, as he says, "It is now more than twelve months since I left France; yet I have not received a single letter from thee in all that time, except the one written in answer to my letter of leave-taking. That one is a tender letter, and does honour to thy matchless heart! I read often and always with transport the many charming things that are so well expressed in thy letters; but especially the last. . . . I rest, therefore, sure that absence will not diminish, but *refine* the pure and spotless friendship that binds our souls together, and will ever impress each to merit the affection of the other. Remember and *believe* my letter at parting. It was but a faint picture of my heart. I will find opportunities to write, and be everything thou canst wish," etc. But somehow the letter does not ring with that rugged feeling which brings the blood

smarting to cheeks pale with anxiety and longing. It rather seems as if "Delia" was the one who "held the cheek," for on his return to Paris, nearly two years later, he received a note, which he put away with the remark, "From her apartments in the Boulevard," and the date endorsed on it in his systematic handwriting.

"Is it possible that you are then so near me, and that I am deprived of the sight of a mortal who has constituted the misery of my life for four years? O! most amiable and most ungrateful of men, come to your best friend, who burns with the desire of seeing you. You ought to know that it is but eight days since your Delia was at the brink of the grave. Come, in the name of heaven."

It is more than likely that Paul went, though the gushing "Delia" was but one of his many irons in the fire.

The critic must be lenient. "Nor is it possible to look on the tear-stains that blot those crooked characters, traced by a hand then trembling with youthful passion, and over which the grave must long since have closed, without a feeling of pity and kindness for the fair writer, so devoted, so eloquent, and probably so unfortunate." Was she married, single, or a consolable widow? We do not know, though from the tone of her writings she was not a *jeune fille*, since none but those of the lowest class could have been as independent as she, and her letters show a woman of refinement and education. In comparison with those written by Aimée de Telusson, she betrays a

much less controlled temperament, and one in which self-repression was lacking. If "Delia" had been a widow, she would not have been constantly in affright lest her portrait and letters should be seen by some other eye than that for which they were intended. "Delia" had an income of eight thousand livres a year, and "alleges her liberality of disposition as the cause of her narrow fortune." Aimée de Telusson at this time lived with the Marquise de Marsan, as she had no fortune of any sort. "Delia" repeatedly offers her lover assistance, influence; "she has trinkets and effects;" she was eager to make a holocaust of them all, though the sacrifice certainly does not seem to have been accepted. The only link which might serve to connect her with Aimée is in the letter where she says, "the Chevalier sets off to-morrow . . . happier than his unfortunate sister, as he will soon see you." Aimée's half-sister was married to the Chevalier de Thouvenot, an officer in the Marine Artillery, but surely this is too thin a thread to weight with such surmises; and again, her anxious desire for secrecy argues fear of detection from one to whom she was bound "till death do them part."

Was "Delia" the Comtesse de la Vandhal, one of the prettiest young women in that magic circle to which Paul had the *entrée?* Madame was nothing loath to indulge "a little harmless gallantry on the part of the famous American Commodore," and their flirtation was noted and reported by the indefatigable Miss Edes-Herbert, supposed to be the author of those gossipy letters which many think written by

some journalist of the day, so quickly did they appear in print. Miss Edes-Herbert was then living in the house of the Comtesse de la Vandhal, where she gave English lessons.

"Since my last, Paul Jones drank tea and supped here. If I am in love with him, for love I may die; I have as many rivals as there are ladies, but the most formidable is still Lady —— (the Comtesse de la Vandhal), who possesses all his heart. . . . They correspond, and their letters are replete with elegance, sentiment and delicacy. She drew his picture (a striking likeness), and wrote some lines under it, which are much admired, and presented it to him, who, since he received it, is, he says, like a second Narcissus, in love with his own resemblance; to be sure, he is the most agreeable sea-wolf one would wish to meet with. . . . The king has given him a magnificent gold sword, which, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy, he has begged leave to commit it to the care of her ladyship—a piece of gallantry which is here highly applauded."

"We believe that even the most finished French coquette would feel rather startled at the *éclat* of an appearance like the above in an English periodical, published within the month."

Paul was essentially a man of action, and let no grass grow under his feet. It may be inferred from the tenor of the following letter the Comtesse had, like so many of her sex, aroused the ready sympathies of the Chevalier with that old but ever effective plea: that the souls of her lawful mate and her own did not

form that exquisite affinity so greatly to be desired, for he writes her—

"I am deeply concerned in all that respects your happiness; I therefore have been, and am, much affected at some words that fell *in private* conversation from Miss Ėdes the evening I left Versailles. I am afraid that you are less happy than I wish, and am sure you deserve to be. I am composing a cipher for a key to our future correspondence, so that you will be able to write me very freely, and without risk." Then he begs her to "accept the within lock. I am sorry that it is now eighteen inches shorter than it was three months ago. If I could send you my heart itself, or anything else that could afford you pleasure, it would be my happiness to do so." At these protestations the lady took alarm, kept the lock of hair, the cipher and letter, replying that she was surprised at the audacity of his letter, which must have been misdirected! Begged him to be of service to her husband, who was on his way to l'Orient. "She would be obliged to the Chevalier to show him every civility."

The cautious Scotchman—who had kept a copy of his letter, referred to it, confessing himself "still at a loss, and cannot conceive what part of the letter itself could have occasioned your imagining I had mistaken the address. As to the little packet it contained, perhaps it might better have been omitted: if so, it is easily destroyed. If my letter has given you even a moment's uneasiness, I can assure you that to think so would be as severe a punishment as could be inflicted on me. . . . I was greatly honoured

by the visit of the Count . . . and am so well convinced of his superior understanding that I am glad to believe Miss Edes was mistaken. I admire him so much that I should esteem myself very happy indeed to have a joint expedition with him, etc. . . ." Surely this was rubbing it into her ladyship! The friendship was allowed to languish by Jones, and there is nothing more than a couple of ceremonious letters, written in 1783, mostly in reference to the lady's husband, as she was not backward in soliciting favours for him.

The Chevalier Paul Jones, as he became after the King had decorated him with the Order of Military Merit—"never before conferred on any one who had not actually borne arms under the commission of France," was easily the most-talked-of man in Paris. He had been given a magnificent gold sword by the King, with the inscription, "*Vindicati Maris Ludovicus XVI Remunerator strenuo vindici.*" So, to put it poetically, Mars and Venus sought to do him honour, and he basked in the sunshine of favour. Miss Edes-Herbert, who had been "taught to regard Captain Jones as a rough, desperate renegade, if not pirate," confessed herself "amazed to meet a most courteous, graceful gentleman of slight build, and rather delicate, not to say effeminate, cast of features, faultlessly dressed, exquisitely polite, altogether handsome, and speaking French fluently, though with an indifferent accent, and many lapses of grammar. However, his French was better than that of most English persons of quality, who pretend to speak the language in the

drawing-rooms of London. For some reason he was quite attentive to me, and we danced twice. Naturally we avoided political subjects, though once he asked me if I had heard or read anything about the affair of taking the Earl of Selkirk's plate at St. Mary's Isle in the cruise of the *Ranger*. I said I had, and he then told me that his relation to the affair was not correctly understood, and he would do himself the honour to send to me copies of all the papers in the case, in order that I might be able to form a right judgment. And, by way of compliment, I suppose, he added that, while under the circumstances that existed he was compelled to be indifferent to the estimation in which Englishmen held him, he was as sensitive as ever to the sentiments of Englishwomen; also, that, while he might be at war with my countrymen as a nation, he could never be anything but at peace with their daughters. Altogether I was quite charmed with him. He was quite impartial in his attentions to the ladies. However, his preference for her ladyship, our gracious hostess (Aimée de Telusson), could not be quite hid; it was not even partly veiled. Neither, I must say, was her ladyship's reciprocity of it. A few days afterward he called on my father to initiate a scheme for exchanging the crew of the *Serapis* for American prisoners in England. I did not see him on this occasion, but my father informed me that he was deeply impressed by him, and could not help seeing in him genius of the first order. My father spoke of his manner as extremely cold, reserved, and wholly official, which

was the exact reverse of his deportment toward me at the reception. My father said that when he told Captain Jones, as he had to, that our Government had not given him authority to recognise the right of cartel to the American insurgents, the Captain replied: 'Very well, sir; but, as Voltaire says, the future is much longer than the present.'"

Jones had been knighted on June 28, 1780, and, with "his blushing honours thick upon him," was the hero of a garden party, given by the Comtesse d'Houdetot, the fourteenth of the following month, at her château of Montmorency. "Though there was all the afternoon and evening a throng of the *noblesse* and persons of quality in all stations of eminence, no one gained so much notice or was so sought after for introductions as the American Commodore, Paul Jones, now titled 'Monsieur le Chevalier.'

"As on the occasion of our previous meeting at the Marquise de Marsan's, he was now especially polite to me; so much so, that many of the ladies rallied me on what they were pleased to term my 'conquest of the conqueror.' Finally I ventured to say to him: 'Monsieur le Chevalier, you will not think it strange if I am not so cheerful as these French ladies are in paying devotion to you, because all these honours are in compliment to your victory over my own people.'

"To this he instantly replied, not in French, which we had been speaking, but in English: 'My dear Miss Edes-Herbert, I most fully comprehend and appreciate your sentiments. And permit me to say

also that had my adversary on the occasion you speak of been any but a countryman of yours, I would not be thought entitled to so much credit as they seem to give me for the victory. Therefore, my dear lady, instead of being sad you should be buoyant in the thought that it is only upon those who have defeated Englishmen that such honours are bestowed. And beyond doubt the extreme infrequency of such events has much to do with the extravagance of praise the French now bestow upon me.'

"While this conversation was going on, we were seated together on a rustic bench apart from the throng, and Mlle. de Telusson came to present the Commodore to some other ladies. As soon as the introductions were made I repeated to the whole party what he had just said to me.

"'What beautiful sentiments!' exclaimed Mlle. Aimée. 'No one else in the world could be chivalric enough to entertain them! But it is like him; and he has no equal among men!'"

This, according to Miss Edes, was said with "passionate vehemence and entire disregard of environment that left no doubt in my mind as to what had become of Aimée's heart. As for the Chevalier, he listened with a half affectionate, half amused expression, and said only in reply that it was not in his power to suitably express the sentiments that such honours stirred within him. 'And,' he added, 'you know, ladies, that I am but a simple sailor, unaccustomed to such graces as yours.'"

It is strange that two lovers whose devotion lasted

fourteen years should have never married; each was independent, and there would have been no family council to raise obstacles. Is there truth in the whisper that, in his very early days, the Chevalier fell desperately in love with some one with whom marriage was out of the question—and remained single for memory's sake? Was the mystery over his birth the restraining influence, or was glory the mistress he loved before any other? Paul carefully destroyed the numerous letters received from Aimée during so long a time, which would have been of the greatest interest, covering, as they did, many years of their lives, and but few of his to her survive.

Jones constantly received unsolicited requests from all sorts of men, begging to be allowed to join any expedition he thought of organising, for the distinction of serving under his banner.

He met and patched up a truce with John Adams at one of those economical and intellectual suppers given by Franklin, where the board was more graced by wit and learning than groaning under good cheer, and Adams, to some extent, helped him with his prize-money claims. But, under the surface, Adams always disliked the Commodore, and at this moment (1779) wrote of him as "ambitious and intriguing." These feelings he had the tact to keep to himself, for Paul was much too popular for it to be prudent to disparage him openly. The substratum of jealousy, the wounded vanity in Adams's puritanical nature, never forgave Jones, and as long afterwards as 1813 he referred to the dead man as "a foreigner of the south

arrogating to himself merit that belongs to New England sailors." But where, one asks, would the "New England sailors" have been, had their commander been one of Adams's inefficient captains on such occasions as the fights with the *Drake* and the *Serapis?*

Paul's Parisian stay was brief, filled to the last minute with innumerable hospitalities, and he returned to l'Orient, missed by those who loved him, who daily poured their plaints on to sheets of stiff white paper, carefully folded and sealed with the hearts, cupids and other devices suitable to the contents.

His *chère Aimée* wrote on the 28th August, 1780—

"Since your departure, my dear Commodore, I have done little else than answer inquiries concerning you from your legion of feminine worshippers. 'Is he going to sea again?' 'Has the King given him a new command?' 'When will he return hither?' are questions constantly addressed to me by all the fair world. In vain I expostulate that I am not your gaoler! That you honour me only as you do them, with your society betimes, and regale me only as you do them, with your exhaustless wit and graces.

"They will not have it so, but declare one and all that I am the chosen one. Only yesterday the Comtesse de la Vendhal said to me: 'Alas, my poor husband; he is so good, and withal so dull! What would I not give to be, as you are, enshrined in the affections of a heart like that of Paul Jones; to know that devotion and affection for me were cherished in

that same bosom that holds the courage that made him conquer in a battle the like of which is unheard of? Do not fail, my dearest Aimée, to plume yourself upon your conquest. You are, as we all know, the daughter of a king. But, far more than that, you are, as all equally know, the beloved of a hero!'

"Now, my dear Commodore, what can I say in reward of such compliments? Surely I can say nothing that would be adequate. But I never permit myself to doubt that what all say must be true. I could not doubt it without despair. Fortuneless as I am, and dependent upon the charity of a benefactress who, I believe, has taken me in place of a child of her own, denied to her in the providence of God, I am richly content so to be, if only I may trustfully believe that I have your affection.

"Her Royal Highness (Duchesse de Chartres) has told me since you went away that there is no doubt of your receiving command of another squadron by direct order of his Majesty and without interference of M. de C—— or any other interested person. She tells me H. M. (the King) has said you shall have the *Serapis* as soon as she is fitted out; your own prize, gained by such desperate valour—by valour like unto the legend of La Tour d'Auvergne.

"Necessarily I hope so. It will take you once more away from me, amid perils no one can foresee the end of; but all in pursuit of glory and in defence of our common cause. For that, and that alone, I am willing to deny myself all; even the rapture of being with you soon again.

"When you are in readiness with your new argosy to sail in quest of another Golden Fleece, may not your poor little Aimée Adèle come to l'Orient to say '*Bon Voyage*'? True, I cannot, indulge the fancy that such a parting would in any way influence your chivalry, which needs not reinforcement; but it would enable a poor little waif who loves you to see for once her hero with his armour on in all panoply of battle!"

CHAPTER XX

1779

The Chevalier Jones was a man of unbounded ambition, and the honours bestowed on him by the King, though regarded as a final and ample reward by many, only satisfied a lesser part of his complex nature. There is not the slightest doubt that he was a most disquieting free lance to be at large among those who were actuated by less disinterested motives than himself. He had hoped for command of the *Serapis*, which had been sold to the King on June 22nd for 240,000 livres. He would have been glad to have *La Terpsichore*, on which the Duc de Chartres first visited America, but in the French Navy the captains greatly outnumbered the available ships, and he was obliged to content himself with the *Ariel*, and the mission of carrying the supplies, collected with so much labour by the Commissioners, to Washington's army, a venture promising little glory. On his return to l'Orient he found his crew mutinous and sullen, full of the grievance that their commander had neglected their interests while enjoying the sunshine of popularity. This was the consequence of an intrigue hatched by Lee and Landais—the men being but pawns in the game—to ruin and annoy Jones. Though getting money from the Commissioners was a feat

greater than the labours of Hercules, Jones blamed himself severely "for having returned from Paris without having absolutely insisted on the previous payment of my men."

Landais had long since been ordered to America for his court-martial, Dr. Franklin advancing money for travelling expenses. Instead of obeying orders he, backed by Lee, declared that the *Alliance* had been wrongly taken from him, as the command had come from Congress. The officers and crew sent a petition to the plenipotentiaries "setting forth their grievances and their wishes," while Landais modestly expressed a desire to be given his old command.

All this was enough to whiten the remaining hairs left to Franklin, for he had supposed Landais half way across the briny deep, soon to be in the hands of responsible authority; while his turbulent friend Paul seemed, for once, suitably provided with enough work to keep him occupied for some months.

The good old gentleman was so exasperated that he wrote a concise and definite reply to Landais, in which there was not the faintest hint of any temporising, or of replacing him on the *Alliance*.

"No one ever learned the opinion I formed of you from inquiry made into your conduct. I kept it entirely to myself. I have not even hinted it in my letters to America, because I would not hazard giving to any one a bias to your prejudice. By communicating a *part of that opinion* privately to you I can do no harm, for you may burn it. I should not give you the pain of reading it if your demand did not make it

necessary. I think you, then, so imprudent, so litigious and quarrelsome a man, even with your best friends, that peace and good order, and consequently the quiet regular subordination so necessary to success, are, where you preside, impossible. These are within my observation and apprehension. Your military operations I leave to more capable judges. If, therefore, I had twenty ships of war in my disposition I should not give one of them to Captain Landais. The same temper which *excluded* him from the French Marine would weigh equally with me; of course I shall not replace him in the *Alliance*."

Franklin exhausted his diplomacy to bring reason to that mutinous crew, "whom the power of France would have enabled him to crush at once." The officers and men of the *Alliance* were naturally indignant at the charge of having fired into the *Bonhomme Richard*. Franklin politely tells the discontented ones that, "if it came to be publicly known that you had the strongest aversion to Captain Landais, who had used you basely, and that it is only since the last year's cruise, and the appointment of Commodore Jones to the command, that you request to be again under your old captain, I fear suspicions and reflections may be thrown upon you by the world, as if this change of sentiment may have arisen from your observation during the cruise that Captain Jones loved close fighting, that Captain Landais was skilful in keeping out of harm's way, and that you therefore thought yourself safer with the latter." He exhorts them to take an old man's advice, and go home

peacefully with their ship. He might as well have talked to the winds of heaven; "which failure proves that something beside reason is at times necessary in governing seamen."

The sailors refused to weigh anchor and depart from l'Orient unless they received six months' wages, all their prize money, and "until their *legal* captain, Pierre Landais, was restored to them." The last clause being interlined in Landais's own writing.

Not to be baffled, Jones posted to Versailles, where he obtained an order for apprehending and imprisoning Landais if necessary, and was promised letters to the Commissary of the Port to facilitate his departure. On the 13th of June the mutiny had reached its culmination. Causing his appointment to the *Alliance* to be read on the deck of the ship, and addressing the assembled crew, Jones demanded that whoever had any complaint to prefer against him should speak out. "There was," he says, "every appearance of contentment and subordination. . . . I am certain the people love me and would readily obey me." The proofs of this affection were of a very unusual kind, for no sooner had Jones quitted the ship than Landais came on board and usurped the command, "flatly refusing to relinquish the ship!"

Losing no time, Jones sped off again to Versailles, where he was assured orders had been sent to l'Orient "to compel Landais and his crew to obedience, or, if he attempted to quit the port, to fire on him and, if necessary, sink the ship; but when Jones returned to l'Orient he found no orders had materialised. How-

ever, the authorities of the port, his friends, assured him of their support, and, in this unprecedented situation, he adhered to his policy of tolerant forbearance when he learned that the *Alliance* had been towed from the road of l'Orient to Port Louis.

Though no express from Versailles had been received, M. de Thevenard, the commandant, made preparations to stop the *Alliance*, having sent orders in the evening, without consulting Jones, "to fire on the *Alliance* and sink her to the bottom, if they attempted to approach and pass the barrier that had been made across the entrance of the port. Had I remained silent an *hour* longer the dreadful work would have been done," Paul wrote in his journal.

At Franklin's request the Ministry of Marine had sent orders that the *Alliance* must be prevented from sailing at all hazards, but by what means was not mentioned to the peaceful Quaker, who received a shock on reading Paul's letter, where he told Franklin that, rather than doom so many innocent men to death, he had taken upon himself to cancel the orders to de Thevenard, adding, "Your humanity will, I know, justify the part I acted in preventing a scene that would have rendered me miserable for the rest of my life."

Upheld by Arthur Lee, and spared just punishment by the leniency of the Commodore, Landais put to sea on June 22nd. Though the ship was laden with military stores, of which Washington's army stood in urgent need, Landais, after passing Cape Finisterre, determined to cruise as far south as the Windward Isles.

There was a stormy scene between Lee and the Captain, the former upholding officers and crew in their refusal to obey Landais. Then occurred a comedy of true Gilbertian flavour. Lee, being a doctor, with degrees from the University of Edinburgh, ordered a survey to be held upon the Captain, who was declared insane; then, as ex-Commissioner of the United States, he ordered Lieutenant Degge to take command of the *Alliance*, which resumed her proper course, arriving at Boston the 2nd of August. It has never been satisfactorily decided to what the intense and persistent enmity Lee displayed towards Paul Jones should be attributed. When the *Alliance* was fitting out and taking aboard her cargo of military supplies, Lee had asked and obtained permission from Franklin, to return to the United States on board the vessel. But Lee had no intention of sailing with Jones in command, and did everything to make matters as unpleasant as he could. During his four years as Commissioner he had accumulated a vast amount of furniture, household effects, among other things two coaches, all of which he insisted should be stowed away on the *Alliance*. As the object of the voyage was to take out supplies for the army, Jones refused, for, had he shipped all Mr. Lee's belongings, there would have been no room for anything else. He, however, offered to arrange for them to be taken on one of the merchant ships going under convoy of the *Alliance*, and was deaf to any other arrangement. Consequently Lee left no stone unturned to take the command away from Jones, with the result related above.

The social side of life furnished the Chevalier with pleasures, which in a great measure counterbalanced the annoyances to which he was subjected, and left no time on his hands in which to grow moody or repine over the irremediable. He busied himself over the many projects he had in view, receiving assurance that the Comte de Maurepas and Comte de Vergennes, whose assistance he had solicited, would aid him so far as they were able to secure ships for an expedition which he was then trying to organise.

On the 25th August he celebrated King Louis's birthday on the *Ariel*, and fired two royal salutes, and, on the 2nd of September gave a magnificent entertainment on the same ship. It must be admitted that the employment of taking stores to America in the *Ariel* was not up to Jones's expectations, and he still hoped to be able, through the interest of the new French Ministry, to obtain the *Serapis*, as there were five hundred tons of army stores to be transported in excess of the tonnage of the *Ariel*.

It is an interesting commentary on the gratefulness of Republics that Jones received from the American Government absolutely no promotion or reward for his superb victory over the *Serapis*, while Captain Pearson was knighted by King George for the gallant defence of his ship. Writing to the American agent Dumas, on September 8th, Jones referred to the good fortune of his late adversary, and said: "The next time I meet him I will make a lord of him!"

On October 7th the *Ariel* sailed, to run into the most terrible storm that had swept the coast for years, in

which the *Ariel* lost her fore and main masts, "and rode waterlogged in the open ocean to windward of the Penmarques, perhaps the most dangerous ledge of rocks in the world, for two days and three nights in a tempest that covered the shores with wrecks and dead bodies, and that drove ships from their anchors ashore even in so sheltered a port as l'Orient." They managed to get back to l'Orient on the 12th, but Jones says: "Long as I have followed the sea in all climates and at all seasons I never, till that event, conceived how awful is the majesty of tempest or the unspeakable horrors of shipwreck."

The repairs to the *Ariel* consumed two months, as all the cargo had to be taken out, the powder dried and muskets cleaned before they were utterly spoiled by the salt water. Paul tried again to get *La Terpsichore*, only to find himself anticipated by Captain Beauvallon. De Sartine had been superseded as Minister of Marine by the Maréchal de Castries, a friend of the American party, and Jones wrote immediately on learning of his appointment to congratulate him, enclosing "an outline of a project for action," which he begged his Excellency to consider: the gist of which was, that the following spring Jones should cruise with the *Alliance* and *Confederacy*, a new ship being built in Boston. On the 17th December Paul wrote, bidding farewell to Aimée, as the nearness of parting and the uncertainty of the future recalled, with almost overwhelming vividness, the softer memories of his life in France—

"The men of France I esteem, respect and honour.

They are brave, generous and faithful. But the women of France! What words can I find to express my homage, my worship, my devotion! They have been in these years of toil and storm and battle my guardian angels; they have saved me from despair, and they have inspired me to conquer. Their approving smiles and tender praise have been to me more than the applause of statesmen and even more than the favour of royalty itself.

"Should fate decree this to be my last view of enchanted France I can at least perish somewhere far away with the music of the voice of a Frenchwoman soothing me, and the beauty of a Frenchwoman's face and form pictured in my glazing eyes."

Before sailing on December 18th the Commodore gave a "superb entertainment" on the *Ariel*, which did not escape description in detail by a puritanical contemporary. "The ship was tastefully prepared by spreading her awnings, so as to convert the quarter-deck into a ball and banqueting room. A curtain of pink silk hung from the awning to the deck, decorated with alternate mirrors and pictures, some of which latter partook of the prurient character of the French taste of that day. Between the mirrors and pictures were wreaths of artificial flowers. The deck was laid with carpets. These arrangements were made under the superintending care of a French lady, of Jones's acquaintance; while cooks and waiters from the shore made liberal preparations for the feast. When all was ready at the appointed hour, Jones despatched three

of his boats ashore, the crews of which were neatly dressed in uniform and decorated with the American and French cockades united. The ship, too, was dressed with flags. At three o'clock the company arrived, consisting of many persons of rank of both sexes, splendidly dressed.

"Jones received them, as they came up the ship's side, and conducted them to their seats on the quarter-deck, with a great deal of ease, politeness and good nature. At half-past three the company sat down to an elegant dinner, from which they did not rise till sunset. All hands were at quarters, prepared, by Jones's order, to exhibit a representation of the capture of the *Serapis*. At eight o'clock, as the moon rose, the evening being much the same as on that memorable occasion, a gun was fired on the forecastle as a signal to commence. It was immediately followed by a tremendous explosion of great guns, small arms, rockets and grenades. The tops, as in the action with the *Serapis*, were kept in a complete blaze. The scene was splendid, but the din was awful. The ladies, beside themselves with terror, begged Jones to have mercy on them, and the action was prematurely arrested at the end of an hour. The admiral's band, which had been lent for the occasion, now struck up a lively air and the dance began. It continued with unabated spirit until midnight, when the company was set on shore by the boats, with the same regularity with which they came off, except, as Fanning says, that some of them were 'half seas over.' The officers gallantly attended them to their very doors."

CHAPTER XXI

1780–1783

A FEW days later, on the 18th, with the roar of that mimic battle still echoing in the air, the *Ariel* sailed, the voyage being without exciting incident until the adventure described in the memorial for the King of France, which is written in the third person. Through a long chase, during which Jones manœuvred so that the enemy should not see the force of the *Ariel*, "an action finally became unavoidable," and everything was thrown overboard that interfered with the defence and safety of the ship. In the afternoon the *Ariel* fired now and then a light stern-chaser at the enemy from the quarter-deck, and continued to crowd sail as if very much alarmed. This had the desired effect, and the enemy pursued with greater eagerness. Captain Jones did not suffer the enemy to come close up till the approach of night, when, having well examined his force, he shortened sail to meet his approach. When the two ships came within hail of each other they both hoisted English colours. The person whose duty it was to hoist the pennant on board the *Ariel* had not taken care to make the other end of the halyards fast, to haul it down again to change the colours. This prevented Captain Jones from an advantageous manœuvre he had intended, and obliged

him to let the enemy range up along the lee-side of the *Ariel*, where he saw a battery lighted for action. A conversation now took place between the two ships, which lasted near an hour; by which Captain Jones learned the situation of the enemy's affairs in America. The captain of the enemy's ship said his name was John Pindar. His ship had been constructed by the famous Mr. Peck of Boston, built at Newbury Port, owned by Mr. Tracey of that place, commanded by Captain Hopkins, the son of the late Commodore Hopkins, and had been taken and fitted out at New York, and named the *Triumph* by Admiral Rodney. Captain Jones told him he must put out his boat and come on board and show his commission, to prove whether or not he really did belong to the British navy. To this he made some excuses, because Captain Jones had not told him who he was, and his boat, he said, was very leaky. Captain Jones told him to consider the danger of refusing. Captain Pindar said he would answer for twenty guns, and that himself and every one of his people had shown themselves Englishmen. Captain Jones said he would allow him five minutes only to make his reflection. This time being elapsed Captain Jones backed a little on the weather quarter of the enemy, ran close under her stern, hoisted American colours, and being within short pistol-shot on the lee-beam of the enemy began to engage. It was past seven o'clock, and as no equal force ever exceeded the vigorous and regular fire of the *Ariel's* battery and tops, the action while it lasted made a glorious appearance. The enemy made a

feeble resistance for about ten minutes. He then struck his colours. The enemy then begged for quarter, and said half his men were killed. The *Ariel's* fire ceased, and the crew, as usual after a victory, gave cries of joy, "to show themselves Englishmen." The enemy filled their sails, and got on the *Ariel's* weather-bow before the cries of joy had ended on board the *Ariel*. Captain Jones, suspecting the base design of the enemy, immediately set every sail he could to prevent her escape; but the enemy had so much advantage in sailing that the *Ariel* could not keep up, and they soon got out of gun-shot. The English captain may be called a knave, because, after he surrendered his ship, begged for and obtained quarter, he basely ran away, contrary to the laws of naval war and the practice of civilised nations. It must be remembered, however, that this ship was not one belonging to the regular navy. The *Triumph* is impartially described as a letter-of-marque and a sloop-of-war, she mounted twenty guns—twelve or fourteen nine-pounders and the rest sixes, with a crew of ninety-seven men. The *Naval Chronicle* says the *Ariel* carried "a battery of twenty twelve-pounders, a crew of 180 men, mostly prime sailors, and commanded by the redoubtable Paul Jones."

Soon after this encounter Jones was called on to suppress a mutiny among the English part of the *Ariel's* crew, and arrived at Philadelphia on the 18th February, 1781, with twenty of the ringleaders in irons. Paul had been absent from America three years, three months, and eighteen days. A few days after his

arrival he turned over the command of the *Ariel* to his lieutenants, Dale and Lunt, who took the ship to Portsmouth. This ended Jones's active connection with the United States Navy, which had lasted from December 7, 1775, to the present date, during which he had earned for himself more fame than all the others connected with the service, both by his daring as a fighter and his skill as a diplomat; and had made the power he represented, young as it was, an important factor in the politics of nations. One of the first pieces of news brought to Jones was that Pierre Landais had been dropped from the navy, which ended any necessity of a court-martial and wiped Landais and his eccentricities off the calendar of events to be dealt with.

The action of Lee and Landais in usurping command of, and running away with, the *Alliance* had, by upsetting Jones's plans for sailing, greatly delayed the arrival of the military stores. This occasioned much dissatisfaction, the matter being made the subject of an inquiry by Congress, Jones and Franklin eventually being exonerated from any blame; and the latter, "as an appropriate mark of the entire confidence of Congress, was appointed by the Marine Committee to the sole management of maritime affairs in Europe."

The Board of Admiralty, soon after his arrival, called upon Commodore Jones to answer some forty-seven questions relating to his services and public affairs in that connection, which, after a great deal of correspondence he did to their satisfaction. The sub-

jects and answers are mostly on naval and technical matters and not interesting, while a number relate to Landais and his usurped command of the *Alliance*.

Like all men who have risen to heights unattained by the less successful, Jones was constantly the prey of jealousy and petty malice. Perhaps he was too sensitive to public criticism, and would have been happier had he been of the disposition to ignore things which were not of a pleasing nature. For example, though he had received permission from Congress to wear the decoration bestowed by Louis XVI, he never did so in America after being told by some ladies at a dinner that they had "heard deprecating comments" on this, and that he used a title derived from a king though an officer of a "free republic." There is only one letter of Jones's written, while in America, in which he signs himself the "Chevalier Paul Jones," though Washington addressed him by this title in his correspondence of a certain date. Taking all these different elements into consideration, one is not surprised, after weighing the matter carefully, that Paul found life in the old world more congenial. But it must not be thought that he was unpraised and unappreciated by the mass of his adopted countrymen, and even Washington, who so seldom grew enthusiastic, quite unbent in commendation of his friend in the letter he wrote to the "Chevalier Paul Jones."

"Whether our naval affairs have in general been well or ill conducted would be presumptuous in me to determine. Instances of bravery and good conduct

in several of our officers have not, however, been wanting. Delicacy forbids me to mention that particular instance which has attracted the admiration of all the world, and which has influenced the most illustrious monarch to confer a mark of his favour which can only be obtained by a long and honourable service, or by the performance of some brilliant action." Washington concludes by hoping that "you may long enjoy the reputation you have so justly acquired," and, knowing what we do of George Washington, this was, indeed, high praise.

The cabal by whom Jones was disliked still continued to give him annoyance, and, shortly after his arrival on the *Ariel*, he learned that Lee had been spreading derogatory stories about him. Without waiting, the Commodore challenged Lee, who tried to avoid fighting by insinuating that it was a matter of question whether Jones was a gentleman and entitled to the privileges of one, demanding—

"Who is he, anyhow? Nobody but the son of obscure Scottish peasants, and a man who has changed his name at that! What right can such a person claim to expect satisfaction from a Virginia gentleman of my position and antecedents?"

General Anthony Wayne, to whom this question was addressed, intimated that he was not there to go into questions of genealogy, quietly adding: "But permit me to suggest, sir, that no one in this country or before American people can possibly reflect credit upon himself by trying to bar Paul Jones from the rights of a gentleman. It makes no difference who

his parents may have been, or how many times he may have changed his name, the American people will never sustain any man in the pretence of barring from a gentleman's privileges the conqueror of the *Drake* and *Serapis*." Wayne clearly placed before Lee the question of social standing and the rights and position of an officer in the navy, who had been knighted for his conspicuous valour and daring bravery, and who was received by the highest society in every country. To refuse the challenge of Paul Jones would stamp the man, who took such an action, as worse than a coward. To make a long story short, mutual friends smoothed the matter over, and the duel was heard of no more.

Robert Morris, always one of Jones's staunch friends, advised him in a letter to drop his quarrel with Lee, saying very sensibly: "You should, I think, accept these accumulated honours and proofs of the public confidence as most ample vindication of yourself from any wrongs of which you have hitherto entertained a sense, and you should also view them as having placed you upon a plane of honour and dignity from which you could but derogate by further meditation of personal recourse in any direction whatever."

The Chevalier could afford to be magnanimous, and, though the summer was not marked by heroic combat or naval victory, he found that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and equally enjoyable. He and his officers and men were publicly thanked by Congress on April 14th, and on June 26th he was unanimously elected to command the *America*,

building at Portsmouth, it being recommended by some of his partisans that Jones should be raised to the rank of Admiral. Mingled with these glowing and congratulatory happenings, the old spectre of unpaid crews kept stalking grimly. On the arrival of the *Ariel* Colonel Henry Fisher, of the "Continental Army," had loaned him money to pay off officers and crew, and, on June 26, he petitioned Congress for an advance on the pay due to him, of which, from his date of commission, December 7, 1775, until the present moment, he had never received a penny. The amount reached the total of £1400 5*s*. He was referred to the Treasury Board without definite result.

The Chevalier Jones did not arrive in Portsmouth until the end of August, having visited General Washington on the way, and received personally the congratulations of that august statesman. Jones had, in the February previous, been authorised by Congress to wear the Order of Military Merit, which King Louis bestowed on him for his valour, and was given a sumptuous entertainment at Philadelphia by the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French Minister, in honour of the event. His reception on arriving at Portsmouth was most flattering, and inspired by that personal tinge, which friendship alone can give, had all the sincerity of a real home-coming. The *Ranger* had been considered by the people of Portsmouth as their ship, and when Jones "came back in 1781, to command the *America*, covered with world-wide fame, decorations, Order of Knighthood, and the thanks of Congress, he became at once the most interesting

character in the place. The good people, staid in their notions of republican simplicity as they were, rejoiced to see that four years of almost marvellous success had by no means spoilt him, but that he was yet the same plain Paul Jones they had known and liked so well in 1777.

"The young folks did little less than worship him, because his appearance among them was always the signal for jolly yarns and interesting accounts of what he had seen in the great world beyond the seas.

"On such occasions, when surrounded by the young ladies, to whom his stories of Paris and Versailles were almost like fairy tales, his usually sad, swarthy face would light up with a rich glow as if his youth had come back again, and he would hold all listeners as in a trance."

And, most undeniably, Paul had nice little ways, for "among the souvenirs he had brought from France and also from Spain were rare little bits of lace handkerchiefs, fans of marvellous design, gloves, slippers, and bewitching little ornaments for the hair. Most of these had already met their fate among the Commodore's fair friends in Philadelphia before he came to Portsmouth."

The completion of the *America* occupied most of his waking hours, for the work progressed slowly, and he was afraid the ship would be seized by the enemy or blown up, as the island on which she was being built was poorly fortified and, with the exception of the guard he ordered, and the two six-pounders defending the landing, quite open to attack. After

Jones's arrival a sharp watch was kept for prowling boats, and anything approaching too close was warned off on penalty of being fired into with the omnipresent six-pounders. By way of variety in his troubles, the *America* was too large to be launched off the stocks where she was built, and only with the utmost manipulation was she got into the water at all. The *America* was a seventy-four gun ship, extreme length 182½ feet, with a complement of 626 officers and men. Her keel had been laid down in 1777, though little had been done on her except "to get out and season her timbers," and Jones, who had been led to understand that she was ready for launching, received a disagreeable shock when he first saw her at Langdon's Island. He planned as figurehead "the Goddess of Liberty crowned with laurels. The right arm was raised with the forefinger pointing to heaven, as if appealing to that high tribunal in behalf of the justice of the American cause. On the left arm was a blue buckler with thirteen silver stars."

Paul became so exasperated at the slowness of the task he had undertaken, that he wrote Lafayette he had volunteered to join Washington's army, requesting that he might serve in the marquis's division; but Robert Morris would not allow him to leave Portsmouth, where he considered his services more useful than they would be in the field. During his stay in Portsmouth Paul was persuaded to address a public meeting at the town hall, and made a glowing reference to the flag given him by the girls of Portsmouth as "a pattern new to the world. That flag the *Ranger*

carried across the sea and showed alike to our French friends and our English enemies. Our French friends saluted it with the cannon of their grand fleet. Our English enemies twice lowered their haughty emblem to it . . . the story of the flag as made by the daughters of Portsmouth has been written in letters of blood and flame that can never be rubbed out so long as Liberty shall be the watchword of brave men and virtuous women." He told an anecdote which greatly pleased his audience, of a sailor boy, Johnny Downes, with him on the *Ranger* and *Bonhomme Richard*. "Johnny, though seventeen years old, was so small for his age that he attracted the attention of a duchesse who was visiting the ship, who asked him—

"'Why are you here? Such a child! You are not big or strong enough for war. Why did your mother let you come here?'

"'My mother did not let me come here, madame, *she sent me*,' Johnny replied; but the duchesse was not satisfied, and pursued the question.

"'Why, then, did she send such a little and delicate boy?'

"'Because, madame, she had no other boy to send. But, madame,' said Johnny, 'I am much stronger than you think. I can keep my station with the best of them, as the Captain will tell you, if you do me the honour to ask him. True, I am small, but that is an advantage, because the enemy can't hit me in battle as easily as they could if I was large.'"

The duchesse was charmed, declaring to the Captain that Johnny came of a race of Spartan mothers, all of

which must have been very pleasant to Johnny's mother, who sat in the audience.

In the following May, 1782, the birth of the Dauphin being announced, Congress, to emphasise the *entente cordiale* between the two countries, ordered all commanding officers to celebrate. We have no details of what the other commanders did, but Commodore Jones, with his usual lavishness, gave an entertainment on the *America*, supplying, at his own expense, the powder used for salutes and everything connected with the joyful day.

With the completion of the *America* came another crushing disappointment. Instead of sailing in command he received a letter from Robert Morris, dated September 4, 1782, enclosing the resolution by which Congress presented the ship to France, to replace the French ship *Magnifique*, wrecked the preceeding month at the entrance to Boston Harbour. So he saw the realisation of his hopes and ambitions given to the Chevalier de Martigne, and the bitterness of the disappointment was not lessened by the fact that he had a crew such as his heart loved, officered by the men who had fought the *Bonhomme Richard* to victory. The French renamed her *Le Franklin*, and so she passed from the hands of those who built her; and Paul Jones, at the end of seven years' constant, and often thankless, service, found himself without command, without prize money or pay, and without official recognition of his exertions in the cause to which he devoted so important a part of his life.

Unhappy and unoccupied ashore, Commodore Jones

volunteered to join the Marquis de Vaudreuil's flagship, on the expedition undertaken by France and Spain against English power in the West Indies. This squadron, comprising the ships under de Vaudreuil and the main French fleet commanded by the Comte d'Estaing, as well as the Spanish fleet under Admiral Don Solano, was so late in arriving at the rendezvous that Admirals Hood and Piggott prevented the planned attack on Jamaica, and then the news of peace between England and France ended the cruise. Jones, not being in good health, immediately sailed on a French frigate for Philadelphia, carrying with him commendatory letters from de Vaudreuil to the Chevalier de la Luzerne, in which the former says, after many complimentary preliminaries: "I shall feel infinitely obliged to you if you can find a means of doing him service. He is one of the bravest, ablest and most honourable of men."

But all the hardships, anxieties and vicissitudes of fortune to which Paul had been subjected for so many years were beginning to tell on that iron constitution. While in the West Indies he had a sharp attack of fever, and for years he had never enjoyed more than four hours' sleep at a time. His eyes, tried by the poor light of ships' lamps and the enormous amount of correspondence he had carried on, gave him constant trouble, since he had a decided aversion to any kind of eye-glasses. In his own words—

"It was not until peace came, and with it no immediate prospect of active service nor any incentive to ambition, that I realised how prodigally I had drawn

upon Nature's bequest to me of an iron frame and a strong constitution. For the first time in my life I felt what the doctors call the effect of reaction. Fortunately my affairs were in a condition that enabled me to rest without serious inquietude on the score of means. . . . I passed the months of June, July, August, and a part of September in the bracing air of the Lehigh Valley, and this with so much benefit that, in November, I was able to undertake a mission to France, by appointment of Congress, as special and plenipotentiary agent to adjust and collect all prize moneys due and unpaid in that country to American seamen who had served under my command."

An interesting sidelight on his unusual character is the shrewd sense he showed in business matters. This trait, from his early days in the merchant service, induced him to put by what money he could, which, by careful manipulation, grew into a comfortable nest-egg as the years went on. Far from benefiting by his services to the United States, his part in the war was a great expense to him, though he gave freely to the cause he considered so just and rightful. Congress acted wisely in appointing him as agent to deal with the troubled question of prize-money adjustment, and his excellent credit is proved by his instantly obtaining the necessary bond for £40,000.

As illustrating his foresight in financial matters, the following is a good example. While in America Paul bought large quantities of illuminating oil, for which there was always a great demand in Europe, and shipped it to his agents in Amsterdam, Nantes and

Antwerp. As his credit was practically unlimited, he had to pay out almost nothing in actual money, and the oil when sold by his correspondents brought in a profit of some £7500 or £8000. This sum may be exaggerated, but the Chevalier is known to have benefited considerably by this and other commercial ventures during the previous nine years. If he had not had these means of income it would be impossible to say how he could have provided for the constant expense of keeping open house on shore or aboard ship, and for the Telusson *ménage;* as it was not until 1785 he got his prize money, amounting to the sum of 181,039 livres, 1 sou, 10 deniers.

On the 10th of November Jones sailed from Philadelphia on the *Washington.* This ship, being forced by adverse gales to put into Plymouth, he landed, posting to London, where the first person he met was his old enemy, John Adams, to whom he delivered the despatches he carried, and discussed a commercial treaty in which both were interested. Jones left London the next morning, arriving at Paris on the 7th of December. The despatches he brought for Franklin were rough drafts for treaties, concerning fishing and other rights, to be submitted to the Cabinet in London. Franklin was anxious to employ Jones on this mission, but the latter preferred to lose no time in taking up the adjustment of his prize claims.

On the 20th of December he was presented to Louis XVI in his rôle of Special Agent by the Maréchal de Castries, Minister of Marine. The King conferred on

him the honour of a command to "lunch at the royal table, a distinction that no naval officer under the rank of Admiral had enjoyed in France since Louis XIV similarly entertained Jean Bart; after the repast the Commodore enjoyed another honour, one to which he had often aspired but never before realised: that of being presented to the Queen. This was a marked triumph for the Commodore, because while the war was in progress, notwithstanding the persuasions of many of his friends including even Mme. de Campan, the Queen had steadily declined to lend her countenance to the Commodore's enterprises and ambitions."

Just how much of this is authentic one cannot determine, as the only mention of it in the Commodore's papers is: "On December 20th his Excellency the Marechal de Castries graciously presented me in my official capacity to the King, who in turn presented me informally to Her Majesty the Queen."

The adjustment of the prize-money claims was beset with untold complications, a fact which Jones appreciated, and employed no less an advocate than the eloquent Mirabeau, with Malesherbes to advise in matters involving admiralty jurisprudence. The confusion was increased by the action of Congress, which had several times during the war changed the rules governing the distribution of prize money. The prizes taken by the American and French ships had been sent to, and sold in, the ports of different countries, some in Holland and others in France. Those sent to Denmark, against Jones's orders, had instantly been returned to the English owners at the request of the

British minister, an action foreseen by Jones, who knew the Danish king's sympathies to be with England. All this involved an almost incomprehensible mass of legal subtleties, and a knowledge of International and Admiralty law bewildering even to the clever brains employed on the case.

Franklin declared in exasperation, "If I once get rid of this business, nothing shall ever induce me to to approach it again," and implores Jones "to have mercy on me, and refrain from bothering me any more with masses of technical details, and even sea lingo, which is worse than Greek to me." In truth the old gentleman grew extremely irritable, and it is amusing to see how the Commodore, knowing that "even Jove nods at flattery," appealed to the sage's vanity in the most barefaced manner. He concludes his reply to this scolding by apologising deferentially for invading Franklin's peace or "disturbing his tranquillity, impelled to do so by no consideration less flattering to you than the childlike faith and the artless confidence I have ever reposed in your incomparable wisdom and your unexampled grasp of affairs. . . ."

The Commodore's mission took him to London, where his appearance at Lloyd's formed the theme of a column of gossip in the *Cumberland Packet* of November, 1786.

"Last Wednesday appeared on the Underwriters' 'Change at Lloyd's no less a personage than the celebrated Paul Jones; no stranger to the Cumberland coast and Whitehaven, but a most attractive stranger and object of much interest at Lloyd's. He came on

the most peaceful errand of listing on the Boards for underwriting certain cargoes of American destination in which he has interest.

"No one noticed him until he had to sign the Owners' Register, which he did in a bold round hand. In a few minutes many had seen it, and his identity among the throng on the floor was quickly made out; when there was a rush about him almost amounting to mobbing. All introduced themselves to him, and he received them in a most charming manner, easy and affable. The Chairman of the Board . . . invited him into the lunch-room, by accepting which he escaped attentions, which, though kindly meant and most politely accepted, must have been annoying."

The writer proceeds to describe Jones: "His attire is of the most faultless make-up, and his bearing martial and imposing to the last degree. It is gossiped about that while at luncheon the chairman remarked that his relations with British commerce had most materially changed during the past few years. To which Captain Jones is said to have replied, 'Oh no, not so much that, as it is a resumption of most pleasant relations many years ago.'

"The impression he made on all who had the privilege of seeing and conversing with him is most pleasant, and it is a common remark that it is much better to have him here seeking insurance on cargoes of his own than at sea seeking cargoes insured by others."

Jones says that he owed many of the pleasures of his stay in London to the kindness of Captain the

Honourable Samuel Hood, afterwards Sir Samuel Hood, who commanded the *Zealous* at the Battle of the Nile. The Commodore's connection with this distinguished naval family was unusual and most interesting. As far back as the days when Jones was a young merchant captain he became involved in some trouble at the Island of Grenada "under circumstances not at all discreditable to him." Captain, afterwards Admiral, Lord Hood learned the facts of the case, and being senior officer on the station, interfered in Captain John Paul's behalf, causing him to be released and giving his word as an officer and a gentleman that the young captain should appear to answer the charge if necessary. In 1779, after the fight between the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard*, Jones found Midshipman Hood, severely wounded, among the prisoners. Immediately on arriving at the Texel he turned Hood over to Sir Joseph Yorke, without parole, begging him to convey his compliments to the boy's family, and "say that he found pleasure in the opportunity to reciprocate an ancient kindness." In 1784–5 Jones had seen a great deal of Captain Hood, who was in France, and says, "It had been in my power to be serviceable to him in social directions. Now he, with the courtesy for which he is everywhere distinguished, repaid my former attentions, and to him more than any one else I owe the most enjoyable moments of my stay in London. . . ." Captain Hood was ordered to a ship on the American station, and left shortly after this, but his fellow-officers made life so agreeable that Jones found it hard to tear

himself away. Eventually he took passage to France by the Ostend lugger, which sailed under the English flag. He commented that, "It was the first time since 1773 that I had trod an English deck with the King's colours flying. I own that for a moment the sensation was queer."

Jones hoped that France would employ him against the Algerines, as the United States was too poor to engage in an expedition at this moment. Unfortunately France was bankrupt, and could do nothing in response to the Commodore's petition to the King. So prophetic was the plan of French rule in Africa, outlined in this document, that it was quoted by Louis Philippe in a speech, asking for money to promote the Algerine conquest, many years later.

Jones was urged by the Frazier Brothers, in whose charge he had placed his Virginia property, to return to a community where every one desired so distinguished a man for a neighbour. They offered to rebuild his house and buildings, which had long ago been razed to the ground. To this Jones replied most politely, but declared it impossible to work a plantation to advantage without slave labour, to which he very strongly objected. His mission, he explained, was not yet completed, and he hoped to find employment in his career of naval officer.

Leaving for Denmark in May, 1787, he had gone as far as Brussels when he learned that two of the firms to which his goods were consigned were insolvent. As this venture comprised a large part of his working capital, he instantly took a swift sailing packet for

New York, arriving there some days before the slow merchant ships, and, by his promptness, saved his money. Paul remained in the United States until November. Congress approved the settlement he had made for prize money, and, on the 16th of October, voted him a gold medal which was to be made in Paris, under the supervision of Thomas Jefferson, who had succeeded Franklin as American Minister to France. Jones was to be the bearer of a letter to King Louis on his return, and Jefferson was given full powers to act in the Danish prize case, with authority to appoint any agent he saw fit. In spite of the gold medal, Jones was still unpaid for his services, owing to the depleted condition of the national exchequer. Excepting two thousand guineas on account, the remainder, amounting to £10,000, came to his heirs *fifty-six* years after his death.

Paul still played the part of a social butterfly, and fluttered about as gaily as of yore among his many friends. The Livingstons, blest with the match-making instinct, tried to marry him to a comely widow, whose maiden name had been Rosalie Bloom; but Paul, with the sound of that charming Frenchwoman's voice lingering in his ears, and the pressure of her miniature in his heart, desparted fancy free, though the lady would not have proved obdurate had Paul willed, for Madame Livingston says—

"There was no mistaking the signs of her conduct in his presence. I frankly own that though I had known the Chevalier in Philadelphia when there with my husband during the war, and had greatly admired

him then, he was now an infinitely superior man. Then I had thought him a genius, as did everybody, but in many respects a 'rough diamond.' But now he fairly shone with the polish of European courts; his grace, dignity and *aplomb* were easily beyond imitation by the most accomplished men of our own set, and he seemed more like some French duke paying us a visit than the brave, dashing sailor, Paul Jones, I had known in Philadelphia in 1776."

Madame Livingston continues eulogistically: "His ways were the poetry of grace and elegance, his table talk was to us a revelation of the charm and fascination of Court-life in the Old World. His discourses of the great, the royal and the noble personages he had encountered in his marvellous career, told sometimes in English like that of Bacon, and sometimes in French like that of Fontenelle, by turns delighted, amazed and mystified us. Alas! that he could have been with us but two short weeks. . . . Such chivalry I never saw in any man. We begged him to give us his own description of the miraculous battle that had made him famous in all the world. He parried our importunity by saying that too much had already been written about it, and, besides, the picture of it in his memory was too horrible for portrayal in the sight of our delicate sex. But he said that he felt at liberty to impress on us that he owed a debt of gratitude to his brave adversary, Captain Sir Richard Pearson, whose martial conduct and heroic bravery had given him the opportunity for such a combat; and in that view he considered himself fortunate in having

encountered so admirable a foe. And that was all we could induce him to say about it."

Did some premonition sweep over Paul, that this was to be the last time he would set foot on the shores of the country for which he had performed such great service? He saw once more those fighting sailors whom he loved so well; one and all they had come to see their old commander. Dale, Mayrant, Tom Potter, Fanning, Gardner, whose names recall that raging sea fight. Who was the favourite? He said, "It has been my fortune to command many brave men, but I never knew a man so exactly after my own heart or so near the kind of man I would create, if I could, as John Mayrant." This was high praise from Jones, whom his critics accuse of never commending any man serving under him, forgetting that, in those rude times, fulsome praise was not heaped on such as did their duty, and did it bravely because it was their duty.

Did Paul, at this period of his life, in his heart of hearts ever lose a little of the keen enthusiasm for the service of the United States and the "Rights of Man," when other lands honoured him so unstintedly with their praise? . . . and then, there was the Lady in the Case, his "well beloved Adèle," to whom he complains—

"The last French packet brought me no letter from the person whose happiness is dearer to me than anything else. I have been on the rack of fear and apprehension, and am wholly unable to account for your silence; having received but one letter since my departure from France, and that one written soon after

I left there, informing me of the sudden death of our most noble friend the Marquise. . . . My return to Europe approaches. My sentiments are unchanged and my impatience can better be imagined than expressed. I have been honoured here beyond my expectations. But your silence makes even honours insipid."

CHAPTER XXII

1783–1788

Out of touch as he was with the hourly changes, the gossip and intrigue of his Paris, Jones came back very quietly, wishing to pick up the broken links before announcing his return. With this end in view, he went to the Hôtel de Beauvois, where he was unknown, sending word to the American Minister, Thomas Jefferson, of his arrival, and Jefferson called on him immediately. We know from his complaints to Aimée de Telusson that letters had been few and far between, and if those from her had never reached their destination, such as were written by casual correspondents shared a like fate, and Jefferson's gossip fell on eager ears long strangers to news of a world which held for him such brilliant and tender memories. Aimée, he learned, had received the appointment of Court reader, translator of English plays and periodicals, and was living at Versailles. Almost in the same breath Jones received information which radically changed his future career, for Mr. Jefferson told him he had been requested by Baron Simolin, the Russian Ambassador, to lay before him a proposition which was, in brief, an unofficial offer of service in the Russian navy.

In his journal Jones says, "I was at first inclined to view the proposition as chimerical, though I knew

that the impending war between Russia and Turkey must afford grand possibilities of naval operations, because an indispensable factor in it would be the destruction of the Turkish navy in the Euxine, and the conversion of that land-locked sea into a Russian lake. . . .

"On the other hand, I knew little of Russia or the Russians. My acquaintance with them was limited to less than a dozen personages in Imperial diplomatic service. . . . I knew not one word of the language. I could not see how it would be possible to satisfactorily direct operations of subordinates in warfare through interpreters. . . . I had formed impressions as to the genius and methods of government in Russia that accorded ill with any conception of what ought to be in that respect . . . these impressions had been wholly derived from reading. I was, of course, open to whatever lessons actual observation and experience might teach. . . . I admitted to him that it opened up a vision of ambitious hopes and dreams of glory on a grand scale too powerful and too vivid to be lightly cast aside.

"Mr. Jefferson was complimentary enough to say that while my knowledge of French would enable me to deal fully with Russians in high station, he was persuaded that my aptness at learning foreign tongues would doubtless soon remove the objections on the score of the Russian language itself. He said he had but one more duty to discharge in the premises, namely, to bring me personally in contact with the Russian ambassador.

PAUL JONES

[*From a wax medallion sent by Paul Jones to Mrs. Belches in* 1786. *Reproduced by permission of the Edinburgh Antiquarian Society.*

"Still mystified, however, as to the origin of this remarkable proposal, I set about investigating it in my own way. Proceeding in a day or two to Versailles, I placed myself *en rapport* with the Court entourage, and lost no time in setting the wits of Little Madame at work to trace out the mystery. She soon, through the gossip of the palace, had the plot unravelled.

"It appears from her revelations that a year or more before this time, or shortly after, I had tendered my services to the King in the hope of employment in a crusade against the Algerines, the Empress Catherine II had applied by autograph letter to his Majesty for the loan of a flag-officer of high rank, comparative youth and established capacity to organise and command her forces in the Black Sea.

"His Majesty had officers of suitable rank and attainments for such an arduous task; as, for example, Kersaint, d'Albert de Rions, or Morad de Galles; but, as I learned, they would not have viewed the opportunity with unquestioning favour. Besides, his Majesty from motives of state prudence, was not inclined to so palpably choose sides in the struggle between the Empress and the Sultan as would be involved in encouraging or even allowing a French vice-admiral or even contre-admiral of established repute to take active command against the Turks. His Majesty, in this dilemma, had then intimated to his ambassador near the Court of the Empress, that my own services might possibly be found available, and, if so, commending me in the most unqualified

terms to the consideration of the Empress. On such representations by the Comte de Ségur to the Empress, she had instructed her ambassador at Versailles, the Baron Simolin, to approach me on the topic, and Simolin, in his turn, had employed the good offices of Mr. Jefferson to inaugurate the project with me. I learned also that the Empress had thus far succeeded in enlisting only the services of the Prince of Nassau-Siegen; and this did not add to my favourable impressions in view of my previous acquaintance with the prince in the affair of the *Indien* and other projects during the American War. I took precautions to fortify myself with the knowledge of preliminary events before meeting M. de Simolin."

This meeting, which took place at the house of the Chevalier Littlepage, ended without anything definite being arranged, and on the 24th of January Jones received his credentials as agent to Denmark, where he arrived the early part of February. It was a hard and trying journey at that time of year, as to reach Copenhagen he had to go first to Brussels overland, then to the Hague and Amsterdam, to Hamburg by packet, again by land to Lübeck, then by sea to Copenhagen, taking over a month, and he found himself, upon his arrival in March, very much out of health by the fatigues of the journey, narrowly escaping a severe attack of fever. But in a week or so he was himself again, and records in his journal—

"On my arrival I paid my respects to the Minister of France. He received me with great kindness; we went five days ago to the Minister of Foreign Affairs;

I was much flattered with my reception, and our conversation was long and very particular respecting America and the new Constitution, of which I presented a copy. He observed that it had struck him as a very dangerous power to make the president commander-in-chief; in other respects it appeared to please him much, as leading to a new and sure treaty of commerce between America and Denmark."

Being presented at Court by the Baron de la Houge, Minister Plenipotentiary of France to the Danish Court, he comments: "I had a very polite and distinguished reception. The Queen Dowager conversed with me for some time, and said the most civil things. Her Majesty has a dignity of person and deportment which becomes her well, and which she has the secret to reconcile with great affability and ease. The Princess Royal is a charming person, and the graces are so much her own that it is impossible to see and converse with her without paying her that homage which artless beauty and good nature will ever command. All the royal family spoke to me, except the King, who speaks to no person when presented. His Majesty saluted me with great complaisance at first, and as often afterwards as we met in the course of the evening. The Prince Royal is greatly beloved and extremely affable; he asked me a number of pertinent questions respecting America. I had the honour to be invited to sup with his Majesty and the Royal Family. The company at table (consisting of seventy ladies and gentlemen, including the Royal

Family, the Ministers of State and Foreign Ambassadors) was very brilliant."

"I must tell you," he writes Lafayette, "that Mr. Elliot (the same who filched Dr. Lee's papers at Berlin) was furious when he found my business at Copenhagen, and that I was received with great distinction at Court, and in all the best societies in Denmark. Every time I was invited to sup with the King, Elliot made an apology; he shut himself up for more than a month, and then left town. This occasioned much laughter; and as he had shunned society from the time of my arrival, people said he had gone off in a fright." Jones "hopes that Mr. Jefferson is satisfied with the train in which I left the Danish business. It would have been impossible for me to have pushed it any farther, as I had not the full power to conclude it finally." This refers to his mission, which he was unable to bring to a definite conclusion, being informed through letter by Count Bernstorff, the Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the King could take no further steps in the matter till the New Constitution had been formally adopted by the United States.

It has been a disputed subject as to the reason for the King of Denmark bestowing a pension of 1500 Danish crowns (£75) on the unsuccessful agent of the prize claims. It was merely a royal way of paying a compliment. "For the respect he had shown to the Danish flag while he commanded in the North Sea," was the official announcement. It placed Jones in an "embarrassing situation"; but the fact that he never

received a penny while living, and only left a record in his will, so his heirs might benefit by the accumulated £300, frees his memory from any complicity in the transaction.

Since Paul Jones's interview with Baron de Simolin at the Chevalier Littlepage's, there had been a most incessant correspondence carried on, in which the Baron, the American Minister, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Potemkin, Comte de Ségur, who was supposed to hold an extraordinary influence over the Empress, and a score of others figured. It had been proposed to confer on the Chevalier Jones, on entering the Russian service, the grade of "captain-commandant, with the rank of major-general," which did not please Jones, who stipulated for that of rear-admiral, saying, "I cannot conceive the reason why any difficulty should be made to my being admitted into the marine of her Imperial Majesty as rear-admiral, a rank to which I have some claim, and that it should at the same time be proposed to give me the grade of major-general, to which I have no title." In the same letter to Jefferson he says, "If Congress should think I deserve the promotion that was proposed when I was in America, and should condescend to confer on me the grade of rear-admiral from the day I took the *Serapis* (September 23, 1779, exactly nine years before), I am persuaded it would be very agreeable to the Empress, who now deigns to offer me equal rank in her service, though I never had the honour to draw my sword in her cause, nor to do any other act that could merit her Imperial benevolence.

. . . The mark I mentioned of the approbation of that honourable body (Congress) would be extremely flattering to me in the career I am now to pursue, and would stimulate all my ambition to acquire the necessary talents to merit that, and even greater favours at a future day. I ask for nothing, and beg leave to be understood as having hinted what is natural to conceive, that the mark of approbation could not fail to be infinitely serviceable to my views and success in the country where I am going."

Jones would not have accepted this command had Congress objected, but the country of his adoption had no need of his services, in fact, did not consider him in any way, and on his last departure from America he brought a letter to the king, in which they recommended that he should be allowed to cruise in one of the French fleets, to have the opportunity of studying naval tactics and manœuvring. . . . The flattering offer from the Empress Catherine changed all this.

Though Paul Jones had fought intrepidly for the "Cause of Liberty" and the "Rights of Man," there is no denying he went into the service of Russia heart and soul. "Loving glory as I do," he says of himself, "I am perhaps too much attached to honours, though personal interest is an idol to which I have never bowed the knee." It was a radical change of front to go from the service of the newest of countries into that of Imperial Russia, the most feudal, luxurious and barbaric—under a thin veneer of French polish —in the world. Catherine had her reputation, her

favourites, and she was shamelessly open in what she did; boasting herself to be "as frank as an Englishman." She was a clever women, who used her pawns while they were useful, and broke them as a child does an annoying toy when they irritated. It is not to be supposed that a man so well posted in the gossip of courts as Jones, was unaware of the idiosyncrasies of this masterful sovereign, though it sounds a little incongruous to hear such sentiments as these coming from his pen.

"The unbounded admiration and profound respect which I have long felt for the glorious character of her Imperial Majesty forbids the idea that a sovereign so magnanimous should sanction any arrangement that may give pain at the outset to the man she deigns to honour with her notice, and who wishes to devote himself to her service." The latter part of the sentence somewhat modifies the idea expressed, as there is no doubt so astute a courtier as Jones knew every word he wrote would eventually reach the Imperial ears, and—the mighty lady loved flattery. This was part of the letter to Jefferson, urging his claims as a rear-admiral, declaring himself not in favour of a "conjoined command, which is hurtful and often fatal in military operations. There is no military man who is so entirely master of his passions as to keep free of jealousy and its consequences in such circumstances. Being quite a stranger, I have more to fear from a conjoined command than any other officer in the service of her Imperial Majesty. I cannot think why her Majesty should think it best to divide the

command on the Black Sea; and if the direction of that department be already confided to an officer of sufficient ability and experience, I do not seek to interfere with his command."

The Empress in her instructions to Baron Krudener had described the appointment as that of "captain commandant," with the relative rank of major-general, but Jones said he could much better comprehend the meaning of the words "rear-admiral" than those used by the Empress, and, as they seemed to mean substantially the same thing, he would prefer the simpler and more strictly naval designation of rear-admiral. This being promised by Baron Krudener, on the part of the Empress, the negotiations were concluded and Catherine wrote to him in her own hand—

"Sir,

"A courier from Paris has just brought from my envoy in France, M. de Simolin, the enclosed letter to Count Besborodko. As I believe that this letter will help to confirm to you what I have already told you verbally, I have sent it and beg you to return it, as I have not even made a copy of it, so anxious am I that you should see it. I hope that it will efface all doubts from your mind, and prove to you that you are to be connected only with those who are most favourably disposed towards you. I have no doubt but that on your side you will fully justify the opinion which we have formed of you, and apply yourself with zeal to support the reputation and the name you have

acquired for valour and skill on the element in which you are to serve.

"Adieu.

"I wish you happiness and health.

"CATHERINE."

Flattering as this seemed, Jones still hesitated, though the letter, sent by Imperial courier from St. Petersburg, determined him to go in person to see the woman who swayed the sceptre over the trackless wastes of the north.

In his journal he said: "Though I foresaw many obstacles in the way of my entering the service of Russia, I believed that I could not avoid going to St. Petersburg to thank the Empress for the favourable opinion she had conceived of me. I transferred the treaty going forward at Copenhagen to Paris, to be concluded here, and set out for St. Petersburg by Sweden.

"At Gresholm I was stopped by the ice, which prevented me crossing the Gulf of Bothnia, and even from approaching the first of the isles in the passage. After having made several unsuccessful efforts to get to Finland by the isles, I imagined that it might be practicable to effect my object by doubling the ice to the southward, and entering the Baltic Sea.

"This enterprise was very daring, and had never before been attempted. But by the north the roads were impracticable, and, knowing that the Empress expected me from day to day, I could not think of going back by Elsineur.

"I left Gresholm early one morning in an undecked passage-boat, about thirty-three feet in length. I made another boat follow, of half that size. This last was for dragging over the ice, and for passing from one piece of ice to another to gain the coast of Finland. I durst not make my project known to the boatmen, which would have been the sure way of defeating it. After endeavouring, as before, to gain the first isle, I made them steer for the south, and we kept along the coast of Sweden all the day, finding difficulty enough to pass between the ice and the shore. Towards night, being almost opposite Stockholm, pistol in hand, I forced the boatmen to enter the Baltic Sea and steer for the coast. We ran near the coast of Finland. All night the wind was fair, and we hoped to land next day. This we found impossible. The ice did not permit us to approach the shore, which we only saw from a distance. It was impossible to regain the Swedish side, the wind being high and directly contrary. I had nothing left for it but to stand for the Gulf of Finland. There was a small compass in the boat, and I fixed the lamp of my travelling carriage so as to throw a light on it.

"On the same night we lost the small boat; but the men saved themselves in the large one, which with difficulty escaped the same fate. At the end of four days we landed at Revel, where our enterprise was regarded as a kind of miracle. Having satisfied the boatmen for their services and their loss, I gave them a good pilot, with the provisions necessary for making

their homeward voyage when the weather should become more favourable."

He makes no comment on the hardships of this voyage, and "arrived at St. Petersburg in the evening of the 23rd April, old style, and on the 25th had my first audience of the Empress. Her Majesty gave me so flattering a reception, and up to the period of my departure treated me with so much distinction that I was overcome by her courtesies (*Je me laissai séduire*) and put myself in her hands without making any stipulation for my personal advantage. I demanded but one favour, 'that I should never be condemned unheard.'" And this one stipulation was totally ignored on the first opportunity!

Chivalrous to a degree in his dealings with women, Paul acted as the impulse dictated, and failed to secure for himself those lasting benefits gained by most of his contemporaries. There was a glamour about "Catherine-Slay-Tsar," as Walpole called her, never posessed by the more respectable type of woman, and unquestionably her condescension dazzled this latest recruit to her banner. Dissipated, bedizened old woman she was, but still Empress, and mistress of the art of flattery to a degree unsurpassed. It is unlikely she threw the handkerchief to the Chevalier, for, had she done so, those to whom the favour had not been accorded would have proclaimed the fact. Born in 1729, Catherine was sixty when Jones came to her Court in 1788; had she been younger history might have been written differently.

The ever ready courtiers fawned on him, over-

whelming him with social attentions, and after his death the cards of every celebrity, diplomatic, military or social, were found in profusion among his papers. "He was received with a distinction that might have turned the soundest head. His very manner of approach had disposed people to gaze on the American hero as a wonder; his door was besieged with carriages, and his table loaded with invitations. In short, he was now in Russia, and the man whom, for the first time, the Empress delighted to honour; the expected conqueror of the Turks, and it might be a future Potemkin."

In his frequent correspondence with Lafayette he tells him: "I was detained against my will, a fortnight, and continually feasted at Court, and in the first society; the Empress received me with a distinction the most flattering that perhaps any stranger can boast of on entering the Russian service. Her Majesty conferred on me immediately the grade of Rear-Admiral."

So versatile a man as Paul Jones unconsciously assumed, in a greater or lesser degree, the colour of his surroundings. Loyal as he had been to the interests of the United States while in their navy, his present duty lay to Russia. The fruits of his services in the former country were always, more or less, dead-sea apples, and the future seemed to promise tangible honours. About this time he expresses the sentiment—

"I certainly wish to be useful to the country which I have so long served. I love the people and their

CATHERINE II.

cause, and shall always rejoice when I can be useful to promote their happiness." He urges Lafayette to "come here, and pay your court to Bellona, who you are sure will receive you as her favourite. You would be charmed with Prince Potemkin. He is a most amiable man, and none can be more noble-minded. For the Empress, fame has never yet done her justice. I am sure that no stranger who has not known that illustrious character, ever conceived how much her Majesty is made to reign over a great empire to make people happy, and to attach grateful and susceptible minds. Is not the present a happy moment for France to declare for Russia?"

Without commenting unkindly, it is apparent that one mind, which might not have been considered "susceptible," was certainly biased in favour of the woman who was, literally, the incarnation of despotic power, tyranny, autocracy and every principle that he had spent years in combating. "Such were the extraordinary lights that had suddenly dawned upon the former champion of liberty, and assertor of the 'dignity of human nature.'"

CHAPTER XXIII

1788–1789

THERE has been so much written lately on eighteenth-century Russia, and no less about the extraordinary personality of its Empress, that even the most "gentle reader" cannot fail to be aware of the conditions prevailing in the years 1788–9.

As France under the Louis' had been the prey of favourites, so Russia was despoiled and dominated by the string of men whom the Empress deigned to notice, and the sums it pleased this amorous old lady to squander away upon her pleasures ran into an appalling total in the many years during which she amused herself. Potemkin, though no longer official first favourite, ruled his mistress with a rod of iron, making himself indispensable by pandering to her whims, and insolently domineered over her by sheer force of his personality whenever occasion offered. It pleased him to be gracious to Paul Jones on his arrival in Russia, and so good an impression did he make, that the latter sang his praises—for a time. A letter from Baron de Simolin to Count Besborodko alluded to the subject of the Chevalier Jones, "whom," de Simolin says, Potemkin "requested me to induce to repair to his headquarters as quickly as possible, that he might employ his talents at the opening of the campaign; and to assure him that in

entering the service he would do all that depended on him to make his situation pleasant and advantageous, and certainly procure for him occasions in which he might display his skill and valour." This letter was found in Jones's papers, with the significant comment—"Has he kept his word?"

Potemkin, the product of an amazing age, could not have had his being at another epoch. A country where, less than a hundred years before, the heir to the throne had been knouted to death by his kingly father, alone might be responsible for the astonishing character history and memoir present to us. Potemkin's contemporaries, the Prince de Ligne and the Comte de Ségur, have both left their impressions of a personality which ruled Russia from the day of his ascendency to the death of the Empress, who, it is said, married him secretly shortly before her death. Had he been a man of continuous purpose, he could have changed the map of Europe, but, as de Ségur so eloquently says, "Like the rapid passage of those shining meteors which astonish us by their lustre, but are as empty as air, Potemkin began everything, completed nothing, disordered the finances, disorganised the army, depopulated his country and enriched it with other deserts. The fame of the Empress was increased by his conquests. The admiration they excited was for her; and the hatred they raised was for her minister. Posterity, more equitable, will perhaps divide between them both the glory of the successes and the severity of the reproaches. It will not bestow on Potemkin the title of great man; but it will mention

him as an extraordinary person; and, to draw his picture with accuracy, he might be represented as a real emblem, as the living image of the Russian Empire.

"For, in fact, he was colossal like Russia. In his mind, as in that country, were cultivated districts and desert plains. It also partook of the Asiatic, of the European, of the Tartarian and the Cossack; the rudeness of the eleventh century and the corruption of the eighteenth; the polish of the arts and the ignorance of the cloisters; an outside of civilisation and many traces of barbarism. In a word, if we might hazard so bold a metaphor, even his two eyes, the one open and the other closed, reminded us of the Euxine, always open, and the northern ocean, so long shut up by ice."

He was accompanied on his travels by a select company which his associates tersely style a "harem," the husbands of the ladies so honoured by the Pasha being ignored as completely as if non-existent. Prince de Ligne leaves an edifying picture of Potemkin, "waving one hand to the female that pleases him, and with the other making the sign of the Cross; embracing the feet of a statue of the Virgin, or the alabaster neck of his mistress . . . sober, though seemingly a glutton; gnawing his fingers, or apples or turnips; engaged in wantonness or prayer . . . bearing himself better than any man, while he seems to think of nothing but the most voluptuous baths; not caring for cold, though he appears unable to exist without furs; always in his shirt without drawers, or in rich

regimentals embroidered on all the seams, barefoot or in slippers embroidered with spangles; wearing neither hat nor cap; it is thus I saw him once in the midst of a musket fire." The French ambassador, de Ségur, who had unlimited opportunities to see Potemkin in all the parts he loved to play, sums him up—

"Prince Gregory Alexandrovitch Potemkin, one of the most extraordinary men of his times; but in order to have played so conspicuous a part, he must have been in Russia, and have lived in the reign of Catherine II. In any other country, in any other times, with any other sovereign, he would have been misplaced, and it was a singular stroke of chance that created this man for the period that tallied with him and brought together and combined all the circumstances with which he could tally."

To the whim of this personage Jones really owed his Russian experiences. Satiated with honours heaped on him by the Empress and those decorations from foreign Courts with which he shone resplendent, Potemkin cherished the ungratified desire of being decorated with the Order of St. George, the Grand Ribbon of which was given, only after a victory, to the successful commander. Why the Empress had not bestowed it on this spoiled child of fortune is one of the unexplained oddities of her character and the relationship of this edifying pair. Catherine had long nursed the chimerical hope of overthrowing or dismembering the Turkish Empire and seizing the throne of Constantinople, on which she would have placed

her grandson, named Constantine in view of such a contingency. Potemkin, whose soul loved turmoil which might lead to his betterment, lost no opportunity of insulting or annoying the Turks, forcing them at last to take the initiative, and declare war. It was imperative that the Rusian fleet should be commanded by an able officer, and, sweeping aside with his customary disdain the discontent of those who considered themselves superseded, Potemkin set in motion the negotiations which resulted in Paul Jones entering the Russian service. Knowing the corruption of the Court, and the jealousy Potemkin had stirred up and ignored, as he was too powerful to be harmed, it can be understood into what a hot-bed of conflicting passions Jones stepped, and one which time and circumstance did not lull. Jealousy and favouritism he had experienced in the United States and France, but "as sunlight unto moonlight" to what the Russian vista opened up. For a man of his straightforward, impetuous nature to have been able to fathom and checkmate the deceit of those by whom he was surrounded, and understand their methods, would have necessitated the training of a lifetime. Paul soon relinquished any idea of learning the language, as Russian was neither used socially or officially, French being employed everywhere, even for official documents and archives.

In Tooke's *Life of Catherine the Great*, published in London 1789, the author asserts that there were a number of "British naval officers" in St. Petersburg, soliciting the Empress for employment in her navy.

Some of these "naval officers," jealous of the distinction shown Paul Jones, went in a body to Rear-Admiral Greig protesting that they would not serve under Jones, offering, such as had commissions, to resign them, and those who had nothing wished to withdraw their application for employment. Sir Samuel Greig, a Scotchman who had been in the Russian navy since 1770, and held the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Baltic Fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral Kreuss, listened unsympathetically to their grievances, and, according to Naraschkin, told them not to behave like school-boys, as the Empress, if she heard of this, would dismiss them instantly from her service, and expel them from Russia as conspirators against her sovereign authority." But some of them, sure in their own conceit, "disdained Greig's advice, and went, full of their complaints, to Count Besborodko, who let the matter come to the ears of the Empress, who was furious at the presumption."

"What!" she exclaimed, "do these men who are beggars of my bounty presume to question my treatment of a man who is my invited guest?"

With the utmost difficulty she was persuaded from summarily dismissing all those "naval officers" who were in her employ, and peremptorily refused to consider further applications from the others. One of those she retained, Lieutenant Edwards, spoke and wrote Russian fluently, and was attached to Jones as *aide-de-camp* during the campaign, and spoken highly of for his efficiency. In the journal we find the

observation that "Lieutenant Edwards was led to join in the futile cabal against me, not by his own inclination, but by the clamour of the other Englishmen about him." Tooke, the author quoted above, was an *attaché* of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg; for some unknown reason he hated Paul Jones, and this undoubtedly biased all he wrote, and makes his opinions unreliable.

Compensating for other annoyances, and for the first time since his entrance into public life, Paul found himself amply furnished with money by his employers, having received the "emoluments of his rank" dating from the first overtures of Baron de Simolin. When he left St. Petersburg for Cherson, on May 7th, he had a purse of two thousand Austrian ducats—about a thousand pounds—for his expenses extraordinary. He was to travel the distance of eleven hundred miles in one of the Empress's tarantasses, such as were used by the officers of state, and fitted with all portable luxuries. But, except at night, the Rear-Admiral preferred to travel on horseback, accomplishing the journey in twelve days, which was not a bad record for hard travelling, averaging, as he did, some ninety miles a day. He allowed only four stops of more than an hour's duration; one to dine with the Governor of Moscow and go to the Kremlin; then at Tula, visiting the armouries and buying some weapons; the third for repairs to the carriage; and the last at Ekaterinoslav—in all less than eighteen hours. The condition of the roads forbade any sleep in the tarantass, and his only compensation for all this

discomfort was the unlimited supply of post horses, which his mission allowed him to command in the name of the Empress, and so rush on with the fatiguing journey.

Unquestionably diplomatic though he was, Jones found himself in a position where all his powers of constraint and self-control were tested to the utmost. One of the first confidences he received from the Prince de Nassau was, "that if we gain any advantage over the Turks, it was necessary to exaggerate it to the utmost; and that was the counsel the Chevalier de Ribas had given him, "which bit of information opened a line of novel thought."

The Russian fleet, manned by Greeks, Genoese and some Crimean fishermen, was as yet an unknown quantity. The men were not sailors, and not more than a couple of hundred had ever seen the sea. Whether the pangs of *mal-de-mer* would have changed the fate of war one cannot but surmise. The foreign officers, English, Dutch, and French men, alone understood the science of navigation; the Russians being literally "at sea" when out of sight of landmarks. Excepting de Winter, Grevé and Fanshaw, the commanding officers were Russians. The Rear-Admiral spent but one evening at Cherson, "but even this short period was enough to show me that I had entered on a delicate and disagreeable service. Rear-Admiral Mordwinoff, chief of the Admiralty, did not affect to disguise his displeasure at my arrival; and though he had orders from the Prince-Marshal to communicate to me all the details concerning the force in the Liman

and to put me in possession of the flag belonging to my rank as Rear-Admiral, he spared himself the trouble of compliance.

"We set out early next morning for Glouboca, the armament of the Liman being at anchor very near that place, in the roads of Schiroque, between the bar of the Dneiper and the embouchure of the river Bog. We went on board the *Wolodimir* before midday, where we found that Brigadier Alexiano had assembled all the commanders, to draw them into a cabal against my authority. . . . This man was a Greek, as ignorant of seamanship as of military affairs, who, under an exterior and manners the most gross, concealed infinite cunning. Though a subject of Turkey, it was alleged that he made war with the Mussulmans by attacking their commerce in the Archipelago on his own authority, and that he had followed this means of enriching himself up to the period that Count D'Orloff arrived with the Russian fleet. . . . Alexiano was a good deal offended in the first instance, and afterwards made great merit with the Prince-Marshal of the sacrifice which he affected to make in serving under me. He said that if he withdrew, all the other officers would follow his example. The Prince-Marshal sent presents to his wife, and wrote him kindly, persuading him to remain in the service. All the difficulty he made was nothing more than a piece of manœuvring to increase his importance; for, from what followed I know that, had he left the service, it would have been alone, and that no one would have regretted his absence."

On May 26, 1788, Rear-Admiral Jones hoisted his flag on the *Wolodimir*. He then inspected the fleet of which he was in command, which, it must be admitted, presented astounding surprises on closer acquaintance. It consisted, in part, of vessels built to convey the Empress's carriages when she made her spectacular progress to the Crimea. These, he was told by those who wished to be discouraging, were so light that they would sink if guns were put on board! Nothing daunted, he ordered what repairs could be made with the materials at hand. Painting, fumigating and provisioning were instantly commenced, Paul borrowing three thousand soldiers from Suwarrow's army, as the vessels were insufficiently manned. Unacquainted with the ins and outs of the higher grades of the Russian service, Jones was astounded to learn that the sixty gunboats, called the "flotilla," commanded by Nassau-Siegen, though technically part of his fleet, were in no way under his orders. The impossibilities of such a situation—a fleet being under two commanders who were as temperamentally different as fire and water—became hourly more apparent. Nassau displayed an unremitting love for the safety of his well-fed person; Paul scorned danger of any sort, and appealed to Potemkin. As it pleased the favourite to be friendly, he tried to temporise, ordering Nassau to hold himself at Jones's disposal when the Rear-Admiral required his services. This sounded very well, but if there was the slightest excuse to inconvenience Jones, his old acquaintance never allowed it to escape. Nassau-

Seigen had no wish to expose his precious self, and "durst not advance five versts without being escorted by three frigates."

To quote further from the journal which Rear-Admiral Jones prepared for the Empress: "On the 29th the squadron drew up opposite the first village, to the left of the Bog, in an obtuse angle, and thus commanded, by a cross fire, the only passage of the Liman. This lies between two sandbanks, through which the Turks must advance with their heavy vessels. By this position the Rear-Admiral covered Cherson and the country on both banks of the Liman, made good the free passage of the Bog to the army of the Prince-Marshal, and held the Turks in check in any attempt they might make against Kimbourn.

"The Prince of Nassau at this time talked a great deal of projects of descents, surprises and attacks, but without any rational plan." There are gleams of unintentional humour in the descriptions of this war, where "a battery having been raised upon the Point of Stanislaus, the Prince of Nassau expressed himself delighted with it, as in case of necessity he might there find shelter." And "the Rear-Admiral could not have retreated, as several of his vessels were already within a few inches of getting aground."

General Suwarrow, commander of Kimbourn, made the Rear-Admiral responsible for the safety of that place, while Brigadier Alexiano and the Prince of Nassau did all that was possible to make him distrustful of the means which he possessed for attack or defence.

There was no one in that fleet so well able to judge the seaworthiness of these ships as the one to whom they delighted in supplying these irritating bits of information. Paul says, "The squadron made a formidable appearance, but had little real strength. The *Wolodimir* and the *Alexander* were but half armed; and both vessels already within a few inches of touching the bottom, so shallow is the Liman for vessels of war. . . . The Rear-Admiral determined to assemble a council of war, in conformity to the ordinance of Peter the Great. This council he opened by a speech, the main theme being the necessity of perfect understanding between the squadron and flotilla, and that, uniting heart and hand, and forgetting all personal considerations, they should determine to conquer, as the true duty of a patriot was to be useful to his country." What sublimely unconscious satire! A Scotchman urging patriotism on an assembly composed of Poles, Germans, English, French and Dutch, the few Russians present being united with the others by ties of that universal self-interest for which they all strove. Jones then explained the signals of Pavillon, which had been translated into Russian by his *aide*, Lieutenant Edwards, and essayed, with the aid of a blackboard, to give them an idea of his tactics and plan of battle. The lesson availed little, as the cabals of his enemies blocked what benefit might have been derived from the council.

"On the 6th June (old style), at two in the morning, the Prince of Nassau advanced, as had been previously

agreed on, with the greater part of the flotilla; but in place of cutting off the retreat of the vessels forming the enemy's advanced guard, he retired at daybreak before a very inferior force, and without offering the smallest resistance! The Turks chased him, keeping up a cannonade, into the midst of the squadron, which, as had been arranged, advanced to take up a position to support him."

"The Turks were so encouraged by this cowardly behaviour, that on the night of the 6th June, they advanced their flotilla within cannon shot of our reserve, which had been posted on the previous night on the right wing." What grins of contemptuous amusement would have adorned the face of the *Richard's* old crew, had they witnessed the following scene—

"At sunrise the Turks made sail; and Brigadier Alexiano ran upon the deck of the *Wolodimir* half naked, exclaiming like a frantic man in French and Russian that the Turks were going to attack and board us, and that we would be blown to pieces for having been so foolish as to leave our former position. He had, notwithstanding, in the council of war given his voice in favour of the position we now actually held. Brigadier Ribas, the captain and all the crew were witnesses of his extravagant and unjustifiable behaviour."

This engagement, albeit something of a fiasco, figured as a brilliant victory for the Russians, and eventually brought Jones the decoration of Saint Anne as it was thanks to his cool-headedness that the

Turks did not gain the day. The most accomplished historian has been unable to make interesting reading out of this guerrilla-like warfare, which consisted of indefinite skirmishes and attacks, without important results on either side. Given a couple of good fighting ships and some of his old crews, Paul could have made more history in a week than the entire Russian fleet, including the "flotilla"—which was more of a hindrance than a help—was capable of doing all through the war. On the 7th there was a skirmish in which the Russian ships were at one time in danger of being cut off, owing to the tardiness with which the reserves advanced. The wind failing at the critical moment, Jones had his vessels towed by ships' boats, "and by an oblique movement formed in a line of battle, with the intention of cutting off the retreat of the enemy, and galling him by a cross fire." The Captain Pasha advanced in a kirlangitch to bring up the second division of his flotilla.

"At this time our reserve was very critically situated. A double *chaloupe* quitted the station, and four of our galleys were in danger of being captured. The Prince of Nassau, who did not relish going himself, sent Brigadier Corascoff, who made these retreat."

The Prince calmly left the reserve, which was much disorganised without a leader, and "stationed himself before the Rear-Admiral, where he could be of no use whatever. The Rear-Admiral went in the same boat with the Prince of Nassau, and again issued his orders along the line. Being now within cannon shot of the

enemy, he opened fire, advancing always in an oblique line to cut off the enemy's retreat. At the same time he despatched Brigadier Alexiano to endeavour to rally the vessels of the reserve, which the Prince of Nassau had deserted; but Alexiano contented himself with waving his hat in the air and shouting behind the lines, 'Fire, my lads, on the kirlangitch of the Captain Pasha!'"

The Russians eventually routed the Turks, burning two of their fifty-seven vessels. "The Rear-Admiral, who had directed the whole affair, gave the credit of it to the Prince of Nassau."

On the 16th of June the Turk attacked again, having brought from the grand fleet without Kimbourn two thousand men to add to the force under the walls of Oczakow; only the fact of his running aground frustrated his intention of bearing down on the Russian flotilla under full sail and sinking the smaller vessels. Captain Pasha then intended to burn the Russian flotilla "by throwing in fire balls (*grappins*), and setting fire to certain trading vessels which he had prepared as fire ships." But "the best-laid schemes of mice and men" cannot be relied upon, and the lack of a few feet of water frustrated all Captain Pasha's plans; another instance of that "chance" to which Paul Jones always declared the sailor owed so much.

At midnight the rear-admiral attacked the Turkish force, which was thrown into such confusion that they hoisted anchors and cut cables in wild alarm. "Our squadron advanced in line of battle with a striking and formidable appearance, so that the Turks knew

not how weak it really was. As our flotilla had been very slow in weighing anchor, the Rear-Admiral was obliged to make the squadron halt twice to await it. At length, the flotilla being always last, the squadron opened fire on the enemy, of whom the person second in command, who had flown about like a fool, quickly ran his ship on a sandbank on the south of the Liman. There was no longer hope for him; from the moment he grounded he was ours."

Taking advantage of the confusion the Turks were in, Jones ordered the *Wolodimir* to steer within pistol shot of the Turkish flagship, which had again run aground. Brigadier Alexiano who had no wish to endanger himself, under pretence that there was only fifteen feet of water, gave orders in Russian, and unknown to the Rear-Admiral, "to let go the *Wolodimir's* anchor." The Captain Pasha harassed the Russians by throwing bombs and balls of great size, and "struck down" the *Little Alexander* with a bomb. There was no discipline on the Russian ships, and, instead of pursuing the flying Turks, the flotilla swarmed round the Turkish ships which were aground like a hive of bees. Assembling some of the Russian vessels, Jones, with de Corascoff, chased the Turks under the walls of Oczakow. Nassau hurried to claim the admiral's flag, which had been on Captain Pasha's ship. "The Zaporavians drew the flag from the water, and the Prince of Nassau, a long while afterwards, had the glory (which he turned to good account) of snatching it from their hands. The Rear-Admiral might have claimed at least half of this flag, as he

had his hands on it; but he regarded it as a thing of very little consequence."

With wanton recklessness the Russians destroyed the ships they had captured, amusing themselves by firing into them with *brandcougles*, a kind of bomb-shell, perforated with holes, filled inside with combustibles and fired from pieces called *licornes*. "How imbecile does the human mind become under the influence of sudden panic! The Rear-Admiral, an hour after the affair, advanced in his boat and took soundings all along the Turkish line, opposite the walls of Oczakow, and within reach of case-shot, and not a single gun was fired upon him."

On the night of the 17th June Captain Pasha attempted to get his remaining force out of the Liman, but was prevented by the raking fire of the block fort, erected some time before by the Rear-Admiral's advice. When General Suwarrow sent orders for Jones to seize the Turkish ships lying there aground, Brigadier Alexiano dissuaded him from sending frigates, saying he would lose them, "as the current there was like that of a mill dam, and the bottom was so bad that anchors would not hold." It was accordingly resolved to proceed with the flotilla; and Alexiano, who had his private reasons, set out with the Prince of Nassau. The flotilla went pell-mell, and without any sort of order or plan, upon the nine ships aground, and fired *brandcougles* into them without mercy. It was in vain the wretched Turks made the sign of the Cross, and begged for quarter on their knees! Above three thousand of them were

burnt with their ships. "Neither the Prince of Nassau nor Alexiano were to be seen at this time. They were together and at some distance during the frightful carnage, and it was afterwards asked of them if they had not during this time been at Kimbourn?"

Used to the clean warfare of civilised nations, Paul was daily infuriated at "the monstrous and wanton cruelties to which the Turks were subjected by the more barbarous and brutal Russians," though, had the advantage been on the side of the "unspeakable Turk," there is small reason to suppose the exchange of civilities would have been less bitter. Finally, on the 27th, Potemkin's army having come up, Nassau received orders to capture and destroy the Turkish flotilla under the walls of Oczakow, Jones being instructed to render him every assistance. "The Rear-Admiral had sent all the *chaloupes* and *barcasses* belonging to the squadron to haul out the vessels of the flotilla. The Prince-Marshal had taken the trouble to arrange the plan of attack himself, but this plan was not followed."

At six the next morning Jones sallied forth to seize five of the enemy's galleys within shot of Fort Hassan. These lay between the cross-fire of the Russian ships, Fort Hassan, the Turkish fleet and Oczakow, making it a dangerous enterprise, and to protect themselves further the Turks had prepared a small frigate as a fire-ship, which they set alight and anchored to the north-east of Fort Hassan.

Jones boarded the galley of the Captain Pasha, which lay considerably nearer the fort. But from

unskilfulness and excess of zeal, a young officer cut the cable of this galley without waiting the orders of the Rear-Admiral; and before the boats could be got in order to haul it out, the wind drifted the galley towards the shore and still nearer the fort. Instantly Jones ordered the galley to be lightened by throwing everything possible overboard, and ropes brought to secure it to the burnt frigate, but none could be found long enough. "The Rear-Admiral was unwilling to yield to the obstinate opposition of the Turks, who fired upon him from all their bastions and from their flotilla, and he despatched Lieutenant Fox to the *Wolodimir* to fetch an anchor and cable. This was a certain means of securing his object; and in waiting the return of the lieutenant he left the galley with his people, and assisted in the flotilla's advance. Before the return of Lieutenant Fox he was astounded to see fire break out in the galley of the Captain Pasha, at first believing that the slaves chained on board had found means to escape, and had set fire to the vessel; afterwards he had positive proof that Brigadier Alexiano, being in a boat at the time with the Prince of Nassau, on the outside of the flotilla, and aware of the intention of the Rear-Admiral, swore that it should not succeed, and sent a Greek canoe to set fire to the galley. The three other Turkish galleys were at once run down and burnt by *brand-cougles*. There were also a two-masted ship and a large bomb vessel burnt near Fort Hassan. This includes all that was taken or destroyed by water, save fifty-two prisoners taken by the Rear-Admiral in

the two galleys. The wretched beings who were chained in the galley of the Captain Pasha perished there in the flames." It is generally supposed that a large number were captive Christians, forced to serve their conquerors. The truth of the burning of the Captain Pasha's galley was sworn to, and arrested by, a number of Russian and foreign officers in the fleet.

Again it will be seen at what a great disadvantage Jones's unfamiliarity with Russian procedure placed him, for, the instant the action was over, Nassau and Alexiano stampeded to the Prince-Marshal's headquarters to chant an ode in praise of deeds performed by themselves. A few minutes after the flotilla began to retire, the rain fell in torrents, "of which Nassau and Alexiano received their share before returning to headquarters." The latter died on July 8th of a malignant fever caught from this chill. "The Prince of Nassau, who had made use of him in caballing against me, God knows for what, neither visited him in his sickness, nor assisted at his funeral." Nor did the Greek compatriots leave the Russian service, as Alexiano had boastfully asserted they would do, but served peacefully under Jones until the end of the war.

For his important services in this war Alexiano received notice the day before his death of his promotion two grades, and that the Empress had given him a fine estate and serfs in White Russia. Nassau received a valuable property with three or four thousand serfs, and the military Order of St. George of the second class. "Her Majesty likewise gave him

liberty to hoist the flag of Vice-Admiral on the taking of Oczakow, to which event it was apparently believed he had greatly contributed. I received the Order of St. Anne, an honour with which I am highly flattered, and with which I could have been perfectly satisfied had others been recompensed only in the same proportion, and according to the merits of their services. All the officers of the flotilla received a step of promotion and gratuity of a year's pay. The greater part of them also obtained the Order of St. George of the last class. Only two of these officers had been bred to the sea; all the others were ignorant of naval affairs. The officers of the squadron under my command were almost wholly marine officers. They had done their duty well when opposed to the enemy; but they obtained no promotion, no mark of distinction, no pecuniary reward. My mortification was excessive.

"My officers at this time gave me a very gratifying proof of their attachment. On promising that I would demand justice for them from the Prince-Marshal at the close of the campaign, they stifled their vexation and made no complaint."

If Rear-Admiral Jones could have metamorphosed himself into an assiduous toady where Potemkin was concerned, there is no doubt his Russian experiences would have been less trying, but he was "not skilled in playing such a part," consequently his path was a rugged one. Between Nassau and himself there was a bitter hatred, born of years, and yet in the Russian campaign Nassau was the one man essen-

tial to his interests. The Chevalier Littlepage urged him to keep on friendly terms with the princeling who, through some remote German connection, claimed cousinship with the Empress, who was one of the Anhalt-Zerbst family. Littlepage wrote, "I know that your honour can sacrifice nothing; but, for heaven's sake, my dear friend, be prudent, as much for yourself as for your friends. Prince Potemkin has conceived a high esteem for you, but he loves Nassau. If ever mutual interest dictated union between two persons, it is between you and the Prince of Nassau at the present moment. The reverse will be the prejudice of both. . . . Remember the eyes of all Europe are fixed upon you. Fear no competition, and be indulgent to those who have not the same reason to feel above rivalry."

Paul assured the writer that he had, for the good of the service, and the esteem and attachment he bore Prince Potemkin, endured more from Nassau than he could have done "from any other than a madman." All this very good advice ran glibly off Littlepage's pen, but subsequent events proved it more "honoured in the breach than in the observance," for, being appointed to a command in the squadron, Littlepage came face to face with some of the problems with which his friend had been obliged to grapple. What did the Chevalier Littlepage do? Promptly threw up his command and returned to Warsaw!

On the occasion when Potemkin, with the General Comte de Brandisky of Poland, the Prince de Repuin, the Prince de Ligne, General Samoilov and a string

of glittering dignitaries, came aboard the *Wolodimir*, remaining to dine with the Rear-Admiral, Potemkin, knowing the strained relations between Jones and Nassau, requested the Chevalier Littlepage, who was chamberlain to the King of Poland, and Prince de Ligne to patch up the quarrel. Nassau apologised, and Jones "accepted with sincere pleasure. We embraced in the presence of this honourable company, and I believed him as sincere as myself." But this was a mere cessation of hostilities. The campaign was not sufficiently exciting to occupy any one to the exclusion of personal grievances, and is one long recital of misunderstandings, belittling to the actors in the farce, and kept alive by the spoiled favourite, who was peevish for more decorations. Trying as most of his experiences had been, Paul was never driven so near the point of exasperation as at this moment. Potemkin, at first friendly, became, under the influence of Nassau, less amenable to reason; Nassau was jealous of Jones, and lost no opportunity of annoying him, or placing petty obstacles in his way.

One afternoon Jones called on Potemkin to make a report, and the favourite showed him, through the glass he carried, "a large piece of artillery on the fore part of the vessel of the Turkish flotilla that stood farthest out, and which had run aground. I imagined at the time that there was no other vessel run aground save the one in the road, at the distance of a verst from the fortress of Hassan Pasha; so I said the thing was quite easy; for although the Turks should come

up in force to defend the vessel, there would always be time to spike the piece of cannon.

"It was night when I undertook this little enterprise. As I did not imagine the Prince-Marshal attached so much importance to it as to wish that I should conduct it in person, I confided it to Lieutenant Edwards, a brave and an intelligent man, whom I wished to requite for past services. . . .

"Mr. Edwards returned before daybreak without having succeeded. He said there were a great many men in the ship, who fired on him, and that he durst not board her, he was so ill supported. I was vexed that he had failed, and in my report to the Prince-Marshal I said that I would conduct the enterprise myself next night, if that would satisfy him.

"The Prince-Marshal held me at my word; but it was eleven at night when Mr. Edwards returned with the order. The wind, which was high, was quite against me, as well as a strong tide; and I would have deferred the attempt if I had not conceived my honour pledged. I was led to hope, that after midnight the wind might fall and the strength of the tide lessen, if it did not change. The night was very dark, and the rain fell in torrents. I waited till two o'clock, when the moon rose. I had with me five armed boats, and I calculated on being followed by four *bateaux saporoses*, and by one of the armed vessels I had taken from the Turks; but it was impossible to haul them against the wind, and I was compelled to go on as best I could with only my five boats. I had noticed that our flotilla had run down a small Turkish

vessel in the shallows of the fortress of Hassan Pasha, but I did not perceive till the moment after I had despatched Mr. Edwards to headquarters, because the vessel lay so near the fortress, where the water is of little depth, that it had only sunk a foot or fifteen inches, and consequently appeared as if still afloat. As the Prince-Marshal had only spoken to me of the farthest out of the Turkish flotilla, I now believed he meant the one nearest the fortress, in which idea I was confirmed by Mr. Edwards on his return from headquarters. . . . I rowed for the vessel nearest the fortress, which carried a large cannon in her bow; but after having fatigued my rowers, I was vexed to see daylight appear, whilst I had still more than a verst to go before I could reach the vessel. I returned on board my own ship, to prevent a useless alarm, intending to renew my attempt next night.

"Without waiting to receive my report, the Prince-Marshal sent me orders to abandon the enterprise, for he had intrusted it to other ships . . ."; but the "other ships" did nothing; and the Turks availed themselves of an open way to bring out all their flotilla. "Some days afterwards a colonel of Cossacks boarded the vessel . . . and set fire to it, for which he received public thanks."

On July 13th Potemkin ordered Jones to establish a "permanent blockade." The wording of the letter gave great offence to the Rear-Admiral, who was told to "hold yourself in readiness to receive him (Captain Pasha) courageously, and drive him back. I desire that this be done without loss of time; if not, you will

be made answerable for every neglect." The missive was signed by Prince Potemkin.

With even the slightest knowledge of Jones's temper it can readily be understood that he answered "with perhaps rather too much freedom and warmth," for when his blood was up he had as little care for the all-powerful Prince-Marshal as he had shown in his earlier days for insubordinate sailors or "political skippers." Their heated correspondence ended in Jones being replaced in his command by Admiral Mordwinoff. Nassau, having displeased his dictatorial friend and crony, was already on the way to Warsaw.

"The Rear-Admiral at the same time received orders from her Imperial Majesty to go to St. Petersburg with the understanding that he would be employed in the North Sea." Sweden having declared war against Russia at the commencement of the campaign, and Admiral Greig, who had commanded the Russian fleet, being dead, "I was assured her Majesty had very important views in recalling me. Yet I could not but feel grieved to be deprived of my command when the campaign, so far as regarded maritime operations, was so nearly concluded."

Potemkin, despite his protestations, had little love for Nassau, and craftily waited until the Prince had gone to Warsaw before distributing the gold swords which the Empress had sent as rewards. In the distribution of these, Jones and all his officers were studiously overlooked, and he afterwards "heard several of the officers who got them express their

astonishment, not being able to guess for what they had been so highly rewarded."

On November the 9th Jones embarked in a small open galley for Cherson. He suffered excessively from the intense cold, and the day after his arrival was taken dangerously ill. Three days and nights in an open boat in that terrible climate had their effect on one whose life had been passed chiefly in temperate or tropical latitudes. His journey from Copenhagen, with its subsequent illness, made the first serious breach in the iron constitution of this intrepid man; and, though his recuperative powers were good, Jones lacked the calm mind which plays so large a share in the recovery of an invalid. He did not leave Cherson until the 6th of December, for, even had the river not been frozen, he was too weak to travel; and finally arrived at St. Petersburg on December 28, 1789.

CHAPTER XXIV

1789–1790

It is greatly to be regretted that by his wasted services in Russia, where he contracted the illness which terminated fatally in his forty-fifth year, Paul Jones shortened a career so full of brilliant possibilities. He had entered the Russian navy against the advice of his closest friends, and Washington so strongly disapproved of the "Champion of Liberty" enrolling himself under the banner of despotic Catherine, that he always afterward blamed Thomas Jefferson for his part in the negotiation.

On the 31st of December, 1789, the Rear-Admiral was commanded to appear at Court for a private audience. He presented the flattering and insincere letter with which Potemkin had charged him, in which he was warmly recommended to the Empress, only to be informed a day or so later that the Empress must await the arrival of Prince Potemkin before coming to any decision.

A strange woman this, who, above her love of autocracy, preserved so strongly that Teutonic strain of subserviency to the male which, in her barbarian ancestresses, had made them meekly condone the loss of their noses, hacked off by irate lords in punishment for imaginary—or found out—misdemeanour: the spirit which made her endure being struck by her

lover, and write meekly to him across the length of her Empire, "Have I done well, my master?"

Jones's reception at Court and his success socially were not pleasing to his enemies, who set afoot a vile intrigue to ruin him. The old story of Mungo Maxwell was resurrected, but the victim this time was Jones's nephew, who had been flogged to death at his orders. This new conspiracy was of a still more disgraceful nature, and planned, it is shameful to say, by those high in authority. "In every despotic Court, especially in that of St. Petersburg, political intriguers never are in want of servile instruments to forward their basest and darkest purposes. In the present case these tools were found of all ranks, though of but one nation." The Comte de Ségur in his memoirs presents the intrigue clearly, as from his important diplomatic position he was acquainted with the innermost life at Court. All during his residence in Russia he played such a prominent part that a rival once said, "The Empress does not, as a rule, tell her ministers what to do until Ségur has advised her what to tell them."

He begins—

"Paul Jones, a sharer in the victories of the Prince de Nassau, had returned to St. Petersburg; his enemies, unable to bear the triumph of a man whom they treated as a vagabond, a rebel, and a corsair, resolved to destroy him.

"This atrocity, which ought to be imputed to some envious cowards, was, I think, very unjustly attributed to the English officers in the Russian navy, and to the merchants who were their countrymen. These, in

truth, did not disguise their animosity against Paul Jones; but it would be unjust to affix upon all a base intrigue, which was, perhaps, but the work of two or three who have continued unknown.

"The Rear-Admiral was favourably welcomed at Court; often invited to dinner by the Empress, and received with distinction into the best society in the city; on a sudden Catherine commanded him to appear no more in her presence.

"He was informed that he was accused of an infamous crime, of assaulting a young girl of fourteen, of grossly violating her, and that, probably, after some preliminary information he would be tried by the Courts of Admiralty, in which there were many English officers, who were strongly prejudiced against him.

"As soon as this order was known every one abandoned the unhappy American; no one spoke to him, people avoided saluting him, and every door was shut against him.

"All those by whom but yesterday he had been eagerly welcomed, now fled from him as if he had been infected with a plague; besides, no advocate would take charge of his cause, and no public man would consent to listen to him; at last even his servants would not continue in his service, and Paul Jones, whose exploits every one had so recently been ready to proclaim, and whose friendship had been sought after, found himself alone in the midst of an immense population; Petersburg, a great capital, became to him a desert.

"I went to see him; he was moved even to tears by

my visit. 'I was unwilling,' he said to me, shaking me by the hand, 'to knock at your door, and to expose myself to a fresh affront, which would have been more cutting than all the rest. I have braved death a thousand times, now I wish for it.' His appearance, his arms being laid upon the table, made me suspect some desperate intention.

"'Resume,' I said to him, 'your composure and your courage. Do you not know that human life, like the sea, has its storms, and that fortune is even more capricious than the winds? If, as I hope, you are innocent, brave this sudden tempest; if, unhappily, you are guilty, confess it to me with unreserved frankness, and I will do everything to snatch you, by a sudden flight (*évasion*), from the danger which threatens you.'

"'I swear to you upon my honour,' said he, 'that I am innocent, and a victim of the most infamous calumny. This is the truth—Some days since a young girl came to me in the morning to ask me if I could give her some linen or lace to mend. She then indulged in some rather earnest and indecent allurements. Astonished at so much boldness in one of such few years, I felt compassion for her; I advised her not to enter upon so vile a career, gave her some money, and dismissed her; but she was determined to remain.

"'Impatient at this resistance I took her by the hand and led her to the door; but at the instant when the door was opened, the little profligate tore her sleeves and her neckerchief, raised great cries, complained that I had assaulted her, and threw herself

into the arms of an old woman, whom she called her mother, and who, certainly, was not brought there by chance. The mother and daughter raised the house with their cries, went out and denounced me; and now you know all.'

"'Very well,' I said; 'but cannot you learn the names of those adventurers?'

"'The porter knows them,' he replied. 'Here are their names written down, but I do not know where they live. I was desirous of immediately presenting a memorial about this ridiculous affair, first to the Minister and then to the Empress; but I have been interdicted from access to both of them.'

"'Give me the paper,' I said; 'resume your accustomed firmness; be comforted; let me undertake it; in a short time we shall meet again.'

"As soon as I had returned home I directed some sharp and intelligent agents, who were devoted to me, to get information respecting these suspected females, and to find out what was their mode of life. I was not long in learning that the old woman was in the habit of carrying on a vile traffic in young girls, whom she passed off as her daughters.

"When I was furnished with all the documents and attestations for which I had occasion, I hastened to show them to Paul Jones. 'You have nothing more to fear,' said I, 'the wretches are unmasked. It is only necessary to open the eyes of the Empress, and let her see how unworthily she has been deceived; but this is not so very easy: truth encounters a multitude of people at the doors of a palace, who are very clever

in arresting its progress; and sealed letters are, of all others, those which are intercepted with the greatest art and care.'

"'Nevertheless, I know that the Empress, who is not ignorant of this, has directed, under very heavy penalties, that no one shall detain on the way any letters which are addressed to her personally, and which may be sent to her by post; therefore, here is a very long letter which I have written to her in your name; nothing of the detail is omitted, although it contains some rough expressions. I am sorry for the Empress; but since she heard and gave credit to a calumny, it is but right she should read the justification with patience. Copy this letter, sign it, and I will take charge of it; I will send some one to put it in the post at the nearest town. Take courage; believe me, your triumph is not doubtful.'

"In fact, the letter was sent and put in the post; the Empress received it, and, after having read this memorial, which was fully explanatory, and accompanied by undeniable attestations, she inveighed bitterly against the informers, revoked her rigorous orders, recalled Paul Jones to Court, and received him with her usual kindness.

"That grave seaman enjoyed with a becoming pride a reparation which was due to him; but he trusted very little to the compliments that were unblushingly heaped upon him by the many persons who had fled from him in his disgrace; and shortly afterwards, disgusted with a country where the fortune of a man may be exposed to such humiliations, under the pretence of

ill-health he asked leave of the Empress to retire, which she granted him."

The account of this attack on a man enjoying the exalted rank Rear-Admiral Jones did gives food for thought. "In Russia, at that moment, the crime of which he was accused would have been no bar to his advancement." Nor, had it not been a well-laid plot, would the unsupported word of the lowest class of woman been listened to, much less taken uncorroborated. Such people were knouted and disposed of by the police if they dared to open their mouths, much less openly attack those from whom they gained their evil living. All these facts point to one conclusion: that the plot was of purely Russian origin, for no English or foreigners controlled the Russian authorities at their pleasure, and Jones, in his letter to Potemkin, complains that his "servant was kept prisoner by the officers of police for several hours, two days successively, and threatened with the knout." Also, that M. Crimpin, whom he employed as advocate, has been forbidden by the governor of the city, "at his peril, or *any other person*, to meddle with *my cause!*"

He asks Potemkin: "Shall it be said in Russia a wretched woman, who *eloped* from her husband and *family* in the country, *stole away her daughter*, lives here in a house of bad fame, and leads a debauched and adulterous life, has found credit enough on a simple complaint, unsupported *by any proof*, to affect the honour of a general officer of reputation, who has

merited and received the decorations of America, of France, and of this Empire?"

It is said this plot was traced to Nassau-Siegen, a nephew of Besborodko, and young Zouboff; but de Ségur, who was in a position to know, makes no such allegation in his *Souvenirs and Anecdotes*. Jones left a mass of papers relating to the matter, and in the letter to Potemkin calls attention to the accusation that he was alleged to have held a long conversation with the girl in Russian, a language unknown to him! That Paul had powerful enemies is an established fact. During his service in the Black Sea, not a letter of any sort reached him, and he was in a white heat of fury at the thought of his most private affairs being common property in the hands of his enemies. Astonished at the total neglect on the part of every one, he could not understand the situation, until, through the bag of the French Embassy, he received a letter from the American Minister, dated Paris, March 1789, which began by telling him that his letter from St. Petersburg, January 31st, was the "*only proof his friends had of his existence since he left Copenhagen.*" It is idle to suppose that this outrageous tampering with his letters was not connived at in high places. So widely known was this weakness of the Russian Government, that when Catherine's son, the Archduke Paul, travelled through Europe with the Archduchess, he arranged for his private correspondence to be forwarded to the Swedish post-office by couriers. Alas! for his correspondent, the frivolous *aide-de-camp* Bibikoff, who had the rashness to write of Potemkin as "One Eye"—the courier bearing

the unlucky letter was intercepted at Riga, and poor Bibikoff sent to Astrachan, where he died—suddenly.

Though restored to favour, Jones at heart was no longer enthusiastic for the service of the Empress. Always sanguine, he hoped for the fulfilment of the innumerable plans he had perfected and laid before the Ministers; such as projects for commercial treaties between Russia and the United States, which were speedily pigeon-holed. He was furious at the garbled versions of the campaign of the Liman, which were circulated on all sides; having been invited to Russia by the most flattering promises and inducements, why this sudden change of face? *Potemkin had no further use for him in Russia.* This in one sentence explains more clearly than endless volumes that long chain of inexplicable events which so grievously chagrined a man whose greatest fault was his readiness to put faith in the protestations of apparent friends. Did he hope against hope, or were his eyes blinded when he wrote to Jefferson from St. Petersburg: "I can only inform you that I returned here by special desire of the Empress, but I know not as yet how or where I am to be employed for the next campaign"? He wished that the United States, which had concluded a treaty with Morocco, would make common cause with Russia in a war against the Barbary States, and put a stop to their piratical interference with commerce; hoping Count Besborodko would "appoint him to make known the intentions of the Empress to the United States." Paul alludes to the incivility displayed by Besborodko on the occasion of his calling to take leave, as he

saw the "Count go out of another door, and depart without a single expression of ordinary civility addressed to me at the moment of my leaving Russia, to console me for all the bitter mortifications I have endured in this Empire. Before coming to Russia I had been connected with several governments, and no Minister ever either refused me an audience, or failed to reply to my letters." Perhaps, with the incessant tribulations to which Jones had been subjected, came a sort of forgetfulness, for what of the highly unsatisfactory correspondence between de Sartine and himself, when he was soliciting a ship from the French Government?

His sole object in calling on Besborodko, he explained, was to take leave and get his passport. It seems that he experienced some difficulty about his arrears of pay, and, having been told by the Comte de Bruce that the Empress granted him leave of absence for two years with the appointments of his military rank during his absence, wished to adjust the matter before leaving Russia. Jones had only received his pay and allowances from the time of his entry into the service to the 1st of July, 1789, some 1800 roubles a year; the rouble being approximately four shillings. It was said that "Her Majesty likewise mentioned nothing but the appointment then due." "If I could believe that this was her Majesty's intention I should remain silent," he comments, "for I certainly did not accept the service her Majesty offered me on account of my appointments or the usual emoluments of my grade." However, the busi-

ness was satisfactorily concluded before Jones left St. Petersburg.

The Rear-Admiral was granted a farewell audience by the Empress, who cheerily wished him *bon voyage*. His staunch friend, de Ségur, gave him a letter to the Comte Montmorin, in which Jones's services were most flatteringly alluded to, and enclosed an article to be printed in the *Gazette de France*, in absolute refutation of the slanders spread by his enemies.

"This article will undeceive those who have believed in the calumny, and will prove to the friends and compatriots of the Vice-Admiral, that he has sustained the reputation acquired by his bravery and his talents during the last war; that the Empress desires to retain him in her service; and that if he absents himself at this moment, it is with his own free will and for particular reasons which cannot leave any stain on his honour.

"The glorious marks of the satisfaction and bounty of the King towards M. Paul Jones, his attachment to France, which he has served so usefully in the common cause, his rights as a subject and as an admiral of the United States, the protection of the Ministers of the King, and my personal friendship for this distinguished officer, with whom I made a campaign in America, are so many reasons which appear to me to justify the interest which I took in all that concerned him during his stay in Russia."

This announcement alluded to Jones in flattering terms, ending: "As a mark of favour for his conduct

during this campaign, the Empress has decorated him with the insignia of the Order of St. Anne, and her Imperial Majesty, satisfied with his services, only grants him permission to absent himself for a limited time, and still preserves for him his emoluments and his rank."

Thanks to the Chevalier Littlepage, a descendant of one of the Irish Brigade, Paul was able, in 1791, to fathom "the mystery of his treatment in Russia," for the Chevalier Littlepage travelled from Madrid to Paris with a "gentleman of high rank in the diplomatic corps." This personage, who had been in St. Petersburg during Jones's stay there, declared it to have been "conducted by a little great man behind the curtain. The unequalled reception with which I had at first been honoured by the Empress had been extremely mortifying and painful to the English at St. Petersburg, and the courtier just mentioned (finding that politics had taken a turn far more alarming than he had expected at the beginning of the war), wishing to soothe the Court at London into a pacific humour, found no first step so expedient as that of sacrificing me. But instead of producing the effect he wished, this base conduct, on which he pretended to ground a conciliation, rather tended to widen the political breach, and made him despised by the English minister, by the English Cabinet, and by the gentleman who related the secret to Mr. Littlepage." The letter of Mr. Littlepage, enclosed with this, "in part confirms this solution of an intrigue so essentially Russian. Yet there remains some secret cause and

movement impossible to fathom." "The campaign upon the Liman," says Chevalier Littlepage, "added lustre to the arms of Russia, and ought to have established for ever the reputation and fortune of the gallant officer to whose conduct those successes were owing." (Littlepage attributes to the Rear-Admiral the entire success of the campaign of 1788; not, like Comte de Ségur, dividing his laurels with Nassau; and it is to be remembered that Littlepage was an eye-witness.) He concludes by commenting on the very apparent truth that unfortunately in Russia, more perhaps than elsewhere, everything is governed by intrigues. "Some political motives, I have reason to think, concurred in depriving Rear-Admiral Jones of the fruits of his services; he was thought to be particularly obnoxious to the English nation, and the idea of paying a servile compliment to a power whose enmity occasions all the present embarrassments of Russia, induced some leading persons to ruin him, in the opinion of the Empress, by an accusation too ridiculous to be mentioned."

One of Jones's biographers ascribes to him the intention of entering the Swedish navy, but there is nothing very definite to confirm the statement; and the same writer goes on to say the Rear-Admiral had always intended returning by way of Copenhagen and Berlin, "but as it was known that he left Russia dissatisfied, he deemed it best to avoid all further occasion of giving his enemies any handle against him, and accordingly he kept away from places where it might be presumed that he was tempted to tell tales or utter complaints."

Just why Paul should have been less likely to utter complaints at Warsaw, where he went, than at other places, it is hard to explain. If he had wished a sympathetic ear for his wrongs, there was the Polish patriot, Kosciusko, with his hatred of Russia and his love of liberty, who fought so gallantly to free his country. It is not unlikely that the two had met in America, where Kosciusko served on Washington's staff during the war. The men became good friends, and there ensued an enigmatic correspondence, from which one infers the Pole tried to enlist the Scotchman's aid in his plots against Russia, as the Rear-Admiral wrote, from Amsterdam in 1789, that a moment's reflection would convince Kosciusko that the considerations he owed to himself, as well as the delicacy of his situation—still being an officer in the Russian service—did not permit him to take such a step. There is little doubt that, had he been free, the lofty patriotism of Kosciusko would have drawn Jones, always the champion of liberty, into the struggle which ended the life of the patriotic Pole.

After leaving Russia, Jones passed several months in the tranquillity of Holland, where he had friends, pursuing the amusements of a gentleman of leisure, though his brain and pen were never idle. After his experiences in Russia, it was a rare treat to receive and write letters, secure in the knowledge that they would be in the hands of those to whom they were addressed, without hindrance other than the slowness of the posts. At the comparatively young age of forty-two, Paul had come to the forked ways. There

was no call for his services in America; France admired and petted him, but offered no employment; with Russia he was sick at heart. His health had never recovered from the exposure of his reckless voyages; his musical voice, so often alluded to, showed signs of breaking, and his general condition was such as to give grave anxiety to his intimates. He was as sanguine as ever, and wrote to a friend in Hamburg of his intention to go there in the spring "and pay my court to some of your rich old ladies. . . . I must stay in Europe till it is seen what changes the present politics will produce . . . if you think I can pass my time quietly, agreeably, and at a small expense in Hamburg, I should prefer it to the fluctuating prospects of other places."

Paul Jones in the character of a suitor to rich old ladies, shows the versatile hero in another light. His feminine correspondence was, as of yore, most extended, and he thought of going to Avignon to visit Madame la Mair d'Altigny, to whom he wrote on February 8, 1790. The usual mystery shrouds this lady, and the postscript gives food for surmise, when, nearly a year later, he asks: "Have you not sufficient confidence in my discretion to explain 'the enigma' of the happiness with which you say, 'I will be loaded, and which will astonish me as soon as I know it'?"

Perhaps it was a little mal-apropos that Jones sent his "great respect" to the celebrated Madame Krudener, when writing to her husband, as that charming lady—who had not then developed the rôle of

prophetess and religious mentor to the Emperor Alexander—tiring of the "shawl dances," *à la Hamilton*, with which she delighted her Parisian circle, was amusing herself by a violent *amour* with that dashing cavalry officer, Louis de Frégville! Jones asks Baron Krudener's aid in securing his Danish pension, which the other assured him would be easy; but at the time of his death he speaks of never having received a penny of it.

The Rear-Admiral inforced the Empress Catherine that "Her Majesty would soon receive a direct proof of the unanimous approbation with which I am honoured by the United States. I allude to the gold medal which I am to receive, and respecting which you have in your hands a copy of the unanimous act of Congress. . . . The United States have ordered a copy of my medal to be presented to every sovereign in Europe, Great Britain excepted."

While passing through Vienna, Jones had been received at the Court of Joseph II, and met the Archduke, afterwards Leopold II, whom he failed to find impressive, though he was the "son of Maria Theresa and the brother of Marie Antoinette." It is a strange anomaly, that a man who cared so little for recompense from those he served, should have had so keen and successful a grasp of financial matters, in which he was invariably fortunate. His Amsterdam agents had managed the investments placed in their hands most satisfactorily, and in 1790 he was obliged to go to London at Dr. Bancroft's request, as the latter had taken Sir Robert Harris into partnership, and insisted

that Jones should look over his books. This inspection was most gratifying, and showed some £6000 to his credit, £4000 of which he immediately drew, undoubtedly with the intention of providing for Aimée de Telusson, and settling some debts incurred on her account.

If Jones had been uncertain about his reception in England, his mind was shortly set at rest. Though the papers had been filled by Tooke with calumnies, based on the Russian slander, he found an unexpected champion in Sir Robert Curtis. Just at that moment when the dastardly plot was unravelled by de Ségur, the Empress had sent for Captain (later Sir Robert) Curtis, "one of the noblest and most chivalric men that ever wore the British naval uniform, which is about all that can be said of any man," whom she wished to have in her service. Curtis and de Ségur had been friends in India long ago, and the former felt so incensed at the way Paul Jones was slandered, that he bluntly refused to enter the Russian service, and, what is more to the point, immediately on reaching London, wrote an article, over the signature, "A Briton Afloat," denouncing, in the strongest language, the treatment to which so gallant a sailor had been subjected, and concluding—

"They ought to cease entertaining the hatreds of a past war as to Paul Jones, and welcome him to their respect and admiration as the only commander in naval history who had shown himself able to make French sailors fight like Englishmen . . . and to reflect with pride that he could never have done this

if he had not himself been British born. Those who wish to do so, may call him a pirate. To me he was a rebel, indeed, in the American Revolution; but his rebellion has succeeded, its success has long been acknowledged by our sovereign, and now I think it high time to view him on his merits as a fighter and a conqueror on the sea, without prejudice and without any more impotent hate."

Society lost no time in flocking to see this much-discussed character. The epistolary Walpole showed him the delights of Strawberry Hill; he visited Charles James Fox, Lady Wemyss, and other "people of fashion," including Lady Ossory, who showed him marked civility. In company with the Prince Regent, his old friend the Duc d'Orléans, and a following of "Bloods," he had the sublime felicity of being present at the championship prize-fight between "Big Ben Ryan" and Mendoza, two of the Prince Regent's pets, the event being held at Wormwood Scrubbs. Jones rode frequently in the Park, where the spectacle of a sailor on horseback startled the writer of the *London Chronicle* into marvelling where so distinguished a son of Neptune could have had the opportunity of learning to ride other than sea-horses. The discussions on the Russian question, which agitated Parliament at that moment, interested him deeply, as he had so recently come from the scene of war.

CHAPTER XXV

1789–1792

WHAT is more likely—though history is silent on the point—than that part of the gallant Admiral's stay in Holland was cheered by the company of the *petite blonde?* Mistress of her actions, why should she allow her lover to be so near and not go to him? Despite the seeming delicacy of those wasp-waisted ladies, they thought nothing of travelling hundreds of miles on wobbly pillions, or in primitive vehicles, under conditions which would reduce us to a state bordering on nervous exhaustion. But we shall never know if Aimée and her lover mused on the placid innocuousness of Dutch landscape, or met again, when the gardens of Paris blazed with the luxuriance of late May. This meeting was the beginning of the end. It is hard to deceive a woman who loves, and from the moment of their meeting, even when joy lent buoyancy to his step and the flush of excitement tinged his swarthy cheek, a presentiment of coming sorrow gripped Aimée's heart in icy bands. She longed to have the opinion of the first doctor of the day: yet dreaded the verdict, as one hesitates to open the final chapter of a book, lest the ending shall be tragedy.

Putting her feelings aside, she insisted her lover

should have a consultation. Paul was obliged to submit, and found himself in the hands of an old friend, Dr. Gourgeaud, who had been fleet-surgeon when he cruised as the Marquis de Vaudreuil's guest on *La Triomphante*, in 1782–3. Jones was annoyed to learn that his lungs were permanently affected from the illness contracted in Russia, to which country he was forbidden to think of returning. Though the Rear-Admiral pleaded and argued, they were firm, bidding him consider his health before his duty to the Empress. He might remain in Paris during the summer—with precautions, but unless he went south during the cold weather they would not hold out any encouragement of his recovery. This was a crushing blow to a man of forty-three, brimming with ambition, just beginning to reap those laurels he so loved. He said little, and, with his usual fatalistic belief, shrugged his shoulders, and care fell from him.

The daily approaching crisis in French politics took his mind from himself, and he burned to be in the thick of the struggle, which, like a great cauldron, seethed almost at boiling-point, ready to overflow and scald the unwary. Always more or less in the public eye, from his unusual personality as well as from the unique position he occupied, Jones's return was noted by a most flattering article in the *Point du Jour*, and, calling to thank the editor, Bertrand de Barère, the interview resulted in a lasting friendship. Bertrand de Barère, as to whose personality Macaulay expressed pronounced opinions, started life as an obscure country lawyer and ended as one of the leaders of the

VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF MADAME DE TELUSSON

[*From a rare print in the author's collection.*

National Convention, where he amused himself by embellishing his speeches with thundering, guttural oaths in the Basque tongue, which no one but himself understood. Barère used to boast, when under the mellow influence of the flowing bowl, that his ancestors helped Hannibal in his conquests of Gaul, and were only deterred from taking Rome by the debauch of Capua. Jones found him interesting, as the acquaintance afforded a glimpse of the *bourgeoise*, a class with which he had never come in contact, and also enabled him to view French politics from a diametrically opposite standpoint. Ardent advocate of liberty as he had always been, Jones maintained his opinion that the establishment of a republic, similar to the United States, was impossible in France, from the fact of the adjoining countries being monarchical, the different temperament of the people, and the utterly dissimilar conditions prevailing. America was a country unhampered by precedent, France was honeycombed with ancient customs of which no one knew the origin, so lost were they in the dark ages; and to sweep a king from his throne, when a constitutional monarchy would serve better, would be an act of insanity. Jones argued that Louis XVI was the truly sincere friend of French liberty, and not responsible for the sins of his ancestors, disagreeing with Danton, who declared the King aided the American cause solely to annoy England. It must be admitted that the King's kindness to Jones undoubtedly biased his views more or less, and he had long arguments with Tom Paine, who told him that,

should Louis be deposed, France would not be the first nation to kill its sovereign, adding that he and Jones were descendants of those men who had made such things as Cromwell possible. But Jones stuck to his argument, retorting—

"What you say is true, Tom, but bear in mind that the French lack two essential elements of that situation: First, they have in Louis XVI no Charles I, and second, and most important, there isn't the making of one Cromwell in the whole group of them together."

Firm as Paul was in his defence of the King, he could not condone the monarch's weakness on the "Day of daggers" (February 28, 1791). He said: "Up to that time I had been able to find reason for the King's gentleness. But this was not gentle. It was weak. From that hour I pitied the poor man, beset by situations to which nature had made him unequal. Then or never was the time for grapeshot. Then, and then only, did my heart turn against the populace. For once I wished I might be in command of the thirty cannon that were packed in the courtyard, with trained men standing ready to work them. Some slaughter would have been necessary, but it would have been a slaughter of scoundrels (*boucherie des scélérats*)."

As to Lafayette, who played such a prominent part in the public life of the hour, Jones, though a firm friend, shared the universal opinion of his contemporaries that the tremendous responsibilities of the political upheaval were more than he was capable

of controlling, and that he had let loose more "dogs of war" than could be called to heel at his whistle.

Lafayette was occupied morning and night with his duties in the National Guard, and Jones attended all the debates, where political questions were discussed with a vigour and impassioned eloquence possible only among the Latin races.

Improved in health, Paul enjoyed life to its fullest extent in the society he loved best. The more one realises the stupendous amount of manual labour involved in the indefatigable correspondence with scattered friends, the projects, memorials and plans which he drew up, in a time when mechanical devices for writing were unheard of, and sees the reams of paper covered in his neat script, the more easily one understands that cramped fingers and weakened eyesight must have been the inevitable result. He wrote congratulating Potemkin on his Russian success; proposed to Gouverneur Morris plans for the attack on India, should Russia and England declare war, and was never, for an instant, idle or without project for his employment.

There have been many comments on Paul's seeming weakness for sending his bust to his friends; this Baron Grimm, the greatest gossip of his day, explains, completely refuting the supposition that the bust was first taken at his own wish. Touching on the social success of the returned hero in 1780, on his having been "applauded with transport at all the public places where he has shown himself, and particularly

at the opera," he alludes to the remarkable fact "that this brave corsair, who had given multiplied proofs of possessing a soul the most firm and courage the most determined, is at the same time the most feeling and mild man in the world, has made a great many verses full of elegance and softness, the sort of poetry which appears most congenial to his taste being the elegy and the pastoral. The Lodge of the Nine Sisters, of which he is a member, have employed M. Houdon to take his bust. This resemblance is a new masterpiece worthy of the chisel which appears destined to consecrate to immortality illustrious men of all kinds."

In February, 1791, Jones requested the Empress Catherine to cancel his leave, "if she had no further use for his services." He asked Jefferson to obtain permission from Congress to wear the Order of St. Anne, with which his bust had been decorated. There were, in Russia, five orders of knighthood: three founded by Peter the Great, and two, St. George and St. Vladimir, by Catherine II. St. Anne was a Holstein Order, conferred by the Grand Duke Paul, as Duke of Holstein; only the Russian decorations being conferred by the Empress personally.

To Baron Grimm Jones sent a copy of his bust, and the particulars of a new development in ship-building, submitted by the inventor, who claimed the advantages of separate beds or hammocks for the crew, less smoke in action, better ventilation, and a host of smaller details. Jones desired that this might be brought to the notice of the Empress, as it would

be useful to Russia. He asked Grimm to learn the intentions of the Empress regarding himself; but Catherine, while using Grimm as a compiler of back-stairs gossip, did not consider him a necessary factor in affairs of state, and informed him curtly: "If peace did not take place she would let M. Paul Jones know her intentions respecting himself, and would not choose him as the medium of her correspondence with Paul Jones."

It is interesting just at this moment to pause, wondering what the ultimate destiny of this man would have been had he lived through the great Revolution, until Napoleon raised France to the apex of her military glory. When, years later, the news of Trafalgar was brought to Napoleon, he gloomily asked Berthier: "How old was Paul Jones when he died?" and on being told about forty-five—Berthier was not sure—said: "Then he did not fulfil his destiny. Had he lived to this time France might have had an admiral," and, again, he said: "Our admirals are always talking about pelagic conditions and ulterior objects, as if there was any condition or any object in war except to get in contact with the enemy and destroy him. That was Paul Jones's view of the conditions and objects of naval warfare. It was also Nelson's. It is a pity they could not have been matched somewhere with fairly equal force."

Paul, during the last year and a half of his life, was in indifferent health, which, combined with the unsettled condition of politics, restrained him from taking active steps to obtain employment for his

services. There was a terrible tension in the very air, the precursor of the swift-coming storm, which kept every nerve on the alert, ready to spring from danger at the sound of the tocsin. Paul's wonderful adaptability fitted him for any office to which he could have been appointed, and his political friendships brought him continuously in touch with the men in whose hands lay the destinies of France. The brilliant *Treatise on the Existing State of the French Navy*, though published anonymously, was instantly attributed to Jones, who, in December, 1791, was presented at Court in his rank of Russian Admiral. In the letter telling Lafayette of this he speaks of some "fur linings, brought from Russia," which he hoped his Majesty would accept. These were a pelisse of spotless ermine and a mantle of sea-otter given him by General Suwarrow. The unsettled claims for payment of the *Bonhomme Richard's* crew, which he had advanced and never received, occupied him continually. Undeniably all these incessant projects and worries sadly affected his health, when he should have been quiet and untroubled, and, added to his restless temperament, augmented the jaundice from which he was beginning to suffer.

With what pleasure he would have received the news that Congress had commissioned him, the 1st of June, 1792, as admiral, to take command of a squadron, sent to bring that graceless old heathen, the Dey of Algiers, to reason and to liberate the Christian captives. It was his favourite project, but death spared him the disappointment of knowing that his adopted

country, impoverished by war, was unable, when the time came, to raise the million dollars needed to equip the expedition. When Mr. Pinkham, the new American Minister to the Court of St. James, arrived, bringing the commission, Paul was far beyond all these worldly honours. The dwindling sands of life had ceased.

As always, his last days were full of action, hurrying to and fro, and endless visitors at his *appartement* in the Rue de Tournon near the Luxembourg, where he kept open house and we find the names of great and small in the political *mêlée*, the Duc d'Orléans among the number.

When too ill to go abroad Paul spent the warm July afternoons lounging in a hammock, "which Mme. de Telusson caused to be rigged in the garden of the Admiral's lodgings, a genuine sailor's hammock, swung low to the ground with long cords stretching clear across the little garden. In this hammock the Admiral would pass the afternoons when the sun had retired behind the shade of the houses opposite; and Mme. de Telusson would sit by him, gently swinging the hammock. In this way the stricken hero found some relief from the pains that devoured him."

A stranger to illness, he never doubted his recovery: those near him were not so hopeful. He had abandoned the idea of returning to Russia, and, had he lived, planned to enter the French service, where high rank awaited him. Jones attended a sitting of the National Assembly on Wednesday, July 11th, and was to have spoken on the reorganisation of the French

navy, but, when the time came, begged to be excused on account of his health, as to have been heard in that vast chamber would have necessitated him raising his voice to a pitch which brought on the terrible attacks of coughing so weakening to him. After the spirited *séance* concluded, Jones joined Cambon, Barère, and other members of the Central Jacobin Club for supper at the *Café Timon*.

The following speech, alleged to have been recorded by Capelle, but found in none of the standard works, is quoted by Buell with no reference to the whereabouts of the original, and is a most astounding jumble of phrases to have fallen from the lips of Paul Jones, whose enmity to England disappeared long since, and who was, above all, self-contained and a diplomat to the tips of his fingers, and never known to give way to such outbursts—

"At this, which proved to be his last, supper all were delighted at the apparent mending of the Chevalier's health. Barère and Philippe were particularly cheered by his showing of health and recuperating energy.

"They toasted him as the coming Admiral of France. But he parried all their compliments politely, and finally said—

"'Gentlemen, pardon me, but let me say that this is no time for jest or raillery, no matter how well meant or how gentle. You all know my sentiments. I do not approve, I cannot in conscience approve, all that you have done, are doing, and, alas! intend yet to do. But I feel that I ought to take advantage of

this—perhaps my last—opportunity to define clearly my attitude.

"'Whatever you do now, France does. If you kill my good friend the King, France kills him; because, as things are now ordered, the group of which a great majority is present here, is France. Louis XIV once said: "I am the state." You can say that you are the state with more truth.

"'My relations to the people across the Channel are known to us all. Their enemies must be my friends everywhere; those whom they hate I must love. As all here know, as all France knows, the progress of the French people towards liberty, and the promises that progress gives of new strength and a new might to the French nation, fill the rulers of England with alarm and resentment. The day when this alarm will turn to hostility and this resentment be expressed by blows is not far off.'"

It is the beginning of this paragraph which, even if taken as a purely political bit of oratory, seems so impossible. That a man of Jones's conservative nature and well-controlled temperament should launch forth into such clap-trap appeals for popularity is utterly at variance with his behaviour through life. There being no phonographs ready to record his words verbatim, and the brain of the scribe—in all probability—over-excited by the conviviality of the meal, one must allow for exaggeration. The Admiral never saw a report of the speech, and undoubtedly local colour crept in unawares.

"'When that day comes, if I am able to stand a

deck,' the speech continues, 'I shall make no point of rank,'" an absurdity when it is well known that although Paul had no desire for money he stuck tenaciously to little worldlinesses like these. "'I shall raise no question of political opinion. I shall only ask France to tell me how I can best serve her cause.

"'You have brought back to my ears the sound of many voices giving forth the lusty cheers of courage in combat. Some of those faces were of American mould; but more were the faces of Frenchmen. Some of those voices sounded in my native tongue, but more in the language of France. The *Richard's* crew was, as you know, considerably more than half Frenchmen.

"'I cannot be immodest enough to say that I found it easy to teach them the art of conquering Englishmen. But I trust you will not think me vainglorious if I say that, in that combat, I at least did what, unfortunately, some French officers have not of late years done, I simply let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.

"'Now, I promise you that, if I live, in whatever station France may call me to lead her sons, I shall always, as I have done when meeting the English or any other foe, let my Frenchmen fight their battle out.'"

There is much more in the same strain of florid oratory which makes one certain that the gallant Paul has been too freely translated.

The following Sunday Gouverneur Morris visited

Paul Jones at his house, 42 Rue de Tournon, in the afternoon.

"Found the Admiral lying in a hammock, stretched in the little garden in the rear of his lodgings. Mme. T. and two young ladies were with him. He was extremely cheerful, and seemed better than for a long time previously. He did not cough much, and talked a good deal. Wonderfully interesting! Promised to lunch with me next day. Took my leave about five o'clock, and the ladies accompanied me. . . . Mme. de T. was most charming, and was in high spirits at the evident improvement of the Admiral's health."

On the afternoon of the 18th of July, 1792, Paul Jones drew up his will and, assisted by Gouverneur Morris, made an inventory of his goods, but no one dreamed that the end was so near. Simply, and unostentatiously as he had lived, his spirit left the ambitious, tired body. Alone and self-reliant, Paul Jones breathed his last. . . . No tears fell from tender eyes, no loving fingers closed the heavy lids. . . .

Colonel Blackden wrote a simple and brief letter announcing his death to Mrs. Taylor of Dumfries, his eldest sister—

"*Great Titchfield Street,*
"*London, August* 9.

"Your brother, Admiral Jones, was not in good health for about a year, but had not been so unwell as to keep the house. For two months past he began to lose his appetite, to grow yellow, and show signs of

the jaundice; for this he took medicine, and seemed to grow better; but about ten days before his death his legs began to swell, which increased upwards, so that two days before his exit he could not button his waistcoat, and had great difficulty in breathing. I visited him every day, and, beginning to be apprehensive of his danger, desired him to settle his affairs; but this he put off till the afternoon of his death, when he was prevailed upon to send for a *notaire*, and made his will. Mr. Beaupoil and myself witnessed it about eight o'clock in the evening, and left him sitting in a chair. A few minutes after we retired he walked into his chamber, and laid himself upon his face on the bed-side, with his feet on the floor; after the Queen's physician arrived they went into the room and found him in that position, and upon taking him up they found he had expired.

"His disorder had terminated in dropsy of the breast. His body was put into a leaden coffin on the 20th, that in case the United States, whom he had so essentially served, and with so much honour to himself, should claim his remains they might be more easily removed. This is all, Madame, that I can say concerning his illness and death."

The final discovery of the Admiral's body by the untiring efforts of the American Embassy in Paris, and its exhumation in 1905, after lying hidden for one hundred and thirteen years in the abandoned cemetery of St. Louis; its removal to America under escort of a naval squadron, and subsequent burial with much

ceremony at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, are all too recent events to need description. There had been several half-hearted efforts previously by the American Government to find and remove the remains, but they all failed from one cause or another.

It seems a remarkable omission that a man so famous as Paul Jones, who was followed to his grave by a deputation from the National Assembly and by many of the leading men of France, should have been buried without any name-plate or other distinguishing mark on the leaden coffin. This omission is all the more remarkable since a leaden coffin was used "in case the United States, whom he had so essentially served, and with so much honour to himself, should claim his remains, they might be more easily removed." And there are those who whisper that the body, exhumed and taken away with so much ceremony and care, is not that of the founder of the American Navy.

The American Minister, Gouverneur Morris, writing to Robert Morris, says—

"Before I quit Paul Jones I must tell you that some people here who like rare shows wished him to have a pompous funeral, and I was applied to on the subject; but as I had no right to spend money on such follies, either the money of his heirs or that of the United States, I desired that he might be buried in a private and economical manner. I have since had reason to be glad that I did not agree to waste money, of which he had no great abundance, and for which his relatives entertained a tender regard."

Why this absurd and niggardly desire when Morris, of all men, knew that his friend left a considerable sum of money at his banker's, and an estate eventually realising £12,000? One might even go to the length of thinking that in the event of so distinguished a man as the Chevalier Admiral Paul Jones having died in poor circumstances, his friend could have taxed the obligations of friendship to the extent of seeing him buried in a manner appropriate to his worldly rank. Was there, in Morris's heart, that latent gleam of jealousy of the "foreigner" from which Paul seemed ever doomed to suffer? The French wished to place him in the Panthéon to sleep among the heroes of their nation; why, then, was he buried in the cemetery for foreign Protestants with "no priest, no service," and a simple volley of musketry fired over his grave?

The *Moniteur* in its official report of the National Assembly records that a letter was received on the subject, from Colonel Blackden—

"Mr. President,

"I announce to you that Admiral Paul Jones died last evening in Paris; that the American Minister has ordered the person at whose house the Admiral died to cause him to be buried in the most private manner, and at the least possible expense!!!

"This person, on account of the formalities still existing relative to Protestants, found it necessary to apply to a Commissary. He has done it, and M. Simoneau, the Commissary, expresses his astonishment

at the order given by the Minister, and says that a man who has rendered such signal services to France and America ought to have a public funeral. He adds that if America will not pay the expense he will pay it himself. The friends of the Admiral wait the orders of the Assembly respecting the mode of interment.

"S. Blackden.
"(*Late Colonel in the Service of the United States.*)"

A curious old law still existed which allowed foreign Protestants to be buried free of expense, and this was to be taken advantage of to bury, as a pauper, a man whose name had rung through two worlds . . . The generous M. Simoneau, brother of the Mayor of Étampes, actually paid the expenses of the pitiful burial, which amounted to 462 francs, and the great Paul Jones was laid to his final rest through the kindness and charity of a total stranger! The Dutch Pastor, Paul Henri Marron, delivered the funeral oration, a florid bit of oratory highly complimentary to the dead; the speaker declaring "the fame of the brave outlives him, his portion is immortality."

Though America forgot him, in the hearts of his French friends Paul held a place not to be usurped by another. On the Sunday following his death Barère delivered from the steps of the Palais de Justice one of his celebrated "Sermons to the People" on the "Freedom of the Sea," in which he eulogised

the gallant Paul Jones in the highest terms, and during the next decade memoirs of him were constantly published at Paris. His personal belongings, decorations and uniforms were taken charge of by Mrs. Taylor, the sister who came from Scotland for this purpose. The golden sword given him by Louis XVI, of which he was so justly proud, he bequeathed to "Dick" Dale, who, he said, had done more than any one to help him win it. Of the beautiful and broken-hearted Aimée there is no word, but her welfare had been his care long ago.

There is much thoughtfulness evinced for those dependent on him, to whom he left his property. Through the busy years of his life he kept up a correspondence with the two married sisters, endeavouring to mediate in their incessant quarrels. He frequently sent them money, and this was undoubtedly the reason for their persistence in keeping warm the slight tie of relationship, for, as they had not met for some twenty years, their interests could have had little in common.

Paul Jones undoubtedly deserves to rank as one of the remarkable men of an age which saw the final disappearance of the feudal system and the birth of an era devoted to those "Rights of Man" of which he was so ardent a champion. Had he entered the British navy his rise would have been steady and rapid, for as a sea-fighter he was unsurpassed in resourceful daring; never did he know defeat, or, it is alleged, was he wounded. His victories were the more remarkable from the poor means with which he

gained them, and were won single-handed, unsupported by his squadron, won by sheer fighting, and owed nothing to manœuvre or stratagem. It is better for his undimmed glory that he never lived to become Admiral of the fleet of Republican France, for, fighting as he would have been obliged to fight with the preponderance of his crew Frenchmen—and none of his sturdy "Yankee bullies" to fall back upon—could he have held his own when he measured swords against Nelson, as he would have been called to do? Could he, by the magnetism of his personality, the force of his inflexible will, have inspired these Frenchmen to fight as they had once fought on the *Bonhomme Richard?*

He was a man without a country, inasmuch as, though he fought, and fought loyally for the banner he upheld, his love of active service predominated over all else. When he told Lady Selkirk: "I am not in arms as an American. . . . I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of climate or country," he expressed those sentiments which, above all, animated him. He was "unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of climate or country," but he had not forgotten his native land to the extent of indifference to the opinions of his compatriots, for he once said: "The English nation may hate me, *but I will force them to esteem me too.*"

He believed firmly in Nelson's dictum that "a naval officer, unlike a military commander, can have no fixed plans. He must always be ready for *the* chance. It

may come to-morrow, or next week, or next year, or never; but he must be always ready." He was prepared for what might happen, and among his papers was found a complete and exhaustive list of every ship in the English navy, down to the most insignificant detail. With this he could not be taken by surprise as to the strength of his opponent. There was much speculation as to the manner in which he obtained such a document, but since 1770 Paul had been a Freemason, and to such an one nothing is denied by his brothers. While in France, where Freemasonry was, for the moment, the fashionable whim, this universal brotherhood unlocked for him many a secret door. It was so very much the cult of the hour that there were lodges to which women belonged as well as men, and the initiation of the beautiful Princesse de Lamballe as *Grande Maîtresse* of the *Mère Loge Écossaise d'Adoption* was the occasion of much festivity and a flowery poem in honour of the event.

His faults were those of too keen a love for glory, too great an intolerance of those who had light regard for their word of honour, too bitter a contempt for such as put gain before the welfare of their country.

He formed many friendships with men and with the women of the hour; his love for Aimée de Telusson was ardent and chivalrous, and yet these friendships —these ties—were as frail as the web of the spider when ambition balanced the scales.

There was no hesitation for him, destiny ordered

his to be a life of ambition, full of turbulent emotions, gratified achievements, never-ending hope and aspiration. . . . Can he not be aptly described in the words—

> "Jealous in honour; sudden and quick in quarrel;
> Seeking the bubble reputation
> Even in the cannon's mouth"?

INDEX

Adams, J. Q., 49, 52, 60, 61, 65, 74, 75, 96, 170, 301, 302, 329
Alexander, W., 144, 146
Alexiano, Brigadier, 362, 364, 366, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373
Algiers, Dey of, 406
Altigny, Mme. la Mair d', 395
Amherst, Sir Godfrey, 30
Aremberg, Prince Louis d', 118
Artois, Comte d', 110
Auray, Marquise d', 189
Austen, John Loring, 95, 96
Auvergne, La Tour d', 303

Baines, Capt., 180
Bancroft, Dr., 95, 110, 200, 262, 396
Bandonin, 194
Bannatyne, Dr., 259, 263
Barère, Bertrand de, 114, 400, 401, 408, 415
Bart, Jean, 198, 202, 330
Beaumarchais, 216
Beaupoil, 411
Beauvallon, 312
Benson, Capt., 21
Bernstorff, Count, 344
Bersolle, 161, 162, 167, 168
Berthier, 405
Bertrand, Mme., 103
Besborodko, Count, 348, 354, 359, 388, 389, 390
Bibikoff, 388, 389
Biddle, Nicholas, 61, 77, 198
Blackden, Col., 411, 414
Bloom, Rosalie, 335
Bonneval, 104. *See* Telusson, de
Bouffon, Mme. de, 118
Bourbon, Comtesse de, 114
Bourgoyne, Gen., 91, 92, 95, 101
Braddock, Gen., 32, 60
Brandisky, Comte de, 375
Brook, Lawrence, 255, 259
Bruce, Comte de, 390
Buell, 408
Burband, John, 245

Cadwalder, Gen., 77
Calonne, de, 145, 166
Cambon, 408
Campan, Mme. de, 113, 330
Capelle, 113, 408
Carleton, Sir H. G., 56, 58
Carroll, Col., 74
—— Mrs., 74
Castries, Maréchal de, 312, 329, 330
Catherine II, 341, 342, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 363, 364, 373, 375, 379, 381, 382, 383, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 396, 397, 400, 404, 405
Chamillard, Col., 230, 234, 243
Chandler, Caroline, 85
Charles I, 402
Charlie, Bonnie Prince, 11
Chartres, Duc de, 40, 41, 42, 99, 101, 116, 117, 125, 160, 163, 166, 203, 207, 284, 285, 305
—— Duchesse de, 41, 102, 106, 114, 119, 120, 125, 127, 203, 207, 208, 210, 211, 228, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 303
Chaumont, Le Ray de, 96, 155, 167, 194, 196, 199, 200, 205, 211, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 265, 266, 274
Choiseul, Duc de, 104
Clinton, Sir Henry, 173
Cooper, Fenimore, 189

Corsacoff, Brigadier, 367, 369
Cottineau, Capt., 233, 234, 259, 260, 268, 269, 275
Craik, Mr., 10, 13, 14, 15, 27, 181
—— Mrs., 10
Crimpin, 387
Cromwell, 402
Cunningham, Allan, 188
Currie, Beck & Co., 24
Curtis, Sir R., 397

Daer, Lord, 145
Dale, Richard, Lieut., 225, 237, 239, 246, 250, 251, 256, 277, 278, 318, 337, 416
Deane, Silas, 120, 121, 176
Degge, Arthur, Lieut., 275, 310
"Delia," 288, 290, 292, 293, 294
Denmark, King of, 266, 344
Derby, Earl of, 185
Dibden, 189
Donegal, John, 151
Dorset, Duke of, 145
Downes, Johnny, 325
Dumas, Alex., 189, 190
—— Charles Frederick, 121, 123, 267, 311
Dunmore, Earl of, 33, 59, 60, 131

Eastment, James, 24, 25
Edes-Herbert, Miss, 114, 294, 295, 296, 297, 299, 300
Edgerley, Dr., 259, 263, 264
Edwards, Lieut., 359, 360, 365, 377, 378, 395
Elliot, Grace Dalrymple, 118
Estaing, Comte d', 201, 203, 327
Evans, Jerry, 246

Falls, Gunner, 151
Fanning, Nathaniel, 65, 225, 246, 247, 259, 281, 282, 314, 337
Father John, 143
Faulkner, Betty, 74
Fisher, Col. Henry, 322
Fitzmaurice, Mr., 215
Ford, Hezekiah, 124, 170, 171, 172
Fox, Charles James, 397
—— Lieut., 372
Franklin, Benjamin, 67, 83, 95, 97, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 143, 144, 162, 165, 170, 172, 191, 194, 197, 200, 201, 203, 206, 207, 216, 218, 220, 221, 222, 227, 231, 261, 266, 267, 271, 272, 273, 274, 276, 278, 282, 283, 301, 306, 307, 309, 310, 318, 329, 331, 335
Frazier Brothers, 42, 334
Frederick the Great, 104, 105
Freeman, 134
Frégville, Louis de, 396

Galles, Morad de, 341
Gardner, Henry, 235, 246, 250, 337
Genlis, Mme. de, 119
George III, 49, 122, 261, 266, 311
Gérard, Pierre, 243, 245
Gillon, Capt., 121
Gourgeaud, Dr., 400
Gourlade and Moylan, 144, 210
Grand, le, 147
Grasse, de, 201
Green, Mr., 131
Greig, Admiral Sir Samuel, 359, 379
Grimm, Baron, 288, 403, 404, 405
Grub, Lieut., 178, 179

Hacker, Capt., 55
Hall, Elijah, 79, 80, 89, 92, 93
—— Dorothy, 85
Hancock, John, 50
Hannibal, 401
Harris, Sir R., 396
Harrison, Benjamin, 43
Hazard, Capt., 53
Hewes, Joseph, 36, 43, 49, 60, 74, 75, 137, 149, 201, 205, 206, 219, 222
Hill, Chas., 93, 131, 132
Hineman, Capt., 61
Hood, Sir Samuel, 332
—— Midshipman, 333
Holstein, Duke of, 404
Hopkins, Commander of Fleet, 51, 52, 177
—— Capt., 316
Houdetot, Comtesse d', 67, 299
Houdon, M., 180, 404
Houge, Baron de la, 343
Howe, Lord, 57
Hurst, Granville, 36

Jefferson, Thos., 38, 61, 108, 335, 339, 340, 342, 344, 345, 347, 381, 389, 404
Jeremiah, Anthony, 240
Johnson, Capt., 180
Jones, John Paul, 9 *et seq.*
Joseph II (Austria), 396

Kalb, Baron de, 71
Kersaint, Capt. de, 40, 42, 341
Kidd, Capt., 174
Kilby, John, 222, 225, 226
Knox, Gen., 77
Kosciusko, 394
Kreuss, 359
Krudener, Baron, 348, 396
—— Madame, 395

Lafayette, Marquis de, 71, 72, 73, 77, 78, 83, 99, 101, 134, 214, 215, 224, 324, 344, 352, 353, 402, 403, 406
—— Mme. de, 102, 114
Lamballe, Princesse de, 114, 117, 118, 207, 418
Lambesec, Prince de, 118
Landais, Pierre, 214, 216, 217, 223, 224, 228, 230, 231, 233, 248, 261, 271, 272, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 318, 319
Langdon, Gov., 83
—— Mary, 85, 86, 87
Le Bel, 102, 103
Lee, Arthur, 95, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 130, 169, 170, 171, 173, 204, 305, 306, 309, 310, 318, 320, 321, 344
Leopold II, 396
Ligne, Prince de, 355, 356, 375, 376
Linthwaite, Midshipman, 241
Littlepage, Chevalier, 342, 345, 375, 376, 392, 393
Livingston, Mme., 335, 336
Livingstone, Philip, 43
Livoncourt, de, 278
Lloyd's, 331
Louis Philippe, 284, 285, 334
Louis XIV, 41, 202, 330, 409
Louis XV, 102, 103, 105
Louis XVI, 105, 109, 164, 207, 208, 209, 319, 335, 401, 402, 416
Lunt, Sailing Master, 225, 229, 276, 318
Luzerne, Chevalier de la, 100, 322, 327

Macadam, Capt., 24
Macaulay, 400
Macbean, Duncan, 32, 33, 59, 60
Macduff, Jean, 10, 11
Mackenzie, 135
Malesherbes, 100, 330
Marcereau, M. de, 155, 282
Marie Antoinette, 100, 113, 114, 227, 228, 396
Marron, P. H., 415
Marsan, Mme. de, 102, 106, 108, 114, 294, 299
Martigne, Chevalier de, 326
Maurepas, Comte de, 166, 311
Mawey, Stuart, 33
Maxwell, Gov. of Bahamas, 9, 176
—— Mungo, 24, 25, 27, 382
Mayrant, John, 225, 240, 249, 250, 255, 256, 276, 279, 280, 281, 282, 337
—— Josephine, 74
Mease, Purser, 241
Mirabeau, 100, 330
Montespan, Mme. de, 41
Montmorin, Comte, 391
Mordwinoff, Admiral, 361, 379
Morgan, 174
—— Gen., 59
Morlaix, Comte de, 189
—— Comtesse, 189
Morris, Robert, 42, 56, 76, 77, 90, 321, 324, 326, 413
—— Gouverneur, 117, 403, 410, 411, 413, 414
Morton, Countess of, 145

Napoleon, 114, 405
Naraschkin, 359
Nassau, Prince of, 25, 194, 342, 361, 363, 364, 365, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 379, 382, 388, 393
Necker, 118
Nelson, Lord, 12, 405, 417
Nesbitt, 144
Neufville & Co., 276
Nolte, Peter, 246
North, Lord, 204, 224

Orange, Prince of, 267
Orleans, Duc d', 100, 117, 118, 119, 211, 398, 407
Orloff, Comte d', 362
Orvillers, Comte d', 126, 143, 157, 158, 161, 163, 165, 168, 194, 195, 201, 272
Ossory, Lady, 398

Paine, Tom, 401, 402
Parke, Betty, 34
Parker, Lieut., 36, 37
Pasha, Capt., 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 378
Paul, John, 9, 10, 11, 12
—— William, 12
—— Mary Ann, 12
—— Elizabeth, 12
—— Janet, 12
—— Jean, 13
—— Archduke, of Russia, 388, 404
Pearson, Capt. Richard, 178, 237, 245, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 259, 286, 311, 336
Peck, Mr., 316
Penthièvre, Duc de, 117
—— Marie Adelaïde de Bourbon, 40, 117
Peter the Great, 365, 404
Philippe, 408
Pierce, Augusta, 85
Pindar, 316
Pinkham, Lieut., U.S.N., 13
—— American Minister, 407
Pocahontas, 174
Poix, Prince de, 99
Poland, King of, 376
Pompadour, Mme. de, 102, 103, 104, 105
Potemkin, Prince, 25, 113, 345, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 363, 371, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 381, 387, 388, 389, 403
Potter, Midshipman, 251, 253, 279, 280, 337
Powers, Midshipman, 151, 156
Prince Royal of Denmark, 343
Princess Royal of Denmark, 343

Randall, Arthur, 245
Repuin, Prince de, 375
Revere, Paul, 83
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 180
Reynst, de, 267
Ribas, Brigadier, 361, 366
Riemersma, 267
Rions, d'Albert, 341
Roberdeau, Capt. de, 203, 228, 229
Rochefoucauld, Duc de la, 197
Ross, Mr., 86

Saltonstall, Dudley, Capt., 50, 65, 74, 76, 77, 78
Samoilov, Gen., 375
Sartine, de, 194, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 203, 204, 205, 208, 209, 217, 224, 269, 271, 274, 278, 312, 390
Savoie, Adelaide de, 103
Sayre, S., 173
Schweighauser, 166, 168, 169
Seavey, Helen, 84, 85
Ségur, Comte de, 342, 345, 355, 357, 382, 388, 391, 393, 397
Selkirk, Earl of, 9, 137, 138, 139, 140, 143, 144, 145, 146, 148, 176, 181, 182, 298
—— Countess, 35, 102, 137, 138, 139, 142, 144, 145, 177, 417
Sergeant, Nathan, 154, 155
Simolin, Baron, 339, 342, 345, 348, 354, 360
Simoneau, 414, 415
Simpson, Lieut., 124, 125, 164, 165, 170, 171, 172, 173, 191, 201
Smith, Capt. John, 174
Starbuck, O., 153
Stewart, Archibald & Co., 59
Suwarrow, Gen. P., 113, 363, 364, 370, 406

Taylor, Mrs. 411, 416
Telusson, Aimée de, 102, 105, 106, 107, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 288, 290, 293, 294, 298, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 312, 329, 337, 339, 397, 399, 407, 411, 416, 418
Thackeray, 189
Theresa, Maria, 396
Thevenard, de, 309
Thompson, David, 81
Thornton, 122, 124, 130
Thouvenot, Chevalier de, 112, 294

Tiercelin, de, Mlle., 104
—— M. de, 104, 105
Tooke, 358, 360, 397
Tourzel, Mme. de, 117

Van der Huyt, 106
Vandhal, Comtesse de la 106, 179, 180, 294, 295, 302
Van Dyke, Nicholas, 43
Vaudreuil, Marquis de, 327, 400
Vauguyon, Duc de la, 100, 265, 267, 278
Vergennes, Comte de, 311

Wallingford, Lieut., 131, 132, 135, 151, 154
Walpole, Horace, 351, 398
Washington, George, 45, 73, 77, 78, 83, 216, 305, 309, 319, 320, 322, 324, 381, 394
Wayne, Anthony, Gen., 78, 320, 321
Weibert, Col., 230
Weller, "Sam," 183
Wells, Jonathen, 134
Wemyss, Lady, 398
Wentworth, Gov., 83
Whipple, Capt., 53, 192
Wilkes, John, 173
Wills, Nathaniel, 151
Wright, J. B., 237

Yorke, Sir Joseph 122, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 267, 268, 333
Young, Gov., 26
Younger, Mr., 15, 22

Zouboff, 388

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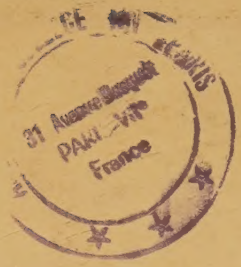
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